

Golden Collector's Issue of 1984

# Esquire

THE ESQUIRE  
**1984 Register**

Man At His Best  
DECEMBER 1984 • PRICE \$3.00

# The Best of the New Generation

Men and Women Under Forty  
Who Are Changing America

**Business & Industry**  
**Arts & Letters**  
**Science & Technology**

**Education &  
Social Service**  
**Politics & Law**

**Entertainment,  
Sports & Style**

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# ENGINEER'S CONTRIBUTION PERFORMING ARTS.

The 535i (center) offers a virtuoso 0 to 60 in 7.4 seconds, thanks to an inline six directly derived from BMW racing engines. And the extraordinary 110-hp engine of the 325i (left) moves the car along with a rhythm and sound "like a Gregorian chant."

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# **Entertainment**

America's business is now producing a new line of commodities: young entrepreneurs. They've brought fresh leadership, fresh ideas, new energy and passion to a new breed of business, and, in the process, have created a new breed of entrepreneur. They've brought fresh leadership and fresh ideas to our forty-four business pages on page 279.

279

# **Entertainment**

Continuing in the tradition of the magazine's quality that has made it famous in this category, introduction and brief profiles of our forty-four business pages on page 377.

377

# **Entertainment**

As a time when the country is rapidly changing, these new and vibrant works for justice, peace and unity. They are called "The People's Choice" and will help form the national interest for decades to come. Introduction and brief profiles of our forty-four business pages on page 447.

447

## **GURU OF THE NEW ECONOMY** by Donald R. Katz

Paul Hirsch made his fortune selling natural foods. Now the former grocer is going to be the new John Wayne.

## **THE GOVERNMENT SOLUTION** by Paul Cohen

Can a union leader's son with the tightrope between changing the world and selling out? Jack Goldman keeps his balance.

## **THE GOLDEN AGE OF GOD** by Alan Pearl

Some called their stars half-baked. But DeLo and Fanny Fields turned chocolate chip cookies into a blue chip industry.

## **CAPITAL COURAGEOUS** by Lester C. Thurston

To achieve parity with the white community, the black community must have its J. P. Morgan. Ed Dugan, for example.

## **DO-IT-YOURSELF DYNASTY** by Joseph D'Amico

When Fred Lohrman started out last year, he drove his sons into the industry through a trap.

## **THE WIRING OF WALL STREET** by Tom Murley

When Fred Lohrman started out last year, he drove his sons into the industry through a trap.

## **MITCH KAPOR AND THE LOTUS FACTOR** by Frank Rose

With Kapor's money and showmanship, Lotus is a computer software firm that's become a success story.

## **ROBERT A. SWANSON, CHIEF GENETIC OFFICER** by Randall Rutherford

By combining his business with his science, Robert Swanson made cells viable.

## **HAUTE CARNÉ** by Gay Martin

Capriciousness is a defining trait of fashion. And Parisian creatives are the best to keep us from burning.

## **LET THEM WEAR WHITE** by Lynn Darling

With her talent and the help of the fashion world, she has made it. She brought quality designers back to the people.

## **ED HARRIS MAKES A SCENE** by Christopher Buckley

For a better or worse film, a hero in the end—you could call Ed Harris a character. Or you could call him a great actor.

## **TOP REASONS** by Frank Conroy

At twenty-three, Wayne Marvick has used his cool character to show some real wit and wit. And he's a good winner up.

## **STREET** by Bob Greene

Each generation has its own heroes who inspire us. First there was Garbo, then Bette Davis... Now there's Meryl Streep.

## **THE SOUL OF A YOUNG REPORTER** by David Haderstein

Journalist James Haderstein keeps the system honest by first being honest with himself.

## **THAT GAL FROM MICHIGAN** by Alan Meier

When Los Angeles cop Lynn Bortolin talks, it creates heat—or else.

## **FIRST RESPONSE** by Nicholas Lemann

San Antonio mayor Henry Cisneros has given America's newest constituency a voice for the Eighties.

## **...AND JUSTICE FOR ALL** by Roger Wilkins

Attorney Lee Grier is using the words of our Constitution to realize justice for the Group South.

## **ELLIOTT ABRAMS IS ON THE RIGHT TRACK** by William F. Buckley Jr.

American Secretary of State Elliott Abrams is taking the common ground between NATO's interests and his ideas.

## **THE NATIVE SON** by William Least Heat Moon

As counsel for the Southern corporation, Chris Michel makes modern profits for an ancient culture.

## **DIGGING IN** by Stephen Wright

By reporting and by example, Linda and Dean Toren are serving as engaged spectators—the American way.

## **Coming in June**

The Soul of America, an Extraordinary Journey in Search of the National Character.

America's character is the sum of our separate, regional identities. This issue will send our best writers to dozens of pinpoints on the map to probe the essence of special communities. Esquire puts America under its microscope and finds the big picture.



**P**ontiac is proud to announce the Grand Am, an exciting new driver's coupe for the discriminating individual who can truly appreciate responsive, exciting machinery.

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**THE WAY TO BE.**



# The Rousing Chorus

BY LEE EISENBERG

## BACKSTAGE WITH *Esquire*

THE NATURAL and accept of this first *Esquire* Register offered some interesting challenges to the editors of the magazine. The editorial one was to assemble a company of journalists, essayists, and literary folk whose diversity of voices would result in a harmonious chorus of writing. We had an unusually large number of assignments to make, well over one hundred thousand words to commission, all about individual men and women. We were concerned that, without taking some care, so many literary papers might stretch out into one long and constant monotony. That was not, obviously, what we were looking for. We were after a varied composition, a bang, not a hum.

Another challenge had to do with the fact that many of the Register subjects were, in the main, undiscovered. That, of course, was the point. Still, there was some background to go on when we sat down to the puzzle of matching writer with subject: few center clippings, hardly any prior exposures.

Moreover, we recognized, a great many of our honorees had never been subjected to media attention. They hadn't been interviewed, followed around, questioned about private matters. It was not to assume, we thought, that a certain tension, if not awkwardness, could result between the writer and the written-about. This was worrisome. After all, the subjects were not chosen for their looks or personalities, but for their extraordinary accomplishments. It would be unfortunate if a person-to-person contact got in the way of the more important story: the determination and character of these wild doves.

So before we picked up the phone, we talked at length about the kind of writing that would best serve the ends of this project. Our writers, we said, should eschew not just personalities but the ideas our honorees had so reluctantly pursued. Our research, led sheets, and narration form told us there was boundless energy out there, at every corner point, from rural outposts to the heart of the



the big city. Only after chewing this over did we reach for the phone.

Happily, the results are in, and they are both voluminous and glowing. The journalists, essayists, and literary greats came on-line and squatted through microscopes. They rolled around in hospital coats, sat on television stages, and killed time on the fingers of movie stars. They experienced firsthand the mystery of art, the mystery of science. They had the rare privilege of spending days and weeks with exceptional men and women.

After the notes were taken and the tapes transcribed, not a few of the writers emerged with a glow. Upon returning from New York, Louisiana, Guy Martin (now a small dinner party in lower Manhattan) complete with fresh cress and he'd be stopped in from the house. Gloria Emerson returned from Central America so absorbed by her experience with Susan Mancusi that she spent nearly a full week in one sitcom, guarding her every comma.

It was as if the writers were covered by streams. After meeting Meryl Streep, Bob Greene had some surprising insights: "For the impression she'd do quite well in a small town in Ohio, being a normal person. Then you realize she's not. It's midtown Manhattan, and she's Meryl Streep." Frank Conroy and Myron Malsbets raised a few eyebrows at Elise's by

conducting much of their lunch conversation in wit. Of the below jam session, Conroy said, "It was humbling, to say the least."

That Jane Howard should meticulously report on Roger McFallen, the host of Guy Mice's Health Clinic, and that George Leonard should reflect on the research of stress scientist Margaret Cheney—these kinds of decisions were sometimes a matter of editorial logic, other times a matter of instinct. This is what editors do for a living: they reason and guess. As a reporter capably sensitive to the responsibilities of journalism, David Halberstam was the natural choice to pay tribute to James P. Harris. The experience of William Least Heat Moon's prior journeys suggested to us that he was the one to lead on the distant journey to the Alaskan homeland of Chris McCandless.

And while everyone was sitting on runways, checking into Holiday Inns, drinking strong coffee late into the night, other reporters and researchers remained in the office, compiling the extensive listing that composes the official Register. Months of telephone interviews and fact checking were required to produce the 172 entries. The forty-five of the business were profiled at greater length was the result of a series of judgment calls. We reasoned and guessed at some tricky questions: How could we best explore the range of themes within each category? How could we best assemble a truly national doctine? How could we arrange the multifarious sounds to create the fullest possible symphony?

In the end, what we hope we have produced is a journal that can't contain itself. There are new ideas in these times. There are American heroes. There is more to this generation than narcissism and self-interest. If this argument shines through the noise, it's because of the enormous lives and words of those honored, not that it's also because of the gifted men and women who went out to find, and indeed then got, the story.

ARMY COMPANY PHOTOGRAPHS



Guy Laroche  
Paris

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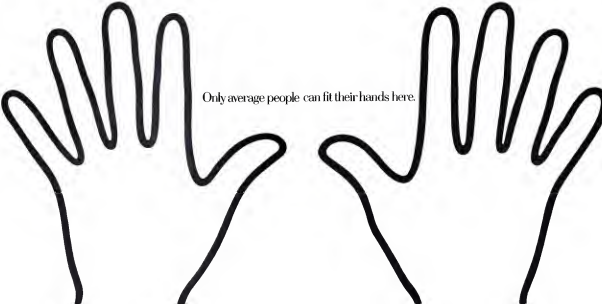
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Apart from his Rolex, Frederick Forsyth is particularly pleased with the coat you see him wearing in the photograph.

He spotted it in a shop in London, and asked of what the collar was made.



Portrait: The Rolex Day-Date Chronometer Available in 18kt. gold, with matching President bracelet.

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## Going All the Way

BY PHILIP MOFFITT

### THE Esquire JOURNAL

IT IS a sequence of voices so often reported in books and movies that most Americans know it by heart: World War II comes to a dramatic end, the boys in uniform return in an *avenue* that has suddenly become a slightly confused nation. The younger veterans find the college campuses determined to get started on acquiring their piece of the American Dream—a good job, a house, and an environment of material comfort in which to raise a family. They assume they have a right to these things because they have saved the world for democracy. The older members of the same generation return to the workplace, but with a new confidence in their ability to organize and manage America's industries and to deal with any and all problems along the way. After all, they have just successfully managed a war. They, too, assume their right—the right to leadership in American business and politics.

During that time the touch of leadership was passed from the generation that had fought in World War I to the generation that fought in World War II. Every society has this ritual of passing on responsibility. It is a recognition that a younger generation is ready to assume its share of the burden for the future health and prosperity of society.

For the next twenty-five years the generation of World War II veterans took center stage in society, retooling the American life-style, developing a modern psychology, creating the suburbs, the split-level house, the modern business structure, the Great Society, early retirement, the nuclear home, and so on. And, of course, it created the baby boom generation.

The baby boom generation, like Alice in Wonderland, was born from the beginning to big her mark, and she did so in an almost automatically took over center stage. First came the task of naming and wearing them all—millions of them—and Gruber baby foods and Johnson & Johnson baby products became growth industries. Then



came the task of educating them—they were instantly built, textbooks churned out, every available teacher hired to impart the knowledge, to teach them the expectations and attitudes the children of the strongest nation on earth should have.

Unfortunately, the Sixties came and it all appeared to go wrong. Much to the dismay of its parents, the baby-boom generation, raised in the so clearly-planned atmosphere of peace and prosperity that characterized most of the Fifties, took its own turn at the threshold of adulthood and America was changed forever. The Vietnam debate revolutionized patriotism. The sexual revolution changed age-old coupling patterns. The sexual revolution changed both the home and the workplace.

It was the beginning of a new world, but this time the passing of the torch did not take place as it had when the boys came home from World War II. Who would give responsibility for the country to such a generation as this? They had become the Me Generation—hedonistic, self-centered, lazy, uncaring, and absolutely uninterested. Unusually, nobody looked it down, the older generation simply disappeared it, just as its expectations for the new generation, and the dynamic forces of social change turned into the long, steady years of the economically and politically insecure Seventies.

At the highest level, discomfort and achievement become the same thing. The baby boom generation seemed to disappear. Absorbed into the general adult population, it merged into the workforce, consumed by the struggle for self-reliance and its own identity. It became known as the population bubble, moving through society, disappearing itself only by its refusal to leave babies only or single females, and its ability to create job shortages and urban housing shortages. Meanwhile, the country went deeper and deeper into post-Vietnam, post-Watergate, post-industrial back, which President Jimmy Carter described as a midnight malaise in his January 15, 1979, television speech.

However, underneath the stagnation and the general sense of economic despair, the energy of the new generation was stirring—announced. A vast number of intelligent, creative, and, yes, sometimes people were making a tremendous effort to find a place for themselves in the world. And this effort was producing results. In biology, in technology, in the marketplace, even in the social sciences, innovative solutions were being created, scientific discoveries were being made, and new techniques and advanced patterns of organization were evolving.

Suddenly, around 1984, the world woke up and discovered that there was a new generation of contemporaries who were retooling the American economy and a new generation of young scientists who were creating a scientific revolution—that is, the new generation had moved into responsible positions, the highly public solution of the late Sixties that had been mostly rhetoric had actually become a quiet but widespread effort in the arts, in social services, and in government. The country, in a phrase, was still in the period of time, became markedly more optimistic.

What had happened here? How is it that a nation that was supposedly so depressed could suddenly begin to believe in itself? The passing of the torch to the new generation had finally begun. The cumulative effect of the individual initiative taken by





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OUT AND CONFIRMS ALL COMMANDS.



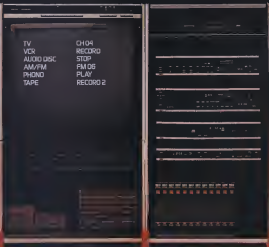
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# THE ESQUIRE 1984 Register ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The editors of Esquire are pleased to acknowledge and thank the many people who helped us in the Register search-and-selection process. We'd like to extend our appreciation to you, the thousands who responded to our call for nominations in various newspapers, magazines, and mailings. In addition, we'd like to cite the following for their diligent work and counsel.

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*These accomplished, committed men and women provided us with hours of good advice on the major themes of this issue. They were of invaluable assistance to the editors, guiding us through the intricacies of their professions.*

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Esquire also acknowledges the reporters and researchers, in New York and in the field, whose enterprising and resourceful contributions generated and accrued thousands of qualified candidates for the Register.

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In addition, Esquire recognizes the assistance of the following people:

**BOOKING & RESEARCH:** MURPHY BYRNE  
**EDITOR ASSISTANCE:** MARCY BARRER  
**ART ASSISTANT:** SCOTT HINGLES  
**PHOTO RESEARCH ASSISTANCE:** JARA WARDLE  
**ADMINISTRATIVE:** NANCY T. DELANEY, JANE CHURCH, JUDITH KAN  
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Why you should buy an  
Apple II-something  
instead of an IBM PC-anything.





# 10 reasons to buy an Apple IIe.



On the preceding pages, we ran up an enormous typographic bill giving you thousands of reasons an Apple II—anything can do more for you than an IBM® PC—anything.

But since there's more than one II, which II is better for you?

To help you distinguish the separate-but-equal advantages of both machines, we'll give you two shopping lists, starting with this one for the Apple IIe.

## 1) Expandability Theory 101

There are two basic approaches to expandability: Open-ended and built-in.

The Apple IIe represents the open-ended approach.

You add accessories and peripherals to the system by adding "interface cards."

Each additional interface card does cost extra. But the advantage is that your growth potential

is totally unlimited. So you can customize an Apple IIe to perform outrageous and unheard-of acts, unrestrained by the realities of what "most" people want a computer to do. For instance:

## 2) Think bigger.

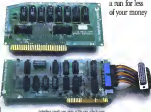
The basic memory of the IIe is 64K RAM. Which is more than adequate for most tasks in business and education.

By adding an Extended 80-Column Card, you can increase that to 128K—sufficient for running sophisticated integrated business software like AppleWorks, capable of handling word processing, spreadsheets and filing.

For even bigger jobs, you can double its memory again to 256K, or even redouble that to 512K.\*

## 3) Think faster.

Ally by itself, the Apple IIe can process information in the blink of an eye. But for you real fanatics who want your information in half-a-blink, you can add enhancements like the Accelerator IIe from Titan Technologies, Inc. and more than triple the IIe's processing speed. So you can give much bigger machines a run for less of your money.



Interface cards can give IIe the extra punch it needs.

## 4) Think IBM.

Just to prove we don't let personal prejudices get in the way of good software, we'll graciously admit that—with a game called a RAMM® 8086/2—the IIe can run programs written for the IBM PC.

Use Lotus® 1-2-3™ and WordStar®.

Add a CEM™ card, and the IIe can run about 5,000 more programs written for that operating system.

## 5) Store more, better.

The Apple IIe also gives you more ways to store information than any other computer.

Starting with our 044 Reliable Disk II® and our Newer Reliable DuoDisk™ (two half-high drives in one sleek package).

And with our ProFile™ 5-megabyte or 10-megabyte hard disks you can store 2400 or 4800 pages



At 1 megabyte, DuoDisk IIe stores more of your data.

of information. (Of course, you can buy bigger hard disks. But they've been known to suffer total amnesia if you look at them sideways.)

## 6) Teaching credentials.

If one of your reasons for buying a computer is your kid's education, this is the only reason you need.

The Apple IIe is the leading computer in all levels of education—from pre-school to post grad.

It can run more educational software than all of IBM's personal computers combined.

## 7) More ways to get the words out.

At the risk of being redundant, the Apple IIe also runs virtually every kind and type of printer and plotter on the market.

The ones closest to our hearts, of course, are Apple's ImageWriter impact printer and the Apple Daisy Wheel® letter quality printer for heavy duty office work.

The IIe can even drive the latest laser printers. Not to

mention professional typesetting equipment. In case you'd like to publish an underground newsletter in your spare time.

## 8) The great communicator.

With the help of an Apple Modem, an Apple IIe can talk to other computers over the phone. So you can do home banking, find the lowest air fares, or converse civilly with your company's IBM mainframe.

Several companies also offer local area networks that can link 30 or more IIs in an office or classroom.



An Apple Modem connects IIe to world.

## 9) Song, dance & other routines.

The IIe can be expanded to do a lot of things beyond the ken of most personal computers.

Like sing, talk and, more remarkably, listen and respond to voice commands.

It can tell a robot to fetch the newspaper or do the tango.

It can turn on your sprinklers or run an automated production line.

All because of its open-minded design and the thousands of peripherals offered by hundreds of independent manufacturers.

## 10) Safety in numbers.

There are more people in more places doing more things with Apple IIs than with any other personal computer in the world.

Which means you'll never have to go very far for advice and support.

In fact, if you'd like to know more, just ask one of the more than 4,000 authorized dealers from here to Kuala Lumpur who sell them.

Or one of the 2,000,000 people who own them.



Apple's IIe powers perfect image.

\*128K card module has no onboard microchips for use with specialized software.

# 10 reasons to buy an Apple IIc.



The newest member of the Apple II family has its own reasons for being.

It can run more software than any other personal computer in the world, save one—the Apple IIc.

But it offers some advantages the Apple IIc doesn't. And a whole passel of advantages the IBM PCjr can't touch.

For starters, it comes with everything you need to start computing, including a free 4-diskette course to teach you how—the most comprehensive how-to tutorial available with any personal computer.

Which makes it the most perfect computer for most of the people most of the time.

## 1) Expandability Theory 202

While the IIc has open-ended expandability, the IIc has *built-in* expandability—it's a complete computer solution.

The most popular interfaces are already built into the machine. So you can simply plug in a

printer, an extra disk drive, a modem—in fact, any of the peripherals almost anyone would want—without adding interface cards.

(Not to alarm you, but adding interface cards does require some skill—if you do it wrong you could blow up your shiny new computer and perhaps run your carpet.)

And since interface cards can cost up to \$300 each, that can save you up to \$550 on the cost of a fully configured system.

## 2) 100% more brainpower.

The Apple IIc has 128K of internal memory—or twice the power of the basic Apple IIc system.

And while you can expand the IIc's memory all the way to four times that, 128K is more than enough power to handle sophisticated integrated business software like AppleWorks.

## 3) The drive within.

The Apple IIc comes with a built-in disk drive. Which would cost over \$400 if it weren't.

But there's nothing to hook-up or connect—the IIc comes ready to run.



*Built-in just for reading, fairly convenient.*

Disk drives, as you may or may not know, are the most vulnerable components of any computer system. So it's nice to know that the IIc is as close to fail-safe as a drive can be. It's a half-high version of one of the most reliable drives in the world—the Apple Disk II.

## 4) The drive without.

And you can easily add a second IIc disk drive. In tandem with its built-in drive, an external drive doubles the capability and capacity of the machine.

So you can run integrated business software like AppleWorks without using the floppy disk shuffle.

And a 10-megabyte hard disk is available for the Apple IIc that can store reams and reams (20 of them, actually) of information.



*An extra disk drive doubles the IIc's storage.*

## 5) Other inner strengths.

To keep it compatible with the most software, the IIc has a built-in switchable 40/80 column display.

It also has a built-in switch that allows you to change the keyboard from its standard typewriter layout to DVORAK, an

improved layout that lets you type 20-40% faster once you get used to it.

The IIc also features built-in color capability—it'll show you 16 ultra-high resolution hues.



*An Apple IIc modem goes for 10 phone calls.*

## 6) An improved School System.

The IIc is a more powerful, full-featured version of the most popular computer in schools—our very own Apple IIc.

Which means it works the same way as the computers your kids are probably using in school right now. And it can access the same huge library of educational software.

Everything from "Mother Goose Rhymes" to "Elementary Numerical Techniques for Ordinary Differential Equations."



*An Apple IIc can also do this, properly, just in case.*

## 7) The Hernia Factor.

At 7½ pounds, the IIc won't give you internal injuries when you move it from office to office or office to home. And its sleek, sexy body takes up just 12" by 11½" on a busy desktop.

Yet—thanks to its VLSI technology—it's still twice as powerful as computers twice its size.

*\*The industry's most potent pack-in paper's heretics.*

## 8) An extended family.

The IIc can run a vast array of printers, plotters, modems and other accessories that are compatible with the Apple IIc.

But it also has its very own family of accessories that are aesthetically as well as technically compatible.

Including the Apple Scribe™ color/b&w text/graphics printer. An AppleMouse IIc that replaces complex keystroke commands with a simple point-and-click. And its standard matching 9" green phosphor monitor.

So buying an Apple IIc is just as easy as buying a match of component stereo system.

Independent manufacturers are extending the IIc's talents even further—with compatible accessories ranging from music synthesizers to home security systems.



*The IIc carrying case for going on the road.*

## 9) Travel Accessories.

The IIc can be a perfect travelling companion with a few simple additions. Like the first LCD Flat Panel Display™ that can show you as much as a regular computer monitor—80 characters by 24 lines. And a carrying case with room for all of the above.

And a toothbrush.

## 10) And now, for our next number...

Unless you've been skimming this from back to front, you know by now that the IIc can run over 10,000 different programs.

But there are many new programs designed specifically to bring out the limitless talents of the IIc.

Like FinCalc™, a revised low-cost version of the popular spreadsheet program, VisiCalc™.

And even as we write, famous software authors are writing new IIc programs. Including interactive educational software from leading textbook publishers.

Which means you'll never run out of things to do with an Apple IIc.

Or for that matter, reasons to buy one.

*\*\*Available only in 1985.*

And two reasons to buy now:



Just one more thing.  
OK...two more things.

First, if you buy either an Apple IIe or an Apple IIc before January 15—file for Christmas (hint hint)—we'll throw in a coupon book worth hundreds of dollars off on accessories and software.

Like an Apple Scribe printer. An AppleMouse. And an Apple Modem 1200.

Plus generous discounts on the most popular software packages for business, education and home management.

Second—and for a similarly limited time—you can take either Apple II home with absolutely no money down.



All you have to do is qualify for an Apple Credit Card. Which you may do instantly if you have any other major credit card\* with your name on it and a valid ID (also with your name on it).

That instantly gives you up to \$2500 credit that you can dither away on the high tech goodies of your choice.

And as an extra special Christmas present from Apple, just forget about paying us back. We don't care.

Until February Then we care Boy, do we care  
Just read the asterisk below\*\*

[illegible]

# Science & Technology

1984 Register

## Caretakers of the Kingdom

Throughout the past four decades, discovery advanced with an astounding velocity. Yet the scientist's purpose was often uncertain. In the Fifties we commissioned our best young minds to develop methods of destruction. In the Fifties science became a battleground to be seized from the Russians, who mobilized us with the orbiting of Sputnik. During the Sixties and Seventies young scientists rallied at the relationship between the university and the military establishment, pointing to campus-based R&D of chemical processes

Science, many claimed, was itself the villain: ruthless, mercenary. The scientist himself was seen as malevolent at worst, ambivalent at best. But according to Esquire Register adviser Robert Jastrow, founder of NASA's Goddard Institute for Space Studies, the bloom is back on the rose. America's young scientists are recapturing the vitality of their professions. Science has been reclaimed as a kingdom that is not only peaceable but enchanted.

The proof is the men and women whose accomplishments are detailed on the following pages. If there's a consistent theme, it's that discovery—practical or theoretical—is now civilization-friendly.

All of them have helped restore science to its rightful place: as our servant, not our master. Our salvation lies where these minds will lead us. They are our scouts to the end of the century.



## HONOREES

**Electrical engineer**  
Binghamton, New York

Michael J. Batchelder

While in education, Bechtelider is involved in the development of a new computer-aided design (CAD) system for the L. K. Keruech Research Foundation. Bechtelider's partner in the development of a simple computer-aided design system. The project took shape when Bechtelider, then an associate at the South Dakota School of Mines and Technology, realized that microcomputers were rapidly becoming commonplace in engineering technology and felt that students would benefit from the advantages of this familiar and affordable technology. He and his partner, Dr. Robert L. Kueh, are entering legislation to build their own microcomputer, the Tech Educational MicroProcessor (TEMP), that they could use throughout their college careers. Raised in Oklahoma, Bechtelider was introduced to computers by his father, also an engineering professional, who started using them in the late 1950s. He spent his last summer vacation in college working New York as a consultant for Universal Transducers, designing a robot language for a computer-aided design system. Recently, he has been asked to assume his new position as associate professor of mechanical engineering at the State University of New York Binghamton.



# Aerodynamics: The final touch.



It is fairly obvious that a driver's car needs a good engine, good chassis, good suspension, and controls that are within easy reach or vision of the driver. But aerodynamics is the final touch that makes your car drive and handle well.

A car in motion creates air turbulence around it. That turbulence can balloon out and add to the mass that you are trying to push through the air. It is one of the functions of aerodynamic design to lessen that turbulence and, in effect, slim down your car. It's as simple as that.

But good air management has other benefits just as important to a driver. It makes driving quieter. It keeps your windows cleaner. And perhaps even more important, it reduces the lift that your car would normally experience as it moves through the air. That helps keep the wheels firmly on the road.

A car that cuts air turbulence down to size and makes it flow work for the driver instead of against him is the vehicle of the future. I realized this when my Grand Prix racing car had to

sprout wings and spoilers to stay competitive.

What works on a single seater racing car can be made to work on a passenger car. Thunderbird and Tempo have both recorded drag coefficient figures—.35 and .37—that are



A spoiler is built right into the trunk and very low for five-passenger automobiles.

Their aerodynamic shapes emerged only after many, many hours had been spent in the wind tunnel.

The result is a front end with a low profile, followed by a hood swept up to a steeply raked windshield. Side glass is set out almost flush with the sheet metal. The door line is wrapped up into the roof. And from the top, you can see that the front and rear are tapered to help control turbulence.

When you add these air-managing features to the newest form of sophisticated engineering, you get highly competent road cars. Both of which I thoroughly enjoyed driving.

Get it together—Buckle up.



Have you driven a Ford... lately?





**Eddie N. Bernard****Oceanographer**Seattle, Washington  
Born November 23, 1946

It's been said that Bernard is making waves from the depths of the ocean floor to the shores of Chile, Japan, and Hawaii. In fact, he has developed a warning system that will protect people from waves, specifically those known as tsunamis, the tidal waves caused by ocean-floor earthquakes. After three years aboard the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration ship *Albatross*, Bernard, who is from Beaumont, Texas, moved to Honolulu in 1973 to help improve the tsunami warning system for the Pacific Basin. Working first for the Joint Tsunami Research Effort and then as director of the National Tsunami Warning Center, he developed a numerical model of tsunamis, which he took to the Soviet Union in 1973 as part of the U.S.-USSR Tsunami Scientific Exchange Program. He received a doctoral degree in physical oceanography from Texas A&M University in recognition of his work. By 1980 Bernard had completed the manual warning system for the Hawaiian Islands, reducing the disaster response time two-thirds, and was headed east today to become director of the Pacific Marine Environmental Laboratory in Seattle. The laboratory has recently launched a project that will use satellite technology to monitor coastal erosion in developing nations in South America of imminent tidal waves.

**Chemist****Michael J. Berry**Houston, Texas  
Born July 17, 1947

At the tender age of five, Berry decided to become a physicist. By twenty-three, then a Ph.D. student at the University of California, Berkeley, he had discovered thirty chemical lasers and was appointed an assistant professor of chemistry at the University of Wisconsin. Today he is Welch Professor of Chemistry at Rice University in Houston and is credited with the discovery of a total of eighty lasers and with the invention of a new form of photochemistry in which lasers are used to promote chemical reactions. He has won almost every award in the field, yet Berry, who arrives at his laboratory at five in the morning, is not satisfied with theoretical achievement alone. He is firmly convinced that scientific research should have practical applications, and he left academia from 1978 to 1979 for the world of industry, working for the Allied Chemical Corporation as manager of its Photo Chemistry Department. More recently he has collaborated with physicians at the world-famous M.D. Anderson Hospital and Baylor Institute for Cancer Research in Houston, developing laser technology for medical diagnosis and treatment.

**Daniel S. Bricklin****Software designer**  
Wellesley, Massachusetts  
Born July 10, 1951**Robert M. Frankston****Software designer**  
Wellesley, Massachusetts  
Born June 14, 1949

Bricklin and Frankston are the brains behind VisiCalc, the most popular business software ever developed for personal computers. Bricklin was a Harvard M.B.A. candidate in 1975 when the idea of an electronic spreadsheet took form in a dormitory. "Sitting in class, I used to imagine an electronic blackboard that would allow me to erase one number in a series of columns and recalculate the whole exercise," he refined the concept, then turned it over to longtime friend and MIT graduate Frankston, who wrote the bulk of the program. The two formed their software company, Software Arts, in 1979, and today they estimate that more than seven hundred thousand copies of VisiCalc have been sold. "VisiCalc did for business what word processing did for people who write," says Bricklin. And, Frankston notes, "it marks the transition of computers from novelties, academic devices to really little things that sit on your desk."

**Michael Brownlee****Medical researcher**New York, New York  
Born November 12, 1948

For twenty-eight years Brownlee has been battling diabetes, as a patient and more recently as a scientist exploring complications of the disease. "Diabetes is the leading cause of blindness in people under sixty-five and the most frequent cause of kidney failure," says Brownlee, an assistant professor in the medical bacteriology laboratory at Rockefeller University. His first encounter with diabetes underscores the need for research, when he was eight years old, a physician mistook a respiratory symptom for pneumonia and Brownlee's aunt—also a medical doctor—recognized the diabetic symptoms. He completed an interdisciplinary residency at Stanford University—"without money because of illness," he points out—then went on to clinical fellowships in endocrinology and metabolism at Harvard Medical School. Now Brownlee, with colleagues at Rockefeller, is testing a novel insulin delivery system that would replace daily injections with a self-regulating implanted mechanism.

**Neurobiologist****Victoria Chan-Palay**Concord, Massachusetts  
Born October 9, 1945

As an adolescent in Singapore, Chan-Palay was a gifted science student and athlete. She swam for Singapore in the 1968 Olympic Games in Rome, competing in the hundred-meter butterfly. In 1973 Chan-Palay became the first woman to graduate magna cum laude from Harvard Medical School, and only the fifth student to do so in the history of the university. Rather than practice medicine, she chose to study and teach neurobiology. She has been in the faculty of Harvard Medical School for over a decade. In her research specifically—the identification of chemical messengers within nerve cells of the brain—she has made noteworthy contributions, including a unique method of tracing the pathways of these messengers. But science, she says, "is just part of what I do." The author of five books about the brain, she has also written children's book and organized science programs for public school curricula. In addition, she is a consultant to the National Institutes of Health.

**Margaret Chesney****Behavioral researcher**  
Menlo Park, California  
Born May 26, 1940

Chesney has not only shed new light on the link between behavior and heart disease, she has discovered ways to reduce the risk of coronary illness by changing behavior patterns. With a 1977 grant from the National Institute of Mental Health, Chesney studied two hundred men, clearly classified as either Type A (those who lead tense, "round-up frenzies") or Type B (those whose life-styles are relaxed). The findings: certain Type A's were more likely to produce excess cholesterol. In another Chesney study, relaxation, training significantly lowered blood pressure among working men and women who suffered from mildly high blood pressure. Recently her department received a three-year, \$1.2-million grant from the National Heart, Lung, and Blood Institute to study the effectiveness of "anger-management intervention" in the treatment of high blood pressure. (See page 74.)

**Psychobiologist****David Crews**Austin, Texas  
Born April 18, 1947

Crews' discoveries about the reproductive patterns of reptiles have challenged some time-honored assumptions about human sexual behavior. In studies of the behavior of the all-female whiptail lizard, Crews discovers that "masculine behavior" preceded the evolution of sex. He has established that certain male behavior can both stimulate and inhibit female ovarian growth, a discovery that helps explain why overcrowding against often experience a drop in birth rates. "Crews has unraveled an important piece of



*'Come to think of it  
I'll spread a little cheer'*

information with application to humans—that the human brain has the potential to go in either a male or female direction," says Dr. John Money, professor of medical psychology and pediatrics at Johns Hopkins University and a pioneer in sociological research. Cohen graduated from the University of Maryland with a degree in clinical psychology and counseling. But after spending his first summer as a social worker with inner-city youths in New York, New Jersey, during the peak of that city's riots, he decided to pursue another course. In 1974 he received a Ph.D. in psychology from the Institute of Animal Behavior. In studying animals, he says, "I feel I can get closer to the building blocks of human emotions." Cohen is currently a professor of zoology and psychology at the University of Texas.

**Michael W. Cromar**  
**Physicist**  
**Boulder, Colorado**  
**Born August 3, 1946**

By refuting a tiny machine called the SQUID (short for Superconducting Quantum Interference Device), Cromar has spearheaded the branch of physics that developed the subatomic transistor in the late 1970s. Cromar's SQUID will soon permit doctors to monitor brain activity in epileptics and in oncology patients. For scientists, his device will allow further probes into the still-mysterious field of quantum mechanics. Born and raised in Los Angeles, Cromar has a fondness for machines from childhood. "I was an enormous student in elementary school," he says. "But I used to build gadgets—toasters, radios, and so on." Today he is a physicist with the Electromagnetic Technology Division of the National Bureau of Standards in Boulder, Colorado. As an inventor, Cromar compares up the stages of the transistor to the job, according to his colleagues: "Observance, patience, stamina—that's Mike," says Warren Johnson, assistant professor of physics at the University of Rochester, where Cromar was a postdoctoral fellow. "Mike's got the stamina to keep working until he wears the pillows down."

**Jacquelin Dudley**  
**Microbiologist**  
**Austin, Texas**  
**Born December 6, 1954**

Dudley uses viruses to study the mechanisms of leukemia and breast cancer. By isolating the genes of a certain mammary tumor virus found in mice, Dudley is probing to find out which genes are the targets of a cancer virus. In 1982 she attracted the attention of her colleagues by discovering that the mouse mammary tumor virus is involved in leukemia as well as in breast cancer. Dudley grew up in West Virginia. Recognizing that medicine "was something I could fall back on," she capped in medical technology at West Virginia University. There she became interested in virology and cancer research and went on to earn her Ph.D. in virology from Baylor College of Medicine in Houston, Texas. Currently an assistant professor of microbiology at the University of Texas in Austin, Dudley continues her research with grants from the National Institutes of Health and the Robert Welch Foundation in Houston. "My grandfather had cancer," she says. "It's something that touches every one."

**Joann Eland**  
**Nurse**  
**Iowa City, Iowa**  
**Born April 6, 1948**

As a nurse and a research scientist, Eland has dedicated herself to children in pain. For two years she worked to develop a technique called the Kland Color Tool, which helps determine the precise location and amount of pain that children experience in everything from severe burn injuries and cancer to routine dental work. Simply stated, the method works as follows: children are given a line drawing of the human body and asked to indicate, with colors, the relative intensity of pain they feel in different areas. Eland's pioneering work began during a long personal struggle with pain when one of her facial nerves was destroyed by shingles in 1970. She realized that intervention against pain can occur only

after proper assessment of the pain. A nurse of Iowa, she received a master's degree in nursing and a Ph.D. in educational psychology from the University of Iowa. She is currently directing a research project at the University of Iowa Hospitals and Clinics using stressor headbands and musical cassettes to help reduce suffering in children during such painful procedures as spinal taps and bone marrow aspirations. Her success with this novel treatment is leading to the use of video as well.

**Janice L. Facinelli**  
**Veterinarian**  
**Denver, Colorado**  
**Born March 6, 1948**

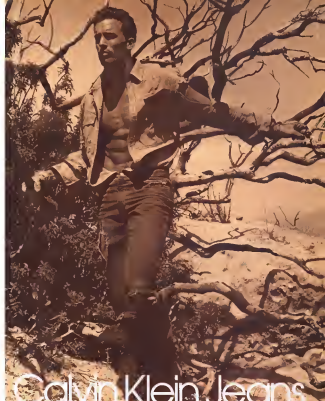
Facinelli became convinced of the emotional bond between pets and people while making house calls for her Denver veterinary practice. Her observations led her to consider the therapeutic value of pets in clinical settings, which resulted in a program at Children's Hospital in Denver. Twice a week, community volunteers bring their dogs to the oncology ward for visits with young cancer patients. Although the psychological benefits have yet to be fully evaluated, Facinelli finds the acceptance is already apparent. "Some of these kids haven't smile in weeks," Facinelli was born in Rock Spang, Wyoming. "We didn't have a vet in my town," she recalls. "I can remember bringing sick animals home and trying to chase down a physician or a pharmacist to get treatment." She received her doctor of veterinary medicine degree from Colorado State University in 1972, then worked for a year in a small animal practice in Laramie, Wyoming, before moving on to a veterinary clinic in Westminster, Colorado. In 1979 she opened her own practice, House Calls for Companion Animals, in Denver. The pet therapy project has been more than two years in the making. "If this program is successful," she says, "we can then do scientific research to support the subjective, emotional kinds of data we already have."

**Marye Anne Fox**  
**Organic chemist**  
**Austin, Texas**  
**Born December 9, 1947**

By generating electricity from sunlight, Fox is able to carry out chemical reactions that could revolutionize today's industrial society. As a result of her work, not only has she pioneered a whole new field of chemistry, known as organic photochemical chemistry, but she may well have laid the groundwork for the solar-powered automobile. According to David Lenzell, a professor of chemistry at Dartmouth College, where Fox received her Ph.D. in 1974, "Fox isn't intimidated by any challenges, theoretical or experimental." She's highly adventurous as a scientist. Besides her work on solar-energy conversion, Fox, an associate professor of chemistry at the University of Texas at Austin, is working to provide accurate with new methods for controlling organic chemical reactions on the surface of semiconductors, and with semiconductors. The application of these methods could lead to new techniques in photographic processing and lithography.

**Susanne M. Gatchell**  
**Industrial engineer**  
**Detroit, Michigan**  
**Born July 14, 1949**

As a child, Gatchell was interested in mechanical things. "Any kind of equipment fascinated me." After receiving her B.S. in engineering from Oakland University in Rochester, Michigan, in 1970, she joined General Motors' design staff with responsibility for studying driver's physical characteristics and limitations. A GM Fellowship helped her earn master's and doctorate degrees in industrial engineering and operations from the University of Michigan, where courses in ergonomics—the application of design principles based on human requirements and capabilities—were part of the engineering curriculum. Gatchell put some of these techniques to work in the factory of the Pontiac Motor Division, where she evaluated manufacturing systems. Five and a half years ago, in the wake of the American automobile industry crisis, GM created a special human-factors post for her in its



Calvin Klein Jeans

Fisher Body Division, engineer in charge of interior design and human accommodations. Gatchell's job is to "make sure the product is compatible with people."

**Mechanical engineer**  
**Geoffrey J. Germane**  
Provo, Utah  
Born July 3, 1950

"I'm just interested in everything. That's my problem," says Germane, whose record of achievement is proof of a broad range of talents. Although he is credited with the development of a new portable jumping mechanism that will supply nutrients to patients who have lost the ability to swallow, Germane's major focus is in the field of combustion engineering. An assistant professor of mechanical engineering at Brigham Young University, where he received his Ph.D. in 1978, he has been the principal investigator on a number of projects sponsored by the U.S. Department of Energy. One study at BYU involved the development of an automotive engine that will reduce exhaust emissions while improving fuel economy. He is also studying coal slurry, a resource that may provide power plants with a low-cost replacement for oil. Ever since he began building go-carts as a youngster, Germane has shown great mechanical promise. Hooked on auto racing, he decided only ten years ago to give up competitive racing (he never) but has occasionally spent time at the track as director of fuel certification (he checks for cheating) for the National Hot Rod Association.

**Atmospheric scientist**  
**John H. Helsen**  
Rapid City, South Dakota  
Born October 20, 1949

Lightning strikes the earth an estimated one hundred times every second, ignites nearly 250 Americans each year, and causes over \$100 million in property damage. Once when Helsen tried to photograph lightning from a cockpit, the jolt from his camera sent him running for cover. "It's the scariest thing I've had to do in a 35-year aviation experience," says the scientist, who has since found other means of tracking lightning. Of the hazards to so accurate studying atmospheric electricity in the U.S., Helsen, an associate professor of meteorology at the South Dakota School of Mines and Technology, is one of the few warning it by computer. When NASA wants to monitor the effects of lightning on aircraft, Helsen's equations direct pilots to the most hazardous points in a storm. When modern-day researchers need an evaluation of cloud-seeding procedures, his computer simulations help determine where seeding will yield the best results. "Physics goes with a cloud and raining doesn't come in very difficult," says Richard Orville, chair of the Department of Atmospheric Science at the State University of New York at Albany. "but you can't begin to model a cloud and somehow how it works."

**Botanist**  
**Randolph R. Henke**  
Knoxville, Tennessee  
Born March 5, 1948

Henke, a plant researcher at the University of Tennessee, has found a way to turn the tools of biochemistry to practical use. Three years ago he co-invented Phytion Technologies Inc., an organization that applies quick-growth procedures to nursery plants. PTL uses chemical nutrients to grow disease-free plants with near-perfect physical properties and can grow up to six million plants at a time. "Ready as a shovelful researcher in plant sciences," says Dr. L. Evron Rada, professor of cell biology at the University of Tennessee, "but his particular genius is that he sees the applications of research and the economics of those applications." Born in Spokane, Washington, Henke received his Ph.D. in botany from Miami University, in Oxford, Ohio. Today he is an associate professor of botany at Tennessee and president and chairman of the board of PTL. "When someone first called me an entrepreneur, I was insulted," he recalls. "Now I'm grateful for the opportunity to apply science in a broad way."

**Philosopher/educator**  
**Michael Hooker**  
Bennington, Vermont  
Born August 24, 1945

As chairman of the Bioethics Advisory Panel to the U.S. Congress, Hooker addresses physicians and scientists about the ethical issues raised by genetic engineering and other medical questions. "If we can engineer a normally deficient fetus," he asks, "what level of intelligence do we then produce? Subnormal? Supernormal?" It being people to recognize that this problem is open to it." Hooker is also president of Bennington College, where he has proposed a bold solution to the school's financial troubles: sell the college's residence to a partnership of alumni investors, who would lease it back to Bennington. Hooker's own education began in southwest Virginia as the only child of a coal miner. "At the age of five, I wanted to be a college professor." He graduated honors from the University of North Carolina with a B.A. in philosophy in 1969 and went on to earn M.A. and Ph.D. degrees from the University of Massachusetts. He then taught philosophy at Harvard and served as dean of graduate and undergraduate studies at Johns Hopkins University, Bennington, impressed with Hooker's "mixture of administrative and academic achievement," selected him as their president in 1982. This year Hooker is writing a book entitled *The Meaning of Life*, which will discuss the future of bioethics and ethical problems associated with genetic engineering.

**Faunontologist**  
**Jack Horner**  
Bozeman, Montana  
Born June 15, 1946

Horner is one of a small number of people who have been enlarging our understanding of dinosaurs. A maverick who never did well in school, he spent thirteen months in the Vietnam jungle before enrolling in the University of Montana to pursue his fascination with geology. He left the university without a degree and kept his eyes open for Cretaceous rock while driving a gravel truck. Princeton University hired him in 1976 to work as a fossil preparator, cleaning and painting bone specimens. Bone hunting in Montana summers, Horner stayed at Princeton until 1980, when he accepted his current position as curator of paleontology at the Museum of the Rockies in Bozeman. (See page 52.)

**Neurosurgeon**  
**M. Deborah Hyde-Rowan**  
Sayre, Pennsylvania  
Born January 18, 1949

Hyde-Rowan is one of two black female neurosurgeons in the U.S. She was born in Laurel, Mississippi, the oldest of four children. Graduating with honors from Tusculum College in Mississippi, she applied to graduate school at Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland but was rejected. "I was told I would have difficulty competing," she recalls. Hyde-Rowan then enrolled at Cleveland State University, where she made straight A's and received an M.S. in biology in 1973, she was admitted to medical school at Case Western Reserve the following year. As a resident at Case Western Reserve's university hospitals she became the first woman to enroll in the hospital's neurosurgery training program. In 1982 she joined the Goddard Clinic in Sayre, Pennsylvania. There, the demands of a group-practice serving forty counties in rural Pennsylvania and New York are considerable. Hyde-Rowan performed over two hundred operations her first year.

**Computational scientist**  
**James Macklin**  
Los Alamos, New Mexico  
Born November 20, 1949

Hyman, known as Mac to his friends, would like computers to speak the same language as mathematicians. To this end, he is putting together the basic building blocks of physics and mathematics to develop computer programs that can be used to solve a number of complex problems in a broad range of disciplines. As deputy group leader of mathematical analysis and modeling in the

How did you ever guess?



Give the scotch  
more people prefer.

Theoretical Division of Los Alamos National Laboratory. He hopes to enable scientists to focus more directly on their specific field of research without spending valuable time relearning conventional techniques. Best known for his work in shock waves, Hyman, who received his Ph.D. in 1976 from the Courant Institute in New York, claims his productivity is enhanced by jumping from field to field almost weekly to avoid mental blocks, and by running to the ski slopes whenever he has a chance.

**Robert K. Jarvik**  
**Inventory/physician**  
 Salt Lake City, Utah  
 Born May 11, 1940

Medical history was made on December 3, 1982, when the Jarvik-7, the first complete artificial heart, was permanently implanted in a human being. Named for its inventor, the brilliant engineer, the status of development of research in building the artificial organ program at the University of Utah School of Medicine, where Jarvik is currently a research assistant professor of surgery. Described as "a talker and a dreamer," he spends most of his time now bringing his research out of the laboratory and making it available to the public through Symyx, the publicly held company he founded in 1978. As yet, if he works there, he is making the success of his creation, the Jarvik-8, a fully portable artificial heart with a compressed air system that is battery-powered and small enough to be carried like a briefcase. He is also collaborating with several national medical centers, including the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary, testing and perfecting artificial ears. Besides Jarvik will devote time to ski, travel, and dream what he considers totally original ideas, such as a chemical marker that will cause fish to fluoresce, so that fly fishermen (if they are wearing the appropriate sunglasses) will know precisely when a fish has been caught.

**Arthur H. Johnson**  
**Soil scientist**  
 Philadelphia, Pennsylvania  
 Born July 21, 1948

Each spring Johnson leads a small expedition to the top of Camel's Hump, near Burlington, Vermont. There he hopes to find the source of the pollution that is slowly but surely causing a decline in the growth and reproduction of nearby New Hampshire trees. While environmental groups lobby to control the sulfur emissions that are a significant cause of acid rain—and a possible source of this alarming decline—Johnson is convinced that this is not the whole story. Although it's clear that sulfur is damaging aquatic environments, Johnson's research at the University of Pennsylvania, where he is an assistant professor of soils in the Department of Geology, suggests that another component of acid rain, nitrogen oxides, produced by automobile engines, may be partly responsible for the destruction of the forest. He has also found alarmingly high levels of lead in the soils of northern New England. Forests, wildlife, and humans are, in these forested and highly polluted urban areas. Because his work has such current environmental and economic implications, Johnson is determined to find not only the source of the forest's decline but the exact mechanism by which it operates. He believes that, with a lot of hard work, the answers are no more than six months in a year away.

**Raymond Kurzweil**  
**Inventor**  
 Cambridge, Massachusetts  
 Born February 12, 1948

The inventor of the Kurzweil Reading Machine for the blind and the Kurzweil 2500 digital keyboard is also a poet, a pianist, and a fan of two thriving computer races. He has named Ray Kurzweil in producing one computer that translates the written word into spoken language, and another that reproduces the sounds of nearly any musical instrument, should it speak itself with his next project, a voice-activated typewriter that, when connected to a computer terminal, could function as a telephone for the deaf. Most of his inventions are based on principles of

artificial intelligence—notably pattern recognition—and aim to serve society. "The world doesn't just want more gadgets," says Kurzweil. "It wants them to fill a need." (See page 118.)

**James W. Larrick**  
**Medical scientist**  
 Palo Alto, California  
 Born January 4, 1909

Larrick uses advanced genetic engineering techniques to explore treatments for cancer and infectious diseases such as AIDS. He also leads expeditions to anthropological studies of tribes living in the jungles of South America. "I have a major interest in the health and fitness of people," he says. "It's exciting to study groups making adaptations while living in the Stone Age." Born and raised on a wheat farm near Denver, Larrick designed his own microscope, "a little device used to put up tissue so you can look at cells," when he was in seventh grade. In 1932 a Thomas J. Watson Fellowship took Larrick to Peru to study early adaptation among the Quechua Indians. The next year he carried out guest studies on endemic chromosomes on the Iloca Peninsula in Papua New Guinea, and during a period from 1955 to 1976 he led a team of seven physicians on several expeditions to western Bolivia to study human genetic variation in the Andean mountains. Larrick received his Ph.D. in 1939 and an M.D. in 1946 from Duke University Medical Center. Since 1982 he has been the project leader of human monoclonal antibodies research at the Celis Immune Research Laboratories in Palo Alto, California.

**John G. Lewis Jr.**  
**Architect**  
 Richmond, Virginia  
 Born July 30, 1948

Lewis has made energy efficiency an architectural issue in Virginia. "Thirty percent of the energy consumed in this country is consumed by buildings," he says. "It seems that the most auspicious architectural direction we have before us is one that has a social conscience and can make an economic contribution." Born in Petersburg, Virginia, Lewis received his architecture degree from Virginia Polytechnic Institute in 1972. He worked for two architectural firms until 1978, when he started his own practice, specializing in designs that use "site-specific" natural energy sources, such as the sun and wind. The Lewis-designed house derives its heating source from an indoor solar heated swimming pool; another taps and circulates excess heat generated from a kitchen stove. Through his teaching, research, and professional activities, Lewis is "making a major contribution to the architectural profession in the way architects think about energy in design," says Bruce Barnes, an architect with the University of Virginia Architectural and Engineering Services.

**Byron K. Lichtenberg**  
**Biomedical engineer**  
 Wellesley, Massachusetts  
 Born February 19, 1948

When *Space Shuttle* lifted off in November 1983, Lichtenberg was in the ship's cockpit watching the progress of the seventy-one scientific experiments being undertaken on board. He is a payload specialist, one of a new breed of scientists who monitor the scientific maneuvers involved in space experiments. For the *Space Shuttle*, Lichtenberg learned to operate a West German high-resolution camera that maps the earth's surface, a French device that measures pollution from the sun, American equipment designed to watch glaciers, and other instruments involved in the work of eleven specialized scientists. One experiment now has one, a study of the body's reactions to motion sickness in space. Born in Brookline, Massachusetts, Lichtenberg joined the U.S. Space Shuttle program in 1978. Before University of Virginia, he flew pilot flights to testing that in his class, and completed a commercial combat tour in Southeast Asia with the distinguished Flying Cross and eleven Air Medals. In 1979 he earned his doctorate in science in biomedical engineering from MIT. Lichtenberg will be flying with NASA again in the fall of 1985, repeating what he thought would be "a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity."

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**Accord 4-Door Sedan**

**Organic chemist**  
**Bruce H. Lipshutz**  
Santa Barbara, California  
Born December 10, 1954

In his laboratory at the University of California at Santa Barbara, Lipshutz, an associate professor of chemistry, is developing new efficient techniques that will allow scientists to transform the molecular structure of one compound into an entirely new product. These compounds can then be made available to the pharmaceutical industry and tested for their medicinal properties. For example, Lipshutz recently developed the methodology needed to synthesize a group of complex natural products—the cyclopeptide alkaloids—that may represent a new class of valuable antibiotics. Found on the bark of several varieties of trees, these particular compounds have long been used in an African herbal remedy for diarrhea and dysentery, and with the promise of a newly synthesized equivalent, they may find a home in our local drugstore. Born in New York City, Lipshutz received his Ph.D. from Yale and did postdoctoral training at Harvard. Dr. Harry Weissman, his adviser and professor at Yale, has great expectations for him. "He has the potential to become a true leader in the field."

**Flight surgeon**  
**Tommy Love**  
Osan, Korea  
Born August 16, 1947

Lieutenant Colonel Love, travels pilots who fly very fast and usually alone. He is chief flight surgeon at Osan Air Force Base, Korea, where he must apply his medical skills to airborne personnel. Growing up in a small Indiana farm town, Love decided early that he would become either a pilot or an astronaut. Because many astronauts start out at the Air Force Academy, he became cadet there in 1965. He graduated a pilot and went on to receive an M.D. in osteopathic medicine at Fort Worth Texas College of Osteopathic Medicine, interning with the Army in Hawaii. When Love became a flight surgeon for Fort Worth's Carlstrom Air Force Base in 2003, he was charged not only with caring for the base's seven hundred-member crew and their families, but also with treating pilot accidents and pilot ejection fighter planes. "Tom Love is one of the hottest flight surgeons I've met in my twenty-two years in the Air Force," says Major General Harley Hughes of the Air Staff at the Pentagon. "Pilots suffer darts and bumps. From bumper cars down, he understands how I feel when I approach the flight surgeon's office."

**Whale watcher**  
**Scott Mercer**  
Hampton, New Hampshire  
Born December 12, 1947

As director of New England Whale Watch, a commercial operation out of Newburyport, Massachusetts, Mercer plays a pivotal role in the study and preservation of the world's largest animal. His daylong excursions on the seventy-foot Chelona give both the public and the scientific community access to one of the twenty-two types of whales that use New England waters as seasonal feeding grounds. From a business standpoint, Mercer is succeeding in what is now a multimillion-dollar industry in the North coast, from an ecological standpoint, he is a man who over the course of two thousand right whales left in the world, fewer than five hundred of them in the North Atlantic. In addition to his lectures, he photographs humpbacks and rights for identification purposes. "Whales are so elusive," he says. "If we can distinguish among them, we can better track their movements."

**Computer specialist**  
**David Merritt**  
Boulder, Colorado  
Born August 4, 1946

Merritt has developed the software program for a computerized radar system whose wind-succeeding capabilities far exceed the techniques meteorologists have relied on for decades. Developed at the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration

(NOAA) in Boulder, Colorado, the system uses Doppler radar to monitor wind profiles from the earth's surface up to the troposphere, thirty-five thousand feet above sea level. The beauty of Merritt's innovation, known as the Colorado Micro-Scale Wind Profiling Network, is that it accurately calculates wind patterns as they occur and provides data within minutes, in contrast to weather balloons that can provide information only when they are sent up, usually every twelve hours. Merritt claims that he didn't even know how to spell the word computer until he was forced to take a computer course at Metropolitan State College in Denver, where he received a B.S. degree in 1976. He is now working on a data base for the wind-profiling system, one that may supply the National Weather Service, the FAA, and NASA with such precise information that it could save \$100 to \$200 million in fuel alone.

**Book conservator**  
**William Minter**  
Chicago, Illinois  
Born April 10, 1948

Minter represents a new breed of book conservator, one who combines centuries-old methods of restoration with modern technology. The challenge of bookbinding, he feels, is "trying to understand what was done hundreds of years ago in terms of the mechanics of the binding and the chemical properties of the books." At Casco Press, a custom printing company in Chicago, Minter apprenticed under renowned book conservator Bill Anthony until he left the company to start up his own bookbinding and conservation business. He soon developed a machine that seals and protects paper more cost-effectively than traditional laminating techniques. An aluminum welder that he developed with Peter Malink has since been snapped up by institutions with large collections: the National Archives, the Smithsonian, the Library of Congress, and numerous universities. A recent Minter project was the Nuremberg Chronicle of Karppe, a rare encyclopedic account of life in 1493.

**Immunologist**  
**Nadia Nogueira**  
New York, New York  
Born January 28, 1948

A native of Salvador, Bahia, Brazil, Nogueira has spent ten years studying parasite infectious diseases. One of these is Chagas disease, a parasite-transmitted illness that affects more than fifty million people in Central and South America alone, often causing fatal heart damage. Nogueira has already identified components of the Chagas parasite that trigger immune responses within the individual, and she hopes her work will lead to a Chagas vaccine. She graduated first in her class from the Medical School of Federal University of Rio de Janeiro in 1971. The following year she began graduate research in tropical medicine at Rockefeller University, joining a small university of U.S. scientists studying parasitic diseases. "When I told people I wanted to work on Chagas, they would say to me, 'Work on cancer.' Well, most people in my country rarely live long enough to die of cancer."

**Biological psychiatrist**  
**Harrison G. Pope Jr.**  
Belmont, Massachusetts  
Born December 26, 1947

Pope and colleague James Hudson are looking new ground in the treatment of bulimia, a psychiatric disorder characterized by eating binges and self-induced vomiting. Pope, an assistant psychiatrist at McLean Hospital in Belmont and a faculty member of Harvard Medical School, noticed that his bulimic patients had symptoms and family histories similar to those suffering from depression. His subsequent placebo-controlled studies of bulimic women have indicated that the drug nortriptyline causes an average 70-percent reduction of bulimic symptoms. Pope was born in Lynn, Massachusetts. During his junior year at Harvard University he disappeared into the drug scene to absorb material for his senior thesis, "Voices from the Drug Culture," which was later published in a book under the same title. He earned a master's in public health from the Harvard School of Public Health in 1972.

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and received his medical degree from Harvard Medical School. Rife's experience as a therapist of drug users was the principal force that moved him toward biological psychiatry. "After you use people get better all because of medication," he says, "that has more impact than any academic study."

### Stephen J. Pyne

#### Historian

Iowa City, Iowa  
Born March 21, 1940

Pyne began a new life eighteen years ago when he got a summer job with the fire-fighting crew on the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. He has since become the nation's foremost authority on forest fire management and a historical scholar of fire. He is the author of two books on the subject, including *Fire in America*, which *The New York Times Book Review* called "the best, most intelligent and fact-filled book yet about woodlands, brush and prairie fires." An associate professor of history at the University of Iowa, Pyne spent fifteen summers in the backwoods, working on the fire crews. After receiving a Ph.D. in American civilization from the University of Iowa in 1976, he traveled throughout the country in an old pickup truck, seeking and writing material for his first book. Pyne is on leave this year in Arizona. He has completed a book on Antarctica and is writing a film plan for Rocky Mountain National Park. (See page 106.)

### Robert Radocy

#### Prosthesis designer

Boulder, Colorado  
Born March 30, 1949

When Radocy lost his arm in an automobile accident thirteen years ago, he was fitted with a clumsy and weak hook prosthesis that limited his capabilities. Fortunately, it did not limit his determination. Three years later, as a graduate student in therapeutic recreation at the University of Colorado, Radocy focused his knowledge of engineering, biology, and art on designing a mechanical device that would enable him to throw a baseball, lift weights, or pick up a wineglass by the stem. The invention, called the Prohemline II, works the way the human hand naturally functions, all the while strengthening muscles weakened by lack of use. What started as a personal project has become a successful enterprise. Therapeutic Recreation Systems (TRS), the company Radocy started in 1979. (See page 94.)

### Patrick Redig

#### Veterinarian

St. Paul, Minnesota  
Born July 31, 1948

On February 5, 1980, Redig presented an American bird eagle to the hostages (returning from Iran). The bird had been rehabilitated by Redig in the first licensed veterinary program dedicated to the preservation of birds of prey. One month following the hostages' return many of them witnessed the dramatic release of the eagle, as she spread her wings and returned to the wild. Redig had helped found the Raptor Research and Rehabilitation Program in 1972, when he was a student at the University of Minnesota College of Veterinary Medicine; he is now the program's medical director. He receives a close to four hundred injured birds annually, and almost half are released to their natural habitat as a consequence of his care. Redig is best known for the anesthetic and orthopedic techniques he has developed specially for birds of prey, and his methods have helped increase the populations of sickle-winged geese in the prairie lakes and the eagle, horned and bald in Minnesota. Redig says he's been interested in birds since the age of three and by twelve was practicing the art of falconry with a serious commitment to conservation.

### Sally K. Ride

#### Astronaut

Houston, Texas  
Born May 20, 1954

On June 18, 1983, the life of the day was "Sally Ride" as the space shuttle *Columbia* lifted the first American woman into space. A schoolteacher from Encinitas, California, Ride was

one of 8,373 applicants competing for thirty-five positions on NASA's mission specialists. Ride has stressed that she "didn't become an astronaut to become a business figure or a symbol of progress for women," yet Gloria Steinem, who was present at the lift-off, was convinced that Ride's flight was "an important first." In any case, there was as much public enthusiasm for Ride as for the other important firsts that took place during the two-day mission, including Ride's own chief responsibility: the manual manipulation of a fifty-foot-long mechanical arm used to deploy and retrieve a package of experiments. Although she doesn't consider herself goal-oriented, Ride once told a reporter that she entered the field of aerophysics, in which she received a Ph.D. degree in 1968 from Stanford University, "because I had a bad headache." Her former roommate, Molly Tyson, commented, "For never knew Sally anything, on or off the [space] coast, either physically or intellectually."

### Roger Schank

#### Computer scientist

New Haven, Connecticut  
Born March 22, 1940

Schank's dream is to build an intelligent computer, one that can understand language and simulate the meaning of the human mind. According to those who know best, this mastermind of artificial intelligence is well on his way. In fact, at Yale, where Schank is chairman of the Department of Computer Science and director of the Yale Artificial Intelligence Project, a computer is already learning to be a football coach. Soon Schank plans to market comparable computer programs through Cognitive Systems, a software firm he founded in 1978 and he is working now on advisory systems for a number of industries. Described as flamboyant by some, and clearly somewhat of a rebel, Schank claims to be a failure as an instructor. "I like each minute. The only thing I like about books is writing them." (He has published four—on computers, language, and memory.) "I'm still the odd-ball who says too much." Yet there are those who want to hear more. Says Marvin Minsky, professor of computer science at MIT and a sponsor in artificial intelligence, the progress in building computer models of human memory is going slowly at best because "there aren't many Schanks writing on it."

### David N. Schramm

#### Astrophysicist

Chicago, Illinois  
Born October 28, 1945

Schramm is a pioneer in a new hybrid discipline called elementary particle astrophysics, a combination of atomic physics and cosmology that researchers utilize and galactic evolution. Nobel Prize-winning physicist William A. Fowler calls him "one of the leading figures in this attempt to interpret findings relating to the origin of the universe." After receiving a Ph.D. from Cal Tech in 1971, Schramm helped found the Theoretical Astrophysics Group at Fermi National Accelerator Laboratory in Batavia, Illinois. His group is the first research unit ever designed to apply methods of high-energy particle physics to cosmology. With powerful accelerators through which storm one smashed, scientists at the Fermi lab can better simulate outer conditions billions of years ago. Schramm has also won a national teaching championship, an award in science education, two national prizes in the Humanities, Arts, and Social Sciences. He is currently a professor of astrophysics and astronomy at the University of Chicago.

### Surgeon/Traumatologist C. William Schwab

Camden, New Jersey  
Born June 18, 1940

Schwab initiated the trauma unit at Virginia's Norfolk General Hospital, which professionals in the field acknowledge as a model of emergency medical care. Under his direction, Norfolk General's mortality rates dropped precipitously. "He's set the standard for the state," says Dr. Charles A. Walder, a colon chief for the Graduate Trauma of the American College of Surgeons. Schwab knows personally the need for efficient emergency



medical science. When he was six an automobile accident left him with little hope of ever walking again. Recovering completely with the help of physicians, he decided to become a doctor, and he received an M.D. from the State University of New York Upstate Medical Center in 1979. "I became surgery is a little less unambitious," says Schwab. "You do everything you ever wanted to do as a doctor and a surgeon in about twenty minutes." That year he joined the University of Medicine and Dentistry of New Jersey/Rutgers Medical School, Camden, New Jersey, as head of its Division of Trauma and Emergency Medicine.

#### Physicist Urbana, Illinois

Larry L. Smarr

Born October 10, 1948

Twenty years ago Smarr was encouraged by his father to learn everything that could count towards him. As a result of that suggestion and years of dedication, Smarr was the first to solve astronomical phenomena that had long been considered unsolvable. By using state-of-the-art supercomputers, he is able to demonstrate the laws of physics in all their detail, just as nature does, and record all the results as they are projected in living color on a television screen. Despite his scientific achievement, Smarr takes greater pride in his contributions to the global arena. He was instrumental in organizing the presentation of a petition to the United Nations advocating a halt to any further nuclear weapons, and was signed by thirteen thousand physicians from around the world. Based in Columbia, Missouri, Smarr believes that the unity of modern science has contributed to his success, for which he will take sole credit. "Science is the core to making progress, and I have had the pleasure and privilege of working with some of the most brilliant minds on the planet." At present he is trying to obtain funds to set up a supercomputer driven facility at the University of Illinois, where he is an associate professor of astronomy and physics.

#### Human factors engineer Palo Alto, California

Wanda Smith

Born February 6, 1945

Two years ago Smith introduced ergonomics to Hewlett-Packard, a company with seventy-two divisions worldwide and over one thousand products. With a degree in psychology from San Jose State University, Smith used her knowledge of psychological phenomena and engineering principles to help design products that consumers will find physically comfortable and easy to use. An expert in the field of color graphics, she determines color patterns as which colors people are most receptive to on a video display terminal, or what the various lights should be on a control panel. According to Chuck House, corporate engineering director at Hewlett-Packard, "Smith can get done in a week what it takes most people a month or even a year to do. She has the ability to get concepts into a language we can hear. She's a real catalyst." Prior to going to HP, Smith spent fifteen and a half years in IBM, coordinating research, design, and legislation for IBM's European market, assisted engineers in the design of the timing system for the San Francisco Bay Area Rapid Transit (BART), and worked on the development of the automatic priority check-out. She is also applying expert testimony in Congress concerning legislation on video display terminals and the work environment.

#### Mathematician Princeton, New Jersey

William P. Thurston

Born October 30, 1946

"There are mathematicians," he says, "the rest of us are not." It's true, says Thurston. Indeed, that mathematician also seems to be a world of his own, thinking about the shape of the universe and beyond. Named a professor of mathematics at Princeton at the age of twenty-five, Thurston has published his first academic paper at seventeen, one in which he disproved a long-standing theory known as Poincaré's Conjecture. Since

then, through his ability to imagine and mathematically describe fourth and fifth dimensions, he has influenced a number of fields of mathematics, particularly three-dimensional geometry and topology, the study of geometric figures that remain unchanged even when they're distorted. Recently he was the recipient of the prestigious Fields Medal, the mathematics version of the Nobel Prize, yet he seems unimpressed with the general recognition of his studies or with their material applications. "Theorems put kind of exist, you know, like mountains do," he says. "It's just easier to think things instead of writing them." (See page 102.)

#### Medical biologist

Michael Wigner

Cold Spring Harbor, New York

Born September 3, 1917

In 1941 a research team led by Wigner was among the first to isolate a human cancer gene. Known as the oncogene, it is believed to be a switch that transforms a healthy cell into a cancer cell. A native New Yorker, Wigner was a math prodigy at Garden City High School and continued his algebra studies at Princeton. After a brief stint at medical school, Wigner entered a graduate program in Columbia University, from which he received a Ph.D. in microbiology in 1948. Later that year Wigner became head of the Memorial Cell Genetics Section at Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory in New York and began working and in exploring, top and not mending the genes that would lead to his major breakthrough. When asked how he felt the gap he obtained the results that indicated the existence of the oncogene, Wigner remarked, "We got very excited and had Chinese dinner. We walked around the block for a couple of days, then we got back to work." (See page 105.)

#### Theoretical physicist

Frank A. Wilczek

Santa Barbara, California

Born May 15, 1951

At twenty-one, Wilczek was working on his Ph.D. at Princeton when he and a colleague discovered the nature of the quark, thought to be the smallest of all subatomic particles. Since then his theories on the possible structure of the universe have made him one of the foremost physicists of our day. Wilczek arrived at the character of the quark, a particle with awesome nuclear force, five years before it was "seen" in an accelerator. He named another of his theoretical particles the axion, after a leprechaun's deterrent. Now he is reflecting on a particle he calls the boson, a carrier of all particles. One of his latest projects is a book that will relate ideas on from physics to everyday affairs. "To enjoy the beauty of it all," he says. (See page 98.)

#### Neuroscientist

John T. Zimmerman

Denver, Colorado

Born February 22, 1940

At birth Zimmerman weighed a mere one pound, fourteen ounces, and it seemed likely that he would be severely handicapped. But Zimmerman has been able to overcome hearing and visual difficulties, and with this accomplishment has come a lifelong conviction that the brain has the power to control all aspects of biological function. In 1961 he received his Ph.D. in biological psychology from the University of Colorado at Boulder. He is now an assistant professor of psychiatry at the University of Colorado Medical School in Denver, where his work focuses on a newer field of scientific technology known as bioengineering, the study of magnetic fields surrounding a biological organ. He is one of the few neuroscientists in the world attempting to map the brain's work by measuring magnetic brain waves with a magnetoencephalogram (MEG). His research suggests that the technique can demonstrate the correlation between higher cognitive functions (such as understanding the meaning of a word) and magnetic brain-wave patterns surrounding the brain. At his newly formed company, Bio-Electro-Magnetics, Zimmerman is at work on a device that may result in a new noninvasive diagnostic tool, on the scope of the CT scan. ☐

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Generations of paleontologists have deemed that dinosaurs were cold-blooded creatures—the meat eaters, herbivores, the vegetarians, mostly slow and docile. Jack Horner is part of a new breed of modern scientists who believe that dinosaurs may actually have been warm-blooded—perhaps even warm. Horner's perspective is photochemical: He never used to graduate school, and he doesn't work in an academic setting. Yet his head discipline is the Institute of Medicine, and the department toward which they're led him, are raising paleontologists the world over to reconsider their scientific theories.

# Jack Horner Among the Dinosaurs

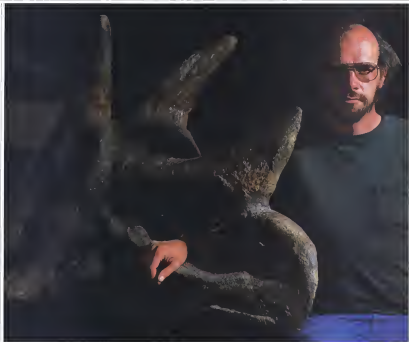
Once  
he stopped  
his gravel  
truck  
by the side  
of the road,  
then  
he collected  
a fossil  
and  
paleontology  
was  
rewritten

"I DON'T GIVE A SHIT WHAT BELIEFS THEY dinosaurs," says Jack R. Horner. Strangely, he's an eminent paleontologist, but not out of character for this particular one. He is exaggerating his material heretofore only a little, in the interest of stressing a point. "They dominated the earth for 140 million years. Let's stop asking why they failed and try to figure out why they succeeded so well." From Horner's perspective, the entire Mesozoic Era—during which the dinosaurs first appeared, flourished, diversified, rose to supremacy among all terrestrial creatures, and then, somewhat abruptly, disappeared—is a *Bonito Alger* story, not a murder mystery.

Jack Horner's perspective is unconventional but authoritative. His recent fossil discoveries, and the surprising deductions to which those fossils have led him, are being followed eagerly by paleontologists all over the world. With his scruffy beard, longish hair, and balding pate, he looks like a scientist and younger version of the late Warren Beatty—on location, let's say, for a good friend's film about maniacs and disreputable perspectives. But in fact Horner is one of a trinity of men—John Ostrom and Robert Bakker are the others—who during the past fifteen years have been drastically reshaping our understanding of dinosaurs. Ostrom is a venerable paleontologist at Yale. Bakker has barely gone from John Hopton to the University of Colorado at Boulder. Meanwhile, Jack Horner left, wearing a plaid flannel shirt and beard,

David Quammen's *Dinosaurs* is the 20th anniversary edition of his book *Before the Flood*, published in 1985.

by David Quammen



With one foot in the twentieth century and one foot planted in the distant past, Jack Horner is unearthing evidence that the dinosaur wasn't just another reptile.

eyedown running shoes, in the basement of a small museum in a place called Bozeman, Montana.

Like Richard Leakey, with his study of early mankind in northern Kenya, Horner has stepped suddenly into the front rank of scientists in his field despite his near-total lack of academic credentials. He never bothered to finish college. Horner went to grad school at DePaul in Illinois or Illinois. Knows almost nothing about computers. Unlike Leakey, Horner did not even have the advantage of being the son of famous scientists (his family owned a gravel-and-concrete business in Shelby, Montana). Horner is simply a brilliant and dogged hard worker, a field guy, a natural, with a keen brain for imagining the ecological particulars of an age seventy million years gone. He has a nose for fossils, and a head full of provocative ideas.

One bone buried not far from the Treloar River in northwestern Montana, Horner and his field associates have unearthed a

sleaz, and extended parental care are all generally nonconformist attributes, associated rather with mammals and birds. Reptiles are cold-blooded. They don't live long in rain and disputable crustal tent their young. They don't show advanced social behavior. Reptiles as we know them just don't act in the manner that Horner's new field seems to indicate.

But maybe the dinosaurs were not nearly as reptilian as tradition, and rigid generations of paleontologists, have insisted. Maybe, suggests Jack Horner, they were something quite different.

IN SEVEN SEVENTEEN YEARS, HORNER GREW UP AMONG DINOSAURS.

The wild country of Montana has always been a bone digger's mecca, partly because its hillsides and gullies have remained almost undisturbed by human development, more basically because this happens to be a place where great numbers of dinosaurs lived and died. Toward

glances of *Tyrannosaurus rex* came from a dig near Jordan. Jack Horner spent his boyhood at large in this terrain. He found his own first dinosaur bone when he was eight. A systematic kid, he used white paint to label the fat-stained chunks as specimens 304-A in a boy's box of fossils.

Did he save that bone?  
"Yep," Horner says.  
Does he still have it?  
"Yes."  
What is it? What part of what sort of animal?

"I don't have the slightest idea." Horner shrugged through Shelby's only high school, and it would be underachievement to say that—in the classroom—he showed no promise for future scientific careers. Languages, for some reason, were especially a problem. "Took me two years to manage a D in Latin 1." Nevertheless, he went on to the university down at Missoula, hoping to get a degree in geology. His father harbored a dream of Jack's becoming a mining engineer. Jack himself was still dreaming about fossils. More specifically, about dinosaur fossils.

"Dinosaurs are really not animals," he says even now, absently as he lectures in his enthusiasm. "I mean, dinosaurs are really not animals." Often because he discusses them in the present tense, hypotheticals decide about certain species or families like any wildlife biologist. "A baby *Tyrannosaurus* has very little to protect it."

His first try at the university ended shortly. "You a product of the Sixties," Horner says with a glint of perversity pride—and understanding, since there is no better way to qualify what happened next. He flunked out of college in 1969. And was drafted immediately by the Marines.

"Everybody thought the Marines didn't draft. Remember? That's what I thought too. The Marines!"

They sent Horner through something called pen-frog training on Okinawa, where he was taught how to keep out of airplanes, over water, wearing a parachute on one part of his body and scuba tanks on another. Characteristically opinionated about personal matters, he considers *homo sapiens* has been lucky he was never required to jump into the ocean during combat. Instead, he jumped into jungle. Most of his thirteen months in Vietnam were spent on three recon days. He would be dropped into the DMZ or some other demilitarized zone of Vietnamese jungle, with a small team or alone, carrying minimal firepower, and would simply stay out there, discreetly avoiding combat but reporting back such action whenever and wherever he saw.

During one of these solitary patrols, near Quang Tri, just south of the DMZ, he encountered a pair of North Vietnamese students. They were taking instruction at a Buddhist temple. Walking in out of the jungle, Horner hid into the temple and was curious. He set his rifle down at the

## Horner believes at least one group of dinosaurs was sociable, warm-blooded, relatively intelligent, and solicitous of its infant offspring.

nest, roughly six feet across, containing the bones of eleven baby dinosaurs. In the same vicinity they have also found other nests, several more babies, and the fossilized remains of more than four hundred dinosaur eggs. Throughout the whole history of fossil collection, dinosaur eggs and juveniles have remained breathtakingly rare, so other nest full of hatchlings have been found. Consequently there has been a tantalizing absence of just that sort of evidence necessary to answer certain crucial questions—questions about dinosaur breeding habits, patterns of growth, behavior among others of their kind. Jack Horner now has his first sort of evidence.

Based on his finds, Horner believes that at least one group of dinosaurs was sociable, relatively intelligent, warm-blooded, and solicitous toward its own infant offspring. It's a little like announcing, five hundred years ago, that the earth isn't flat after all.

Warm-bloodedness, nesting in colo-

the end of the Cretaceous Period, seventy million years ago, what is now the Midwest and the Great Plains was covered by a vast inland sea, and central Montana was its western seacoast. Dinosaurs thrived in that swampy coastal zone, and when an individual died, sediments resulting down from the newly burgeoning Rocky Mountains were liable to bury it. Finally the seaway withdrew, and the Cretaceous sediments were eroded with more recent strata, in subsequent epochs passed, erosion cut down through those strata, crustal pressures buckled and lifted the land, and in many places the Cretaceous deposits were reexposed to daylight. The result is a rich hunting ground for fossils, as excavators have often done more easily that time at which the dinosaurs had their peak.

Back in 1856 the first dinosaur fossils to be found and described in the Western Hemisphere were taken from beds along the Judith River, not far from Fort Benton, Montana. In 1940 the modern world's first



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front door, because that seemed the cautious thing to do, and entered. The two students, Horner recalls, were the first people in all Vietnam—Asian or American—with whom he could talk. "Really talk. About more than just war," says Horner, "so what an M-16 could do to the human body. Few ever say what an M-16 can do to the human body!" That was almost a favorite. So these two students, well, we just started talking. They went, literally, the most interesting people I met in Vietnam."

The brief Vietnam duty of 44, to Horner's taste, was what he was let by himself to spend a week or two on rotation station, making an unexpected little look-out post in the midst of some supposedly forward zone. "I liked being alone in the jungle," he explains. Surrounded by exotic animals and crop-yield vegetation. A course in native study. Not so different, he claims, from being alone in the outback of Montana. Then one day he called in an artillery barrage—and collected a legful of the spail when the American caissons shelved him along with the enemy.

After Vietnam Horner went back to the University of Montana, floundering as hopelessly as before. He was still fascinated by geology and paleontology, but for a degree in those subjects he was required to take courses in math and liberal arts, including a couple of foreign languages. The language requirement in particular was daunting. "I was in a Russian class for three days before I figured out a few second-years." At one assembly, Horner recalls, his grade-point average was so low it could only be rounded off to zero. But again, in again, out again, yet during all these years of frustrating academic travail Horner was still going back each summer to the Gerdanien farmstead in central Montana. He was digging and collecting with a luncheon devoted from their enjoyment. His determination, his love for being outdoors in the Montana landscape, but gift for making rock, his stamina for crawling around in cowdies or braided lands and across the hours at a time with a lonely dressed attention—all those were making him a highly experienced field paleontologist, whatever the college records might say.

In 1978 he left the university altogether and he got through a gravel track. So was a little overtraining throughout Horner's life.

Not long thereafter he moved up to an engine-wheel tractor-trailer rig, hauling loads full of liquid ballast all over the state. He was paid by the day, but there was one incentive for making good time. "I always kept an eye open for Gerdanien rock. When I'd come to what seemed like a lonely area, I'd just stop, unload my trailer, and drive off across the landscape to that track. To look for Gerdanien fossils." Yet the track driving, even on those terms, was never, in Horner's mind, more than an

interior occupation. During the same period he was making job query letters to every paleontological museum in the country.

In 1975 he was hired by Princeton University to serve as a dental preparator (the paleontological equivalent of a dental technician), cleaning and gluing together specimens that were then to be studied by other people. Faculty scientists. Filled with Ph.D.s. Horner was shockingly over-qualified as a preparator, having done the same sort of chores in support of his own private studies for most of the previous two decades. Nevertheless, he stayed at Princeton for seven years, polishing his skills, learning the ways of museum work, earning a little autonomy, expanding his role by excavations, and getting up and down the East Coast for a clinic look at every important dinosaur collection from Harvard to the Smithsonian. He also spent his vacations each summer out in Montana, gathering more fossils from the

that any such beasts as the dinosaurs had ever existed. Only in 1941 did at Washington call the word *Dinosauria*, lumping together certain strange new-fangled fossils into a category that translates as "terrible lizards." Actually they had been neither lizards (the lizards are a particular group of reptiles, distinct from both dinosaurs and mammals) nor, most of them, very terrible. Even *Tyrannosaurus rex* may have been less of a ferocious and implacable predator than it's commonly portrayed as, and more of a lazy and opportunistic scavenger, feeding on carrion or weakly animals, or whatever it was most convenient, as a grizzly bear does today. But for another 130 years this remained the unshakable conventional view of dinosaurs, both in popular presentations (such as Disney's *Panama*) and among scientists. The most-citing species, they said, were fierce predators that walked erect on hind legs, the vegetation, huge, gnarled, vulnerable, and all of them

**"Dinosaurs are really neat animals," he says even now, shamelessly ingenuous in his enthusiasm. "I mean, dinosaurs are really neat animals."**

galleries and halls he knew well, thereby greatly enriching the Princeton collection.

One other significant first was accomplished during those Princeton years, not a fossil but a list. Thanks to a campus poster and then an essay, Horner learned that he suffered from dyslexia. It shed some light on his struggles for languages, his academic struggles, his strong preference for left-brain skills on a page, studied and tested and tangled themselves before Jack Horner's eyes. But a bone was a thing of utility and eloquence.

In 1978, still under the Princeton aegis, he went back to northwestern Montana, back to the Gerdanien farmstead where he had found JPM 4, back to his home-hunting partner named Bob Mabele, whom he had known since his time at Montana, and together these two aging hermits made a world-class paleontological discovery.

THROUGHOUT HIS HISTORY LESSON, THE LAST EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, MAN HAD AN IMAGING

were simply mistaken variations on the anatomy and physiology of a lizard. Cold-blooded. Mentally dim. Lacking any hint of advanced social behavior.

Finally a few scientists rebelled. That traditional view was not only unsupported by fossil evidence, they said, it was downright paradoxical.

In 1919 John Ostrom told a convention of paleontologists, "The evidence indicates that erect posture and endothermy probably are not possible without high metabolism and high surface temperature." At about the same time Armand de Ruyter, a bone specialist in Paris, noticed that the internal structure of many dinosaur bones seemed to resemble that of mammal bones more closely than it did lizard bones. During the next several years Robert Bakker assembled a broader framework of evidence that painted the same way, and he published a pair of revolutionary papers in the journal *Nature*. According to Bakker, the dinosaurs had been warm-blooded. Some

of them, to help maintain their thermal stability, had developed an insulating layer of fat. In their physiology, and most likely in their behavior, they were advanced far beyond any lived on earth today. In fact, argued Horner, they should not even be included among the reptiles. These animals had evolved into more than dinosaurs. Furthermore, and Bakker. "The dinosaurs never died out completely. The group still lives. We call them birds."

Following this line of thought, what Jack Horner and Bob Makela found on that Montana hillside was a giant, teenage dinosaur rookery, the first evidence of extended parental care, nesting in colonies, elaborate social interaction—those attributes linking dinosaurs with birds—that had never been ascribed to human view.

HORNER CALLS THE SITE EGG MOUNTAIN, in a spirit of ironic but grudging homage. Actually it is only a gentle knoll, one sitting every one in this rolling terrain

shoulder, watching for grubs?" He smiles a liquid smile. "It's exciting." Bears wander over occasionally from Pine Bluffs to forage for roots or bait rodents on the hillside around Egg Mountain. "No-one across a jaw print, a foot print, like eight inches long. And that land out there is just open. No-one to go. Not a trace to climb for miles." Another big grin.

Horner was on his knees like that, watching for small bones as the dirt and for big shiny shapes over his shoulder, when he and Bob Makela made their historic discovery. Unlike site of Egg Mountain, in a level-shaped depression of brown sandstone, they found the skeletons of eleven baby dinosaurs of the Hadrosauridae family. Some hadrosaur were semipalmate feet—also called duck-billed dinosaurs, for the slightly concave shape of their plant-grubbing jaws—and though adult hadrosaurs were well known from Montana and elsewhere, neither complete juvenile specimens nor eggs had ever been found. Close by the

hole to a family nested Porcine, rodents on whose land the find had been made. Makela, according to Horner, means "good-natured friend."

THE DISCOVERIES THAT STOOD ON EGG MOUNTAIN IN 1990 have continued elsewhere and in the surrounding area for several summer seasons of digging, with no sign yet that this rich vein of fossils is even beginning to be played out. More nests have turned up, and more juveniles, and at least four hundred whole or partial eggs. Adult hadrosaurs have been found, as well as portions of adults from two other dinosaur species, one of which seems to have been a smaller carnivore, a swift creature that may have preyed upon young *Masaosaurus*, stretching miles out of the area where there was a lake of parental protection. And along a ridge above Egg Mountain, stretching out for more than a mile, is what appears to be a continuous, staggeringly abundant deposit of hadrosaur bones. Three thousand pieces have slowly been taken from one little trench, by excavation, the estimate might contain ten thousand. That sheer volume of contemporaneous fossils suggests that a vast herd of hadrosaurs, hundreds of thousands, once grazed here society as a huge, classroom breeding colony, a rookery, feeding adults in numbers for themselves and their nestlings (much the way penguins do today).

In 1980 Horner left Princeton. He accepted a position as curator of paleontology at the Museum of the Rockies—a modest institution connected with Montana State University, in Bozeman—and has pursued his Egg Mountain excavations from this remote base. The valley is rugged. The library resources at MSU are meager. The world here is dry. It's a desert area where hadrosaur specimens share their end of the landscape with a dry old *Conocorymbus* weevil. All of which is fine with Horner, who simply wanted to get back to Montana. The editors of *Nature*, in London, will not worry about his remote address.

Through the winters—and out here they are long ones—he now studies his specimens, writes papers, teaches. Thus, an early line he traces north, with his agents, to a companion near Egg Mountain in company with his old friend Makela (a science teacher at the only high school in Redwood, Montana) and a few dozen assistants, all volunteers, he digs and scratches at the ground. The crew's one real field season implies a whole: a rented jackhammer, short-handled picks, the picks, delicate brushes, and 150 cases of beer. For three months the Horner is at large in the wild among Montana prehistoric. The dinosaurs are, and the ground is

I asked Jack Horner if he could imagine any occupation or life style that he might prefer to his present one. He thought for a moment, carefully, and said, "No." ☐

The baby hadrosaurs seem to have died from neglect—suddenly orphaned, perhaps, at an age when they weren't yet able to fend for themselves.

of sparse scrubby grass and hallocks and cacti cutting down through gray limestone. The few mountains loom up to the west, a towering wall of dark peaks and cliffs less than more than a dozen miles off, snow-capped for some months of each year. A few miles up the gravel road from Horner's Egg Mountain to another excavation, called Pine Bluffs, a nesters instead of well-worn and bog-bogged tracks flush against the base of the Rocky Mountain. The Pine Bluffs area is interesting to a biologist for forty reasons but none of them is any reason for one thing: it is the only place in the lower forty-eight states where *Ursus arctos*, the most formidable beast on the American prairie, still ventures out onto the plains.

"This is the last place in America," says Jack Horner, "that has the grizzly bear still in its original habitat. Out on the plains. Do you know what it's like to be on your knees, looking for dinosaur bones—and at the same time you have to look over your

first eleven was another full skeleton of the same type and size.

The depression was astonishingly a nest. Patterns of deep wear on the teeth showed that these babies had been feeding, and for a length period; yet here they were, as a crowd of adults, all clinging to a single mother. They seemed to have died from neglect—suddenly orphaned, perhaps, at an age when they weren't yet capable of going out to find for themselves. In a paper published in *Nature*, Horner and Makela wrote: "The fact that fifteen baby hadrosaurs had been feeding, and had stayed together for a period of time, indicates that some form of extended parental care was administered, for if the young were confined to the nest, food must have been brought to them." If so, those young hadrosaurs and their parents were unlike any reptiles known in the world today.

Horner and Makela described the new species and named it *Masaosaurus peeblesorum*. The word *peeblesorum* was a grati-

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**SCIENTIFIC  
INTELLIGENCE** Frank Wilczek likes to look at things we can't see. As a theoretical physicist, he studies the invisible particles that make up the atoms, molecules, proteins and machines and—spoiler of all—the worlds that transcend them. His instruments are equations; his discussions appeal (directly) the power of pure thought. And, as much the same things: flights of fancy as those that led Einstein to imagine how things would look if he could along with a slight beam, Wilczek has uncovered the secret of the force, the invisible glue that holds the atoms together.

# The Quirk of the Quark

by K.C. Cole

**PHYSICIST FRANK WILCZEK**  
doesn't need a laboratory—he just sits there  
and decodes the secrets of the universe

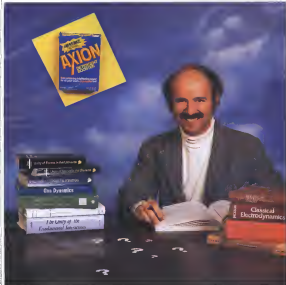
FRANK WILCZEK DOES A PUZZLE each morning to help himself get out of bed. He's been doing puzzles and dreaming up mysteries ever since he was a boy. Once, when he was just learning about money and addition, he devised a scheme for making his family rich, by clever manipulation of coins—a dime for two nickels and two dimes and a nickel for a quarter and back again, and so forth—he could always manage to come out ahead. At the time, "I was very bad at calculation," he says. "I made a lot of mistakes, and consequently I proved my theory right a lot of the time."

Today, at thirty-three, Wilczek

hardly remembers the money-dancing scheme as one of his favorite ideas. Which is saying something—because Frank Wilczek is so good at getting ideas that he is considered one of the foremost physicists of his day. He discovered the nature of the glue that holds the atomic nucleus together when he was still a graduate student at Princeton—at age twenty-one. He is a member of the prestigious national Institute for Theoretical Physics in Santa Barbara, California. And two years ago he received what is widely known as the "genius award"—a five-year grant from the John and Catherine MacArthur

Foundation. The puzzle he works on today are somewhat harder to solve than those he did as a boy. "The difference is that, with physics, you're never quite sure what the puzzle is," he says. "It might not even have a solution." Wilczek is a fancy kind of physicist, however. His instruments are equations, and his discoveries appear mysteriously, through the power of pure thought. He never works in a lab. He remembers the first time—after graduate school, and after he had made his first important discovery—that he saw an atomic accelerator, the laboratory where the hands-on part of his lab

REYNOLDS: FOR SCIENCE



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Solving the riddles of the universe is the best game in town.

of science is done. "It was almost a religious experience," he says, "because that there was such a huge gap between what they were doing and what I was doing."

Accelerators, as the name implies, are immensely effective for atomic particles that push them to the limit of the speed of light, then smash them together; the common term "atom smasher" is appropriate. Physicists tilt through the debris of these collisions looking for clues to the nature of matter, much as you might tell the path of a snail's movement by clues as to what made it tick. They look for invisible particles that leave inside every atom not for the forces that hold these particles, and therefore people and planets and stars, together. But Wilczek discovered the character of a so-called gluon—the particle that carries the awesome nuclear force that fuses the sun and the nuclear bomb—five years before it was "born" in an accelerator. He did it by using his head.

Theoretical physics, as Wilczek's trade is called, requires an odd marriage of talent: the imagination of a wild-eyed maverick, the discipline of a classicist, the curious naivete of a child. It combines enormous logic and unfettered mental play, highly mathematical encounters with a hazy sea of a world of visual imagery translated into the universal language of mathematics. It takes a great deal of self-confidence. Of style: And it goes way beyond Einstein's domain for everyday conventions like wearing a necktie. It has a sense of style that doesn't care for everyday conventions like constant space and time. You can't worry too much about the niceties of convention when you're reinventing the universe. Or, as an admiring colleague says of Wilczek, "It takes a lot of nerve to wear a particle after a laundry detergent."

The colleague, Nobelist Robert Schrieffer, was referring to Wilczek's "noses." A famous Avon detergent has poked hangs on Wilczek's wall. "I thought it was a good joke," he says. "The calculation that led to it was cute"—and, it turns out, "too subtle to explain." But the nose stick is hardly an amazing novelty. If Wilczek's cute theory turns out to be right, it would mean that atoms are not opposed to the matter in the universe. There would be a billion unseen noses in every cubic inch. Even Wilczek is amazed that thinking about such intellectual, even more so, of matter can suggest ideas about the universe on a cosmic scale. But as far as the only accelerator powerful enough to produce these particles is the universe itself during the explosive moments of its birth.

ALREADY WILCZEK HAS THAT WELL-THOUGHT-OUT, BECAUSE HE'S BEEN AROUND a little bit of Einstein—the best-known theorist of all. He's logical, precise, checked, kindly, sweetness almost jolly.

He wears a dark mustache along with the thick fringe of brown hair that falls over a single streak of sun-bleached blond combed over the almost bald top. He sports the tweed jacket of a professor and the ancient faded blue jeans of a student—a child genius and cosmopolitan into a... what? His wife, Barby, says he's just a regular guy—"like a plumber." "I'm still figuring to be a prize donna," he jokes half of their books have fallen into the bathtub—his favorite place to work. Wilczek doesn't think that his pranks have really made much of a difference in his life, because he's already got such a great job.

**HE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW, FOR ONE THING, WHY THE UNIVERSE IS COMPOSED OF MATTER AND NOT OF SOMETHING ELSE.**

He's a little strange, no doubt, to play with the possible structure of the universe. "The funny thing is," he says, "I'm paid to think for such a small audience." Fewer than one thousand people probably truly understand what he does.

Like Einstein before him, Wilczek is surrounded with such a swirl of emotion. He feels a sense of mission to bring his brand of thinking about the physical universe into a broader arena—in fact, into the everyday lives of everyday people. Clearly he doesn't think it's important for everyone to know the details of how the universe works, but he does think it's important for people to know that the universe is understandable.

"Does Michael Jackson or Archie Bu-

cker or the president of General Motors need to know about quantum mechanics? Of course not. You can live a full life without that. But if you don't believe that the universe is understandable, then it leads to the notion that our idea is just as good as madness. And that's horrible. It may even cut with something as harmless as superstition, or astrology, but that's a slippery road. It can lead to racism, religious fanaticism.

"If you believe that the world is rational, you believe that rational people can close to agreements. Scientists may be competitive, but they really talk each other. They rarely go to war."

WHAT SORT OF UNIVERSE DANCED IN FRANK Wilczek's head? He would like to know, for one thing, why the universe is composed of matter and not of something else. Nature has no particular preference for matter. That is, when particles appear in the wake of collisions in accelerators, only half of them are what we normally call matter. The rest are particles of antimatter. Antimatter is exactly the opposite of matter in most important respects. You might say that matter is like the number one, and antimatter is like the number minus one. If you put both together, they add up to zero. If you put matter and antimatter together, they also add up to zero—that is, the particles annihilate each other in a burst of energy. And when particles are produced out of bursts of energy in accelerators, they always come in matter-antimatter pairs. It is almost as if matter were a pile of dirt and antimatter were the hole you dug the dirt out of. If you put the dirt back in the hole, you have neither dirt nor hole. You have nothing. On the other hand, you can't make the pile of dirt without creating a hole, and you can't make a hole without creating a pile of dirt. So how come our universe is composed of piles of dirt and no holes? Or are the holes hidden somewhere else?

That is a perfect question for a theorist, because you can't tell a thing by just looking. Until you reached out to touch it, antimatter would look the same as matter. It glows with the same kind of radiation—or heat. "So you have to imagine what would happen in different situations," says Wilczek. "It's hard to imagine how atoms of matter and antimatter could have gotten completely separated. On the other hand, if the atoms were touching, the particles would annihilate each other and give off radiation we could see."

It seems more plausible to imagine that the universe somehow started out with more matter in the first place. But how did the matter get there? Wilczek imagines the primordial universe as a mixture, with particles like a ball rolling on top of a steep hill bordered by valleys. As long as the ball sits on top of the hill, the view on all sides is exactly the same. The

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universe is symmetrical. There are equal amounts of matter and antimatter. But the top of the hill is a highly unstable place for the universe to be. Once it rolls down the hill away from the valleys, it goes stable, but no longer symmetrical. In our universe, that might mean more matter than antimatter. If Wilczek's universe reflects the entire rest of things, it means, he says, "that the answer to the ancient question 'Why is there something rather than nothing?' would then be that 'nothing' is unstable."

■ All this talk of unstable vacuums and zions and plums seems absurd and fanciful to us, there is nothing in the least strange about it to Frank Wilczek. "These things are old friends of mine," he says. In fact, if anything, these things are becoming too real for him, too "earthbound." "It's almost embarrassing. It's becoming too real. At really high energies, you get these sprays of particles. Sometimes you can almost see a glow coming out of them."

That wasn't how it was when Wilczek first started his journey to the center of the atom—a journey that began before he was born. During World War I, Lord Rutherford used a beam of particles streaming from a radioactive rock known as his discovery of gold foil. Most of the particles passed right through, but some—surprisingly—were reflected backward. "It was about as credible," Rutherford said at the time, "as if you had fired a fifteen-inch shell at a piece of tissue paper and it came back and hit you." Rutherford had seen the nuclei, had seen as clearly as you see the nose on your face that the atom must be mostly empty, with a hard, impenetrable bit in the center. An atom is, of course, invisible to ordinary eyes looking with ordinary light. But Rutherford's way of seeing was really not so different from the way you see a tree: you see the tree because light particles streaming from the sun (like the particles from the radioactive rock scatter from the tree) go to their eyes from the nucleus and are detected by a light-sensitive screen—in that case, the retina of the human eye. The pattern, in both cases, are analyzed by the human brain.

By the time Wilczek got to Princeton, physicists had seen, in much the same way, that the nucleus was composed of two kinds of particles—protons and neutrons—and that protons and neutrons in turn were composed of other kinds of particles, called quarks. Like the atom itself, protons and neutrons are mostly transparent, the quarks were in empty space, like so many strange pits. What's strange about them is that they do not seem to be attracted to one another very strongly inside the proton or neutron. They rattle around and get out they are attracted to one another as strongly outside the proton or neutron that they can never be pulled apart. In fact, a lone quark can never even theoretically be found—because it would

be attracted to another quark even if that other quark were at the other end of the universe. Effectively if the other quark were at the far end of the universe. Because the force that binds quarks together therefore, everything in nature is like the force of a coiled spring. It gets stronger as the ends get further apart. This is exactly the opposite of more familiar forces such as gravity, electricity, and magnetism. The other forces of nature get weaker as the source moves further away.

Wilczek still considers his 1979 discovery of how the quarks manage to stick together in this strange way his most impor-

tant. It says energy ( $E$ ) is equal to mass ( $m$ ) times the speed of light ( $c$ ) squared. It says that for every bit of mass in the universe, there is an equivalent amount of energy. In effect, it says that mass is a form of energy. Which is why, states Wilczek, can produce pairs of matter and antimatter particles out of bursts of pure energy.  $E = mc^2$  is an equation that lights every star and applies even to the burning of a simple candle. The equation also says that a little bit of mass holds an enormous amount of energy—because  $c$ , the speed of light, is 186,000 miles per second, and 186,000 multiplied by itself is a very big number. A grain of matter barely noticeable in the palm of your hand can contain the energy of an atom bomb.

"The hard part is not doing the difficult calculations," says Wilczek. "The hard part is thinking up the equations at the first place. It's like in school when you have a word problem. In order to solve it, you first have to translate it into mathematical form."  $\Delta E/c^2 < 0$ , like  $E = mc^2$ , is a solution to a word problem on a math test score.

As Wilczek talks he covers the blackboard with equations, symbols, arrows, numbers, and letters. It's a mathematical symbol for the tracks of particles as they move through space and time. "See, it's beautiful the way these things fit together," he says, admiring his work. "But you have to speak the language of these things, which is very abstract mathematics. Some of these things may sound strange when you put them into words, but the equations are very simple. Math is extremely important when you're working in these scientific fields, because if you try to visualize in terms of everyday objects, you often get wrong."

Wilczek is the first to admit, however, that working in terms of everyday objects is as necessary as it is treacherous. "Weinstein probably can only be approached on the acclimation of the known," Weinstein is helpful because it can suggest another point of view.

His visitors often take him back to quantum. "It's kind of Zeno's paradox and balls," he says. He sometimes thinks of particles in a vacuum as heavy balls on a platform. The platform is actually an invisible field that physicists call the Higgs field. As a particle moves through this field it acquires a certain sluggishness. This sluggishness—better known as inertia—is what gives a particle its mass. Something like that the Higgs field is, in some sense, the source of all the mass in the universe. This idea is still very speculative. "The theory of masses is in very bad shape," says Wilczek. But it's enough to get him started.

"Say you have a very heavy quark bonding the vacuum—like a very heavy thing sitting on the mattress. What happens to that delamination is the vacuum after the



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thing goes wrong? It starts to oscillate." Wilczek waves his hand like a madman (or perhaps a woman) oscillating. "A light quark is very funny. It's spread out. It can't make a decision that a heavy quark would make, a big determination. Then it can't be undone. It's like a center or a kind of a center of gravity. It's a quark. If the weight is big enough, would a Higgs particle fly off?"

Wilczek's idea sounds fanciful enough to make it almost plausible. If you wiggle an electric field, for example, a light particle "flies off." But how would you see the "chip off the old nucleus," as Wilczek calls it? "It's very hard to see," he admits, "because it's a very concentrated bit of vacuum." But that isn't stopped him from thinking up a way to do it. First, you smash very heavy quarks together in an accelerator. Then you add up all the energy that comes out of the collision. "If there is a Higgs particle," he says, "there should be missing energy in these collisions." A Higgs boson particle was found in exactly this manner, the heaviest—a massive and practically undetectable particle that has been called, appropriately, "a spinning nothing." Neutrinos are so shy that millions of them pass through your body every second, but they are "discovered" in the first place in no attempt to account for the missing energy in radioactive decay.

Preliminary reports show that the first quark (the heaviest of the five known quarks) may be heavy enough to make a big enough dent in the vacuum to knock off a Higgs particle.

Someday Wilczek would like to find a way to account for all the peculiarities of particles in terms of various invisible background fields. His grand vision is to "blame everything on the vacuum."

Strangely enough, the ability to imagine the unobservable seems as important to the practice of theoretical physics as a knack for manipulating equations. Einstein, for example, was not so good in math—but in recognition he was second to none. He is perhaps best remembered and best admired among physicists for the beauty of his "thought experiments"—strange and impossible flights of fancy that led him to the theory of relativity. He imagined how things would look if he rode along with a light beam, or what would happen if people on two spaceships passing in the night at light speed tried to detonate the exact same.

But dreaming is not enough. Einstein's visions were belated because he was not on the consequences of his own ideas. He said, in effect, "If this is true, then you can go look here, and you will find this." He always had out the road to experimental confirmation.

ALMOST EVERY AFTERNOON at this institute at Santa Barbara someone gives a seminar. Often Wilczek attends. It's one of

the ways he gets ideas. Today's talk is delivered by a tall young physicist whose subject is "massless charged particles." Wilczek sits on a folding chair in a far corner, looking more so pleased. At one point he offers his opinion: "It's a subtle theory." After the formal discussion he's surrounded by eager students who press him about the particulars of that and that. He shakes his head. "What is it? A theory? Or? Sure, there's a lot of interesting things out there. This place is a great playground. But you've got to keep your eye on the ball. It's how to play around with mathematical models that have no basis in ex-

periment. How do theorists dealing with the totally unknown have such a strong sense about how the universe works. Einstein refused to believe that God would "play dice" with the universe—an objection to some of the implications of quantum mechanics. Wilczek, too, continues to seem very skeptical. Like Einstein, he thinks, in fact, he firmly believes that the universe is simpler than it looks. Part of this is based on the fact that it's always turned out to be simple before the models of the physics seemed incredibly complicated before Copernicus put the sun at the center of the solar system and Newton discovered the laws of gravity. Chemistry was unshakable until people understood that every element was composed of a different arrangement of the same atomic particles—electrons, protons, and neutrons. But Wilczek's convictions are based on more than the logic of history. "It's not logical at all," he says. "It's a hope."

He thinks it's a scandal, for example, that no one understands why these atoms be so many different but similar "building" of particles. The family of electrons and protons and neutrons and the quarks that compose them is repeated twice over at higher masses, with other, heavier kinds of electrons and quarks. Wilczek has tried to "solve the family problem" and under the family through a new particle he has called the fermion—a particle that can be looked for experimentally as early as 1988. "I'm good at thinking up names for particles." Another approach to the family problem might be to assume that the fermions are the same but that some kind of unseen wisp in the vacuum produces the apparent differences—much like Einstein's idea that the unseen curvature of space-time produces the similar "force" of gravity. Whatever the solution, however, he's certain that all the complicated assemblages of particles will "disappear if you go just a little deeper."

Like Einstein, Wilczek often talks about theories that are "ugly" or "beautiful," "appealing" or "astounding," even "disgusting." But beauty is often synonymous with simplicity. It's not, like  $E=mc^2$ , is simple—if subtle. Wilczek recognizes being abundantly "booked" as a student at the University of Chicago to learn that such entities as neutrinos were "logically demanded" if one followed a few simple rules to their not so obvious conclusions. People, planets, and stars are all made up of the same elementary particles, held together by the same elementary forces. "It all boils down to a few simple things," he says. "So in a sense these feelings of being or not being are a good guide. The aesthetics can lead you when you look for new laws."

Perhaps this is behind the well-known fact that physicists tend also to be musicians. Researcher lends the viola, and Wilczek plays the piano and accordion. At

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the sea, the stars, the moon reflecting  
in her eyes. The speech. The kiss.  
But not the diamond ring she

gave me. The waves stopped,  
the moon disappeared, the sun came  
up, and I forgot everything.  
Except the kiss.



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one time he played drums in a rock band,  
he drums on his desk, bowl, beer, bong.  
"It's a love of patterns, of structure. Music  
is very organized. It's the simple patterns  
combined with the unexpected variations  
that make it interesting."

IN THE THEORETICAL ACCORDANCE TO WHICH  
the beauty inherent in simplicity is more  
than an artifact of science. "It is a beauty  
that applies to all humanism. He looks  
so strongly about this that he writes a book  
about it with his wife, Betty."

"Science teaches us to be very suspi-  
cious of grand generalizations," he says.  
"Aristotle had a set theory of the universe,  
and he didn't get too far. Galileo started  
with simple things like pendulums swinging  
along down inclined planes, and he got  
much farther. You never find surprises  
when you think in terms of broad gen-  
eralizations. Both quantum mechanics and  
relativity grew out of trying to really  
understand a essentially simple things."

Philosophizing in a general way without  
checking against reality results in a "decent  
theory" that eventually leads to a  
dead end—but Aristotle's universe or an  
overly mathematical approach to modern  
physics. "You get integral, a baroque  
style where you do more and more elabo-  
rate variations on what need happen, where  
you never come up with anything really  
new."

His book will relate other ideas from  
physics to everyday affairs—for example,  
the idea that different kinds of people with  
different kinds of talents (say, theorists  
and experimentalists) can contribute to  
the same enterprise, that it's important to  
be open to surprise, to be humble before  
the facts, to admit that you are wrong. "To  
enjoy the beauty of it all."

Wilczek is not too worried that his inter-  
est in spreading the word will dilute his  
reputation as a serious scientist, that re-  
sponding to what is disparagingly known as  
"popularizing" will hurt his career. He  
doesn't seem to care. "That's the great  
thing about having accomplished some-  
thing important when you're young: GCD  
(his theory of the force between quarks)  
works. Whenever I do it in the future, you  
can't take that away from me."

He's feeling so confident that he re-  
cently turned down a "perfect" job at Har-  
vard because what he needs right now is  
"time to think." And the best place to do  
that is right where he is.

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you have to go around it. Sometimes you  
around it. If you always keep your eye on  
that thing there, you can get blocked. You  
just keep bouncing back and forth between  
the same walls. A playful attitude is impor-  
tant, because when you're pushing on the  
frontiers of knowledge, you're bound to be  
wrong a lot of the time.

"Physics isn't asked to you think. Once  
you're figured it, you can afford to find  
analog."

Every day, Wilczek likes to read "at  
least fifty pages" of a novel or of sci-  
ence. He likes the poetry of  
John Donne, history, and "oddball things  
about science." At one time he was very  
interested in brain biology, and he has a  
solid core going back to it. He also enjoys  
science fiction—not because it has any-  
thing to do with science, but because  
"it's fun. When it's good, it addresses  
larger social questions, like, 'Now that we  
have all this science, what are we going to  
do with it?'"

One of his favorite characters in science  
fiction is Old John, a boy who reminds him  
somewhat of himself many years ago. Old  
John was a mutant. Wilczek was always a  
bit odder than the average boy—a bit  
more curious about the physical world,  
drugging in books to learn to direct them all  
over the neighborhood ("I was very un-  
popular with the parents"), saving up his  
quarters to buy a telescope when he was  
five. He skipped the third and eighth  
grades. But he only began to realize just how  
"odd" he was when he reached high school.  
"Suddenly, all my friends were in-  
terested in going out with girls and driving  
around in cars. And I was still interested in  
physics." He went to Harvard and Princeton while  
watching the 1972 Spensley-Finchel chess  
matches on television, and was impressed by  
his commentary.

Wilczek still thinks that penetrating the  
secrets of the universe is a lot like solving a  
puzzle. Sometimes you work on fitting to-  
gether pieces on a small scale—like a jup-  
per puzzle—and at the same time try to  
imagine what the picture will look like  
when it's done. At other times it's more  
like a crossword puzzle: you make a guess  
and take it or let it go, or you're listening at  
the whole that you may have to go back and  
undo it. Sometimes you have to walk away  
from it and go sit under a tree, waiting for  
Newton's apple to fall. Sometimes you  
wake up with a start at two o'clock in the  
morning with a solution appearing from  
your head. Then it's time to take a bath—  
and think some more.

It doesn't even bother him that the  
puzzle might not have a solution. "If you  
don't have all the clues, you can still do  
parts of the puzzle. There may be large  
parts of the puzzle that we don't even know  
about."

He sort of likes it that idea. "It means that  
future generations can have the same kind  
of fun that we're having." □



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The heart may stand for love, but it also stands for death: heart failure is the leading cause of death in the United States today. Studies dating back to the 1950s established the link between heart disease and certain patterns of behavior and personality that scientists measured. Today Margaret Chesney, one of the most original thinkers in stress research, is seeking the answers. Her studies of Type A behavior have gone a long way toward reaffirming the ancient intuition that mind and body are inseparable, and toward showing that more often than not, crimes against the heart are self-inflicted.

# Margaret Chesney's Affair of the Heart

Her passionate pursuit has given us new insights into stress and anger

**I**t is the toughest, and most terrible inhabitant of the human body, the furies of the passions, the sensitive barometer of every vagrant mood, every unexpected sight, sound, smell, or touch, quick to take offense or alarm and capable of pre-ludicrous conspiracy. Embodied in our entrance as a valentine, a jewel, a candy, a cake of soap, it is actually a leviathan, slinky, throbbing mass of muscle crowned in its own arteries. Instrument of power, seat of love, survivor of life—the heart! We rely on this muscle to contract some five thousand times every hour, 120,000 times a day, forty-four million times a year, and more than three billion times in a lifetime of eighty years. But even the most elegant instrument can break. Failure of the heart, in fact, is by far the leading cause of death in the United States, killing six

by George Leonard



Chesney's studies show the real culprits in crimes against the heart are stress and anger.

hundred thousand of us every year and sending that many more to the hospital, at a total yearly cost of more than \$50 billion. Most of this carnage and cost results from a condition called atherosclerosis, in which the inner walls of the body's own arteries thicken with a fatty deposit, leading to the formation of fibrous tissue and narrowing the opening through which oxygenated blood can pass. If the process continues, the narrowed artery becomes completely closed off and the part of the heart served by the artery dies. A narrowed artery is particularly susceptible to total blockage by even a small blood clot or possibly by an arterial spasm. Atherosclerosis can also occur in arteries other than those of the heart; if the blocked artery is one that leads to the brain, the outcome will be a stroke, a malady that kills two hundred thousand Americans a year. *Great American* is a gripping play. *No last pass now*. Living with *Madness* daughters.



year later as was Margaret.

Five at Margaret Cheney's academic milestones are some of the widely held school legends that had more than a little impact on her career choice. Marge Cheney, noting that her daughter Margaret lacked competitive drive, decided that Margaret should enter the Oregon Junior Miss Pageant—not to win but rather to get some practice in a situation of competition. Margo, in fact, fully expected her daughter to lose. To her astonishment and dismay, Margaret won. Margo was so upset by this development that she fled for home, leaving Margaret sitting amid the baggage that was part of the prize. It was a costly victory. Margaret made public appearances for a year and competed in the national Junior Miss Pageant, held in Mobile, Alabama. Accompanied by Margo, Margaret flew down, memorized dance routines, sang well, and made it to the finals before being eliminated. Not wearing the national crown was all right; hanging in there was what counted. Years later when she saw the movie *Kochi*, she knew exactly what "going the distance" meant to the hero. The experience also led to a significant life decision. Until the national competition she had considered singing as a career. With a natural soprano voice and good stage presence, she had excelled in her local cabaret, but competing nationally made her realize she would be only a small fish in a bigger pond. She turned her attention to academics.

Margaret had originally followed her sister into the sociology department at Whitman College, but changed jobs—nearly in the Cheney family home—when she was in sociology, so during the spring break of her junior year she visited the psychology department of the University of Oregon in Portland, where her mother had heard that a job might be available. Cheney as "researcher." "I went to the behavior therapy unit and met a wonderful lady who took me into a room where there was a one-way mirror, and I was looking into the next room at a group therapy session of folks who had drug and alcohol problems. It was just an extension of watching a counselor helping people—and I walked out of there and I said to myself, 'My God, that's it! That's what I want to do when I grow up.'"

Cheney returned to Whitman College with the conviction that she would choose her major to psychology yet still graduate in just a little more than a year. The entire faculty got together and gave her the go-ahead: psychology professors volunteered to teach her required psychology courses on a non-for-credit basis. She did all right, if not miraculously, a spectacular undergraduate and graduate career summed up in a letter of recommendation for a postgraduate fellowship written by one of her professors at California State.

"She came to us [graduate adviser, professor Richard Wengel] worse 'with high

recommendations after completing her B.A. [Whitman can make, Phi Beta Kappa] at Whitman College with a 3.94 grade point average. Since entering us, she has done exceptionally well academically. Indeed, she carries a 4.0 GPA, which has occurred only once before in the history of our program. . . . I would consider her to be the number-one draft choice" of all new Ph.D.s throughout the country this year.

**The** question that fascinated her was, What could be done about Type A behavior? What was the treatment for the personality and behavior pattern that took such a heavy human toll every year?

regardless of sex."

Colorado State was not Harvard, but Margaret Cheney was treated as a member-of-the-club choice: every institution to which she applied accepted her, some offered her stipends, airline tickets to "come check us out." She picked the following—down to her heart—which happened to be the one that had no funds at all to offer her. No matter. She spent the summer giving workshop sessions so that she could pay her way.

So in September 1977 Margaret Cheney drove off to Philadelphia to spend a year working with Joseph Wolfe, head of the Behavior Therapy Unit at the Eastern Pennsylvania Psychiatric Institute at Temple University. Wolfe had a reputation as the foremost researcher and practitioner in the field of behavior therapy, which treatment focused not by delving into the psyche but by changing behavior. Cheney immediately plunged into her work, learning to treat patients with ailments ranging from hypochondria to encephalitis to schizophrenia, participating in staff meetings, attending lectures. With her limited budget, she found herself living largely on sandwiches and beans. Sometimes Wolfe and his wife would invite her to their house for dinner, a privilege that she never fully caught to have lunch as well. For a starry-eyed young scientist, everything about her stay in Philadelphia, including beans and sandwiches, was a feast.

She even had some spare time, which she used to go to the library and immerse herself in scientific literature. The subject that increasingly attracted her attention was Type A behavior, and the question that fascinated her was: What can be done about it? What is the treatment for the personality and behavior pattern that takes such a heavy human toll every year? Wolfe

in graduate school Cheney had done research on the use of relaxation practices in reducing the severity of myocardial infarction. And she had done an experiment demonstrating that relaxation practice, either alone or in combination with beta-blockers, is more effective in reducing the frequency and duration of tension headaches than is beta-blockers alone. Now she found herself wondering if some app-

ropriate form of relaxation or some other behavioral technique could ameliorate the deadly consequences of Type A behavior.

IN FEBRUARY 1981 IT HAPPENED THAT David Taito, one of Cheney's professors at Colorado State, was attending a meeting of the National Heart, Lung, and Blood Institute in Bethesda, Maryland, just outside Washington, D.C. Taito had taken a job at SRI International as director of its Center for Research on Stress and Health. Taito was devoted to stress, development in Philadelphia to see how, to do his networking. The two of them got to talking, and after a while Taito said that since she was so interested in Type A behavior, and since he was overseeing an interesting SRI project on job stress and heart disease, maybe she could come out there to work for him.

SRI was and is a famous think tank, a sprawling scientific firm market, a giant magnet for attracting research money. And nothing less than a paradise for any bright young scientist with talent, enthusiasm, and a willingness to wheel and deal for research grants. What was to become SRI International started out in 1960 as the Stanford Research Institute, a nonprofit organization designed to foster a close connection between Stanford University faculty members and West Coast business firms. But eventually it became heavily dependent on federal funding, including grants to carry out Defense Department research on biological and chemical warfare. In 1980 student protests over this research forced a break with the university. The next year Stanford Research changed its name to SRI and turned increasing attention to national and international business. Today it has offices in Chrysler House, London, Paris, Frankfurt, Stockholm, Taipei,

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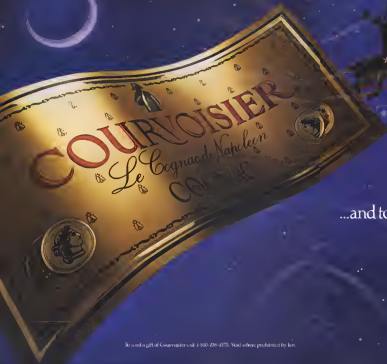
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Despite massive research efforts, much about cancer remains mysterious. But hope is still high—and nowhere more so than at the Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory in New York. There Michael Wigler has already led a team of researchers who were instrumental in the discovery of the oncogene, a genetic switch that seems to turn cancer on. Now Wigler and his staff are investigating the biological wiring of that switch. Will we see Wigler's end, or just might learn how to disarm it for good.

# Michael Wigler's War Against Cancer

by Ron Rosenbaum

HE FOUND A SWITCH THAT TURNS ON CANCER; NOW HE'S TRYING TO TURN IT OFF

"THERE ARE TIMES WHEN THIS GETS SO EXCITING I can barely stand it," cancer researcher Michael Wigler is telling me. It's a cold spring afternoon at the Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory, Squille coming off Long Island Sound have drenched the lab buildings of this elite biological research center, where past and future Nobel winners burrow deep into the last dark secrets of living cells. Secrets such as the cause of cancer.

Wigler and I are picking our way across the heavily parked parking lot by the Denmore Building, the edifice that houses the team Wigler has assembled for his latest probe into the cancer gene mystery.

Up till now Wigler, a genial, pear-shaped thirty-seven-year-old, had impressed me as a humorously self-spoken, congenitally cautious scientific type. But as soon as we emerge from the confines of the lab building and head toward my car for a quick trip to the local Bagel Master shop, Wigler's whole demeanor changes. He is periodically hopping over the paddy with barely contained delight when he tells me he is so excited he can "barely stand it."

It is not the prospect of the finally faded bagels at the Bagel Master that triggered his excitement. No, it is something that happened in the lab just before we left for lunch. Something to do with Wigler's cancer gene experiments. Something that makes Wigler think that the current pathway he's pursuing into the uncharted zone of the cancer gene mystery may not turn out to be yet another biological blind alley. That, in fact, he might be a significant step closer to figuring out the cause of—and perhaps, as a consequence, the cure for—cancer.

What I witnessed in Wigler's lab that morning may not go down in history as one of those Great Moments in Medicine. It may turn out to be a turning point only into another blind alley. A footnote to a footnote about a failed pathway through

Ron Rosenbaum is a contributing editor under a monthly column for *Esquire*'s New America section.



Wigler investigates the wiring that could short-circuit cancer.

the cause. But that's not the way Wigner built this laboratory, creating the mechanism. He built his into something, and he thinks it could be important.

Wigner ought to know. His success in finding the brutal path and the false trails keeping a cancer researcher in what happened the Cold Spring Harbor Lab to bring Wigner home, let him build a team, give him lab space and all the petri dishes he wants, and let him loose on the cancer gene question.

Because he's been spectacularly right before, Wigner lost sleep those years of cancer researchers isolated in 1981 with the simultaneous creation of the human cancer gene for oncogene, as researchers jockey to call it—perhaps the most fundamental breakthrough, some might say the only fundamental breakthrough yet, in the long-stalled war against cancer.

The oncogene. It's been formally described as a switch that triggers tumors, the genetic code for cancer, at simply the same time. Michael Wigderson calls it a "transforming gene." It's a very stretch of genetic material—just a few rings on the twisted ladder of the DNA strands that constitute the cell's hereditary identity and the blueprint for all future cells. Splice out a bit of twisted genetic DNA and splice in a stretch recombinant DNA techniques into the helices of healthy mouse tissue. Instant cancer. From within.

There's something about the oncogene discovery that is kind of unsettling, even unsettling if you think about it too closely. The notion that inside every single cell in your body there's a tiny trigger, paired cocktail, requiring just the slightest biochemical nudge to slip its safety catch and trigger tumor growth is, well, troubling.

In my team.

But the discovery of the oncogene is also genuinely thrilling, because having located a switch all we have to do is disconnect it. Prevent the switch from being thrown and we prevent cancer. Disconnect the biochemical wiring that leads from that switch—the pathways through which the oncogene is "expressed"—and we can cure cancer.

That's what Michael Wigderson's working on. The way. That's what his current research concerns. The way to cut that. That's what he was working on this morning when an overseas cell came in with some notes that made him think that this particular research project might pay off with another breakthrough.

It was 10:30 when that call came in. Or almost over. There was a considerable problem making the connection. Wigner and I were sitting in his conference room in the Deane Research Building. It is the sheltered office space as administrator of a university, and I was not a student, so, for instance, although there is a small blackboard, on which are scrawled schematics of the metabolic pathways

**HAVING LOCATED A switch, all we have to do is disconnect it. Prevent it from being thrown and we prevent cancer.**

of the cancer genes in man.

Wigner was in the middle of explaining the difficulty of finding the precise pathways through which the information encoded in the cancer gene, and the protein coded according to those genetic instructions—the cancer gene product—cause a healthy cell to transform itself into a cancer cell. What does the oncogene do to the metabolic pathways to transform them into malignancy?

"There are a lot of hypotheses," Wigner was saying. "But none of them very good." He didn't mean none of them very good, actually. Or he wasn't being modest. Because Wigner's got a hypothesis of his own about the cancer switch wiring. It's being tested right now in racks of yeast culture dishes in the lab next right down the corridor. And they're getting close to some preliminary experiments on his hypothesis.

"I think we've got a 15 to 20 percent chance of knowing by the end of the week whether my hypothesis will prove useful," he told me.

What did exactly was Wigner's hypothesis? I was in the middle of asking that question when the phone rang. Wigner picked it up.

"Hello, hello? I can barely hear you. Can you hear me? He paused. "Bad connection." Gave up. Hang up. It would take a couple of hours before the connection was made, and before Wigner resumed the significance of the call had for his hypothesis.

Wigner thinks the oncogene may cause cancer by altering the level of a growth-regulating substance known as cyclic AMP. Doesn't the cyclic AMP mechanism regulate cell division, and you create the growth disorder that is cancer?

"By the end of the week," Wigner told me, "we'll have a preliminary idea of whether this cyclic AMP hypothesis is correct. It's a plausible hypothesis," he added. "But I wouldn't give it more than a 20 or 30 percent chance."

"Why such a small chance?" I asked. "Based on my estimate of what we don't

know," Wigner said. "We only know the tip of an iceberg; my guess is that we know only more processes involved in this than we know."

Before we get deeper into the mystery of the treated metabolic pathways that cause cancer, let's briefly trace the path that brought Wigner to this lab and that problem. It begins with algebraic topology, the abstract theory of twists, in fact—the subject of Wigner's senior thesis at Princeton, a place to which he'd come as a math prodigy out of Garden City High School, in New York, taking on the most abstract, speculative, determinedly irrelevant branch of mathematics.

While he found himself attracted to the purity and theoretical elegance of such speculation, there was a part of him that felt there was something wrong with using his talent on questions too far removed from flesh and blood concerns.

"About halfway through college I decided I probably shouldn't do more than so abstract. I should do something possibly useful," he told me. "So I made an arbitrary decision to go to medical school. I didn't take my first biology course until I was a junior in college. I guess I looked over my nose at biology at first. I didn't think it was a science."

Biology out as a science?

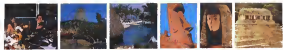
"Well, I didn't think it was dealing with universal principles. I like to deal with universal principles, and not in particular. But then I took that marvelous biology course, and it was really an eye-opener because here in this lowly science there were a number of universal principles that were sort of outlandish in the times of life. But I didn't let myself get too excited, because I was going off to medical school and I had no plan for a research career."

But Wigner's fascination with universal principles did not prepare him for the messy particulars of the diseased bodies he encountered in medical school.

"Suddenly I was hooked out of medical school," he confides. "I couldn't deal with death, and I also couldn't deal with the continuous uncertainty a doctor has. I mean, a doctor doesn't know what he's dealing with until a patient is dead. One day I was taking the history of medical school, and that doesn't seem to me... [I feel every situation—I went through a medicine rotation, a psychology rotation, neurology, pediatrics—I failed every one of them. Finally they suggested I take a leave of absence. So I left that and started graduate school. It was really sort of a low point in my life."

It was at that low point that Wigner's path first crossed the erratic course of contemporary cancer research. It left him unimpressed. Frustrated.

"At Columbia Presbyterian I began to work with a professor who was studying chemical carcinogens, and I realized it was impossible to know anything about



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animal cells because they weren't genetic methods. And that it was basically a waste of time and money.

"What was it, dumping chemicals on cells and seeing if cancer resulted?" I asked him.

"That's it, basically. I was more interested in the pure biology of cancer, and looking at how chemicals interacted with the genome. I didn't want to tell you anything about the biology. So I decided, while I was a graduate student, to try to develop the genetic techniques that would be useful to understand the biology of it. Basically first of the plausibility that genetics in the language by which you understand the biology, just the way mathematicians in the language of physics."

To understand the grammar of this genetic language, "the tools needed to be developed first," Wigner told us. To understand the parts of speech in the genetic code, you had to learn to conjugate chromosomes, using the tools of gene splicing and recombinant DNA technology. You had to have the ability to delete a single, specific, "a gene for a specific cancer, or cancer, and see how the change affected the 'expression' of the gene in the generations of cells it produced."

Wigner didn't want out on cancer. He chose a less lethal but no less complex puzzle to work on—the herpes virus. But it was while exploring to see some of the technical details of his work with the thymidine kinase gene in herpes that he let slip a hint that all that hunting of genetic tools had really been a preparation for using those tools against cancer.

"What we did at that next set of experiments was to use the gene splicing technique in combination with recombinant DNA techniques to isolate the gene coded for thymidine kinase [as described in the article]. And that," he concluded, "sort of is abstract in the cancer case."

The cancer case story. Yes, I think Wigner meant to say the cancer gene story. I think "cancer gene" was a slip. But a revealing one. Wigner is too circumspect a scientist to come out and say his cancer gene research was going to turn out to be the cancer case story.

But I suspect that some pessimistic part of his mind is scuttly more of the potential of the research path he's pursuing: the case for cancer. Avers of the play that will accrue to the who is credited with the cure. The secular sainthood of Joan Salk will pale by comparison.

But let's return to the cancer gene story.

Wigner's success in isolating thymidine kinase, the swirling little twist of helix was the result of a decision he made about his own personal readiness for the mission. He could have started earlier on the cancer gene quest, he told me. But he wasn't sure.

It might have been a mistake. Wigner realized that one of his admirers

**"I WAS  
KICKED OUT  
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in graduate school suggested he do his genetic tool experiments with cancer genes instead of herpes thymidine kinase genes. It's possible that might have given him a head start, but "I decided not to do it, because one should never really know what one was dealing with. With the thymidine kinase gene you could make a much clearer biochemical story out of it."

A clearer biochemical story?

In my observation of the development of biochemistry, the best work was in experiments where most things were well defined. If one tried to take all too much, one got a murky story, and it would create controversy. So I tended to use something that was clear and had a rather clear message."

The quest for the clean story. It's one of the hallmarks of Wigner's scientific style. Perhaps it's a legacy of his theoretical mathematical training at Princeton, with its emphasis on isolating out the structural skeleton of mathematical logic beneath the flesh and blood of "ordinary language."

But in fact, a clean story is more than a thing of logic and neatness to Wigner. When he speaks of the structure of a clean story, he gives us a kind of glimpse of the simplicity, elegance, even beauty he's discovered embedded in the tissue of molecular biology.

The beauty of a clean story inheres in the way it reflects the "fundamental principles" Wigner once devoted himself to in the way flesh and blood of biology.

"By universal principles I mean, I guess, something closer to the elegance of mathematical truths," Wigner told me. "The actual principle is the replication of DNA, for instance, is a mind-boggling, elegant solution to how an organism survives. The fascinating thing is that biological organisms had solved some of these problems in a particularly elegant fashion by molecular engineering."

Just what is this biological elegance he

"Sort of principles of economy that were beautiful. I didn't expect to see beauty in biology, and I was surprised when I did."

So the case for the biological beauty in its economy and simplicity?

"Yeah, I think so. Sort of the heart of elegance in its simplicity. One has the same sense about the organism field. That there's going to be some really simple, elegant principles that are going to organize and shock people and revolutionize the way we understand cancer. One has a really strong sense that things are going to converge."

It was exactly this elegant convergence of simplicity and economy that was raising from the cancer story when Wigner started the picture. No one knew where the cancer story started, where its narrative began. Was it caused by external factors—environmental carcinogens, old-fashioned mutations? Was it caused by a biochemical imbalance within the cell? Was it caused by an as yet undetected virus? Hereditary?

There's a character in Solzhenitsyn's *Cancer Ward* who professes to his fellow patients that "it's all at the cellular personal balance" and that a certain hereditary factor found near Moscow will cure cancer. Five years ago, before the oncogene story began to unfold, his guess was just about as good as any other offered by more conventional scientists.

Enter the oncogene. The oncogene began as an investigation of what seemed to be an aberration. Tumors caused by viruses. One rare African strain of leukemia—Burkitt's lymphoma—seemed to be brought on by a viral infection, so did a related uncommon form of cancer that seemed to arise as an aftermath of exposure to hepatitis B virus.

The spark of this curious discovery was even more surprising: it wasn't that viruses caused cancer, but that genes moved around. What else viruses did was have behind in the cells they invaded a single tumor-causing gene.

It seemed to be some pure transforming principle, an almost universal gene of pure cancer, the DNA of cancer cells. But with a cost of the tens of millions of genes in the average animal cell harbored the "transforming principle." That was the needle-in-the-haystack problem Wigner's team set out to solve in 1983.

Wigner's solution to this task was to devise an experiment both ingeniously logical and extremely elegant. It was an incredibly complex orchestration of gene splicing and amplifying, of tagging and tracking and ignoring helical pieces of the puzzle, that culminated in a kind of behind-the-back logical discovery that was the genetic engineering equivalent of a reverse-twist Dr. J. Alan Clark. Or, if you prefer, you could compare Dr. W.'s orchestration of the oncogene identification study to the complex dynamics of choreography in a Bach dance and variation.



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THE MORE YOU LOOK, THE MORE YOU LIKE.

What he did was find a novel way of taking advantage of a new technique of genetic engineering that connects into what the "geneticists" would say. You have to look at the cellular nature of the animal tumor cells as a kind of an encyclopedic description of the cells and all their descendants. Think of the encyclopedias as being a million volumes long, each volume containing a coded blueprint for how we interpret all that cell. One of the volumes contains the coded blueprint for cancer. But none of the volumes are marked identifiably, and each of them is tucked away in the DNA of a bacteria-acting virus family.

How do you find that one volume? Essentially what Wigner's team did was to devise an ingenious way to make the entire library directory itself—except the books they wanted. To put it another way, they engineered that a life-giving genetic "bookworm" would show up in the one book they wanted—and then they turned the rest of the library down.

Subsequent experiments delivered into the information encoded in this cancer gene book. If we consider every book as coded data in a gene, then the book as a single letter, the oncogene book had about six thousand letters, one to a page. Within a year it had been established that a change in a single letter was enough to make the whole book code for a cancer gene—and under some conditions cause all the letters in the entire library of a cell to translate into cancer.

Just how does that single genetic "gene," or "point mutation," as it's sometimes called, invade the animal, develop, translocate into cancer? That's where Wigner's working is now. That's where we were when Wigner's initial phone call finally came through that morning.

Before I tell you about that phone call, let's digress once again, and look at the most troubling mysteries I'd come across in reading contemporary biology: the evolution of life. All genes do is code for creation of a specific kind of protein. How does the shape or form of things evolve from a collection of the correct proteins? "Where in the books of what makes a kidney any becoming kidney-shaped?" I asked Wigner.

"That's a very good question. I think I have to say that it's not understood at the molecular level. I mean, at the molecular level, it's really already—I mean, that's the most profound type of question. I mean, there are all these lessons we deal with every day as people that are so far removed from genes that we're nearly years from understanding that process. There are people who study misregulations—people are beginning to study genetic controls over the development of form. But the general principles haven't evolved."

It's a mystery to Wigner, but it's not the

kind of mystery he's inclined to take on. Because without the right tools, the truths are inaccessible. Unlike control.

So he asks the question, as he answers it. Assume he solves the cancer question as a number of years. What new mystery of life would he want to take on next?

"That's a question I don't really asked myself," he said. And paused, thinking. "For instance, what's the largest mystery?"

"God, there are so many of them. There are even some simple mysteries, like why do we not have an immune reaction to our own proteins. That's a really accessible mystery. We'll probably understand that in a few years. But I can't find a challenging experience with that one. That was the first biological problem I loved meeting. And I read a lot about it and became appalled by the plot of *Dinotopia* and the look of data and the evolutionary progress of data. And that experience sort of defined my scientific style. I decided not to get into problems that were not accessible to brutal scientific experiments. So that if I don't understand how an eye is formed, or even an eyelid, I can't put that problem in my mind as so complicated it would be a waste of time trying to study it. I do like simple problems."

Simple problems. Like cancer. That's the one thing you come away with from talking to Wigner. Cancer has become for him a "simple problem."

Not a many problem. Not one we'll solve in a few short years. But simple, in the sense that it can be solved by "brutal" methods, by going step by step, using tools already available, inventing one rung at a time up a ladder of experimental truth. A twisting ladder, yes, with the first steps not yet visible. But the right ladder. One that leads to accessible truths. Not like the inaccessible mysteries of noses and eyelids and a dark cavern. I got the feeling he thinks he can get to the top of that ladder in his lifetime.

That next step. That next rung up. The blueprint for it is scrawled on Wigner's blackboard. The design for his current work is scrawled on a dark screen. It's the daily tracings of metabolic pathways and gene-splicing schematics. I'd been glancing at his complexities on and off during our talk, and finally I asked Wigner to explain how he was going about establishing the link between the cancer gene and the cyclic AMP growth-regulatory pathway in this experiment.

"Could you give me an idea what's going on at that blackboard?" I asked him. Wigner looked at the oncogene schematics. Then he looked down at me.

"Oh, we were writing out..." He paused and alpha debug. "We were writing out the details of those experiments with..." He broke off and alpha again. A very, very deep sigh. When I returned to that sigh on my tape, I was struck by its

profound intensity. And then I realized why.

My asking Wigner to "give me an idea what's going on" was, in the same way, similar to a two-year-old child's asking Mozart to "have a few bars of the *Requiem* played just to give me an idea of what it's about."

Because twenty minutes later, when Wigner had finished with "I need time on alpha" of what the experiment was about, I was completely dazed and bewildered by its intricacy, its complexity, and ultimately its logical elegance.

It posed a simple question: Does the cancer gene or its level have an impact on the cyclic AMP cycle? And it would, presumably, deliver a simple yes or no answer. But to state that truth out of the complex maze of genetic and phenotypic pathways, kinases, and cascades required what seemed to me an immensely elaborate orchestration of genes.

Wigner not only had those preoccupying in this experiment, he had those virtually doing himself. He had those changing patterns, changing forms, stretching across shifting layers need to oriented forms, from haploid to diploid, going in and out of resting and active states, reverting back and forth, and finally precipitating the clear story as the form of doubly spots of yeast colonies on petri dishes, where their presence will considerably deliver the simple answer to the simple question.

I could go into the details. I could explain the complicated web life of the yeast *Saccharomyces*. But just when Wigner was trying to explain to me the curious categorization of the yeast's colonies, Wigner's computer Tada interrupted us. That call. The loud connection. It had been from Japan—from a colleague of Wigner's colleague Toda, who interrupted us as we were discussing paper columns. The man Toda was also working on cancer genes, and Wigner and Toda had picked up the call on another line and had taken notes. And he wanted Wigner to know the results immediately.

The problem was that Toda was trying to communicate a lot of complex data in a short time. But he wasn't leaving out the basic conceptualization. And you could tell from Wigner's increasingly evident tone of surprise and curiosity as he questioned Toda about the data that he had picked up on the connection.

At the blackboard Toda had chalked up some figures.

"He demonstrated that biochemically," Wigner asked incredulously. Toda kept shaking eyes.

Why do those things require cyclic AMP? Wigner asked worriedly. Then he said, "We're trying to understand the work of this Japanese group studying cyclic AMP." Wigner explained to me. "A lot of science is done by rumor. If you want to see everything's been published, you want months' amounts of time. A large part of

doing science successfully is assimilating the results of your competitors and colleagues."

After listening to Toda's further explanations and looking at the scribbles on the blackboard, he pronounced his instructive conclusion. "Maybe we should collaborate with them."

"That guy is an excellent geneticist," Wigner told me of the scientist in Japan. "We tried him in on what we're doing with cyclic AMP, and he's getting results that are extremely relevant. It seems to me if we can bring him over here to work with us."

Just how important was that phone call to Wigner? I didn't find out till half an hour later, when we headed out for lunch and Wigner told me about how "sometimes this guy is missing. I can barely stand it." Exactly, because you see it that got him so excited?

"Those results from Japan," he told me as we got into my car. He leaned his seat back, turned to me, and said, "Remember how earlier this morning I told you I thought we'd have a 30 to 35 percent chance of knowing by the end of the week whether the cyclic AMP hypothesis is going to be useful? Well, with what I can make of the results over there, it now looks like maybe a 70 to 80 percent chance."

It's not the answer to the cancer mystery. It's certainly far from a cure. And it's not 100 percent. But it looks like it's another rung up the ladder. Another confirmation for Wigner that his intuition on the cancer gene-cyclic AMP link is right, that he has seen it cut it's going to be very significant.

That afternoon, when we returned from lunch, Wigner took me on a tour of his lab building. He introduced me to the rest of his team. But the big attraction to me was the culture dishes. We'd go onto a room and Wigner would open a glowing steel incubator cabinet and take out a few petri dishes. He'd point out the yeast colonies and explain what the presence or absence of these cloudy circular colonies might indicate about the yeast's oncogene. It took the careful accumulation and analysis of these details that he believes a clear story will emerge and he'll see his way up to that next rung.

Later, after gazing at the blocks in the glassware, I asked Wigner how he'd characterized the pathway above.

"I think there's a feeling of electrifying excitement now. We have the knowledge, we know what we need to solve the direction they drive we understand the arc in the right metabolic pathways. That's what I just follow them. It is like feeling we're lost in a case, finally we see some light up ahead. Of course," he added, the cautious scientist emerging with a hedge, "we're not absolutely sure whether we've seen the light or we're just delirious." ☐

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by Mimi Swartz

# Robert Radocy Picks Up the Pieces

Tragedy as the mother of invention

When Bill White saw the picture of the man filling the cinder block, for the first time in a long time he felt free. White, a burly, muscular outdoorsman from Waterford, Pennsylvania, had lost both hands in an explosion and was trying to resume his life with the use of hooks at the ends of his arms. For five months White had found himself strangled by the agonizing movements with the standard so-called right-hook prostheses he couldn't pull his socks over his ankles in the morning, comb his toothbrush, manipulate pots

and pans on the kitchen stove, or roll down a car window. White couldn't lift anything over thirty pounds, nor could he control his grip enough to pick up an egg without crushing it. Certainly he couldn't go back to work as a carpenter—he couldn't even hold a wrench. White's doctors told him to adjust to realize there were some things he would never do again.

Then, sitting in a prosthetist's office, Bill White saw an advertisement that showed a way men named Bob Radocy repelling from rocks, picking up a sea-glass, lifting weights, and chopping wood—with a plate-shaped prosthesis on his left hand. White's prosthetist contacted



ROB RADOCY DESIGNED HIS PROSTHETIC HAND TO TAKE ON JOBS AS BIG AS HEAVY CONSTRUCTION WORK AND AS DELICATE AS COUPLING OPENED BURNER AT A DINNER PARTY.

Radocy immediately, but the inventor told him White would have to wait—there were only a few prototypes of his design available, one of which he had on. But something changed Radocy's mind—maybe he sensed that White, like himself, was more than willing to fight his disability if only he had the proper weapon. Radocy removed the hand he was wearing and sent it to Bill White. Within an hour of receiving it, White had learned to use it. Within a week he was going out to restaurants. He went back to work, using his power tools. And that fall, Birmingham announced the signing of his offer, Bill White became one of the largest black bears ever seen in northern Ontario—and

described the feat in the *Kirk Daily Times* as "no big deal."

Watching Bob Radocy today, it is painful to imagine that his invention is, indeed, any big deal. Radocy loses his years and a nearly clipped arm, brother, was converted into a postgraduate course. He uses his prosthetic with unconscious deftness—drawing his car or picking up a paper clip—and his over-the-hill training film in low-key and interest. New employees learn that Radocy's prostheses can double as a bottle opener. It is only Bob Radocy's once—fit, bushy, and hard—that reveals his determination, a drive that

combines the good intentions of the Gattini with the hard-core enterprising spirit of the Egghorn. For Bob Radocy, thirty-five, what began as a personal search for a better product has become a personal quest to change not just the prosthetics industry, but the way way handicapped people perceive themselves and their potential.

Like Bill White, Bob Radocy was determined to make his life as normal as possible after losing his arm in an automobile accident in 1971. He had grown up in comfortable Danvers, Connecticut, and took his cue from his father, who had been an inventor in the development of magnetic tapes. At twenty-one, despite his injury,

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Bob Radey was ready to begin again. "I had a couple of days of heavy depression," he says matter-of-factly, "but I had to get that behind me." (His mother saw the same tenacity. "He was determined he was going to do everything," she says.) Radey had studied botany, engineering and drawing; living in his biological field, he combined these disciplines by sketching the kind of prostheses he could use to restore the active life he'd led before the accident. What happened next, Radey believes, set him back for years. "The surgical team said, 'Don't worry about that, they've got everything you need,'" he recalls. When "they" had was the split-hoof prosthesis (the same hook worn by White), developed by the Army and manufactured after World War II, which is, in fact, two flat boards that simulate the movement of a pair of hooves, providing the range of motion of the rounded middle and index fingers. Radey dubbed the first fitting three months in. In the meantime, he carved a wooden hand of talon steel and beryllium. Sometimes he wore a passive hand of salt plastic but complained, "You go out in the summer and get a tan and your hands don't match." In spite of the surgeon's advice, he continued to tinker. The split-hoof had several problems. As Ed White noted, "It works backwards from the human hand." The amputee applies pressure on a bridle cable harness by flexing and stretching muscles in his shoulders, back, and upper arms. In turn, the cable stretches under tension, holding the hooks together, pulling the "fingers" open. When the tension relaxes his muscles, the prostheses clamps shut. The amputee learns to rotate to hold objects, which promotes muscle weakness and can even cause vertigo. Carrying out of special instructions after a number of years have overcompensated with their good legs.

Radey knew he wanted a tool that would use the movement of the thumb and forefinger. "Most everything we do in life we do with an opposed thumb," he says. "It's more logical." Radey also wanted a tool that, like the human hand, would close—instead of opening—when pressure was applied. A split hook with voluntary closure has been developed by military engineers during the last two years and early 1980s, but because of design problems (it had a locking mechanism that made it very complicated to operate) the concept had been abandoned.

From 1975 through June 1979, Radey worked as a field engineer for the York Research Corporation, a firm that tests and researches air and water pollution. After graduating from the University of Missouri, and starting out in York's Stamford, Connecticut, office. As a company representative, Radey had to adjust to everything from greeting the public to inspecting uncooperative fish with prostheses. Over the next three years he completed a master's

program in occupational therapy, worked as recreation manager for an outdoor sportsman's club, and continued to refine his design. (He took time out in 1976 to marry Lesley Hazard, a registered audiometrist nurse, whom he had met while a week-end student at the University of Missouri. Finally Radey knew what he wanted: a prosthetic hand consisting of two opposed curves that worked together, much like a pair of pliers. He called his product the Prehensile Hand, because it compresses and grasps two large, rounded objects, provide enough room to grip bigger objects like steering wheels or no handles, and a small internal coil can hold larger objects, from a pencil to a baseball. The tip of the prosthesis, when closed, forms a three-pointed star, the way a scissor cuts. In brief, split objects at forty-five- or ninety-degree angles. Radey also designed the Prehensile Hand to stay open with the tension, simulating the pressure his fish muscles through a cable harness, in order to control the scissor quality adjustment, it has two moving parts and works on either the right or the left hand.

With the Radey Prehensile Hand, the amputee can feel what he's grasping, and he has to use his muscles, which makes it more difficult to use than other devices. And people who lose their hands usually are farmers, construction workers, and other people who develop work habits, requiring physical power helps the amputee regain his confidence. "A prosthesis that doesn't have a positive grip," says Radey says, "What we're saying is, give the person a choice, a tool he can use. Then he has the opportunity to compete."

Unfortunately, Radey's new invention did not excite the doctors, therapists, and prosthetists (carriers of the newly constructed prostheses industry). The split hook had been the desire of those who it was developed, and there was no industry-wide bias against voluntary closure because of the earlier military design failure. When Radey sent his prosthesis to the Veterans Administration, they offered these early production models to amputees without any written or oral instructions—Radey even found one man wearing his device upside down. Most officers either developed the device to follow the lead of prosthetic designers supported by large insurance companies or institutional health-care conglomerates, which told Radey his product didn't fit into the business plan. The Veterans' Benefit Office Block and America's Housing Derrance Corporation were then investing in research on electronic prostheses. (Otto Beck's high-speed hands, which are powered by the same muscles as "flex" the hand, can cost anywhere from \$5,000 to \$20,000, depending on the model and the prosthetist's fitting fees.) "The industry doesn't have to create any options of its," he says. "They can sit and

wait." Radey believes the Prehensile Hand is cheaper and more dependable than its biomechanical counterpart. "I can't afford to have my hand come open if I'm reaching down a rock. You can bet on my device to clench and it's not going to let it go." In 1979 with his college instructor Ross Beck as a partner and a \$150,000 loan from the Small Business Administration's Hand-scapped Loan program, Radey founded Therapeutic Recreation Systems. In 1980 he got the Prehensile Hand, known as the Grip A, on the market for about \$750. By the end of the first year Radey had grossed a total \$300,000.

The business has grown slowly but steadily since then. Radey projects selling three hundred units next year, with estimated annual sales of about \$1,000,000. The new business is a smaller version of the Grip I called the Grip II, along with the ADEPT, a similar, fish-tailed, polyurethane prosthesis. The Super Sport is a plastic curved unit that can be used as a golf club, volleyball, and soccer. Radey is manufacturing children's prostheses too, though he now spends much of his time on the road, speaking to the handicapped and seeking venture capital.

When Radey travels the country speaking to amputee groups of health professionals at hospitals and clinics, he gets as much to do with education as it does with sales. "The amputee is a customer," Radey insists, he urges them to stay involved for prices and designs and to demand more from physicians and prosthetists. Radey believes that because many amputees do not perceive themselves as handicapped, they don't want, and therefore don't have any power. "Most people who lose one hand can get along, he insists, but a person who is blind or paralyzed, [amputees have] been motivated to belong to any organization."

Radey would like to create a national rehabilitation institute where patients could be fitted with a prosthesis and stay on to complete a three- to six-month program of occupational and physical therapy with intensive psychological counseling to help new patients overcome need and acceptance. After counseling by other amputees seems to help the word and isn't offered either amputee. Radey believes such a center-by-city should appeal to bottom-line-minded amputees: the sooner people learn to adapt to their disability, the sooner they will get back to work and become contributing members of society. Certainly he. When asked if he is quick to grasp the simple, elegant concept that drives every entrepreneur, "People talk about how great Bob is, and what a great contribution he's made," says White. "I can't but just inserted something for when we need it. He's the one who's people helped by Bob Radey—and the disability more he hopes to reach—less is much, much more."



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3.5% 50 Hz 10kHz

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### FM TUNING SECTION (70 dB S/N)

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Signal-to-Noise Ratio (S/N) (A-weighted)

Mon./Stereo—80dB (A-weighted)

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The world of us, mathematics is something that an immature struggling through in high school. But in William Thurston, one of America's most talented mathematicians, it is a world he needs but doesn't for the subject with the enthusiasm of a child and the knowledge of a genius. Thurston's mind is beautiful, one which reveals that he actually "lives" in the fourth dimension. It is in this area that he has particularly distinguished himself. Thurston's work would seem like an unlikely game of numbers, but it actually has broad implications. He has taken it to its extreme and out of the world of pure theory and has given these shapes.

By studying contours,  
William Thurston is  
extending the limits  
of mathematics/By  
MICHAEL GUILLEN

# The Shape of Things to Come

WHEN HE WAS THIRTEEN, Princeton mathematician William Thurston played a game of "connect the dots" and ended up discovering for himself a famous mathematical theorem. The game consisted of taking a rectangular gridwork of dots and connecting them, one and all, with a single straight line that never crosses itself and that ends up at the point it started. For very one grid, Thurston not only found every such zigzag line he also noticed something they all had in common. (See sidebar.) At first, he recalls, "I thought I could save the discovery for a Ph.D. in mathematics." He soon learned, though, that his revelation was already a well-known mathematical theorem.

Thurston went on to major in mathematics at New College in Sarasota, Florida, from there he went to the University of California at Berkeley and earned his Ph.D. in mathematics in 1975, at the age of twenty-five. He was then recruited by Princeton's mathematics department—regarded as one of the best in the country.

Today Thurston is one of America's premier mathematicians. His work—some of which has bearing on the rather important question "What is the shape of this object



A MATHEMATICAL GENIUS WITH A FASCINATING POKER GAME

MICHAEL GUILLEN  
is a mathematician  
physicist at Harvard.

we call the universe?"—was honored last year with a Fields Medal, the mathematics (often) equivalent of a Nobel Prize. Thurston, however, lost the prize for his achievement, but he succeeded in so an adult without ever really losing ground. At thirty-eight, he is still very much a child, showing the same enthusiasm and curiosity that drew him at age five to the stars and at age sixteen to the outer reaches of physics. His play now involved with the cosmic mysteries of a subdivision of mathematics called topology.

A branch of geometry, topology is concerned with those properties of an object that are not destroyed through bending, twisting, and stretching, the three special elements of topological transformations. In a sense, these properties constitute an object's essential being. As an example, for instance, can be bent, twisted, and stretched to look like anything from a pretzel to a coffee cup, but it will always have a single hole, inside and outside, and no edges. Collectively these topological invariants define the essence of "space" objects.

"If you have a surface that has some precise shape," Thurston says, "what's important about it may not have to do with the precise shape, but it may have to do with its qualitative properties. So you need a language by which to express those properties." Topology provides mathematicians with such a language.

What's surprising to most people about topology is that the shape part of its inventory is not included among its essential features. The reason the shape of an object is, of course, not of concern by any brand, even, or artist. Consequently, shape is an irrelevant to an object's topological identity. As a physical appearance is to a person's essential, address identity. Moreover, by dispensing essential knowledge among objects, the existence of shape makes topology into a game that can engage, challenge, and on occasion defeat even such an enigma as Thurston's.

Typically, the game may require a player to recognize that two very differently shaped surfaces are, in the topological sense, he explains, is implicit. With it, "people can really get into what things look like exactly, even though they may understand very well what shape they are."

Essentially, Thurston's "understanding" of four-dimensional objects is acute. He has been able to imagine with unprecedented detail the surfaces of four-dimensional objects—"hypermanifolds"—and to see beyond their shapes to intrinsic unperceived topological equivalences. For instance, before Thurston entered the game, it was a given that the shapes of ordinary surfaces fall into three basic categories: elliptic (spherical), hyperbolic (saddle-shaped), and flat. Topologists speculated that these categories could possibly describe hypermanifolds,

shapes in order to assume any equivalence there may be among surfaces of ordinary three-dimensional objects. But it is not so straightforward to visualize the shapes of surfaces of four-dimensional objects. It takes some time to get a sense of what these surfaces are like. Thurston has distinguished himself

Thurston himself does not ascribe his success to any ability to visualize. "Visualizing is not the right term," he says, but he concedes that "there's no real substitute term" either. "There's a more ideal of spatial sense which can be useful to think about higher-dimensional things," he continues,

## Connect the Dots

Mathematical theorems often embody statements that are true for an entire class of objects—in this case, rectangular grids. For a grid of any particular size, any path that goes through each square once, never repeating itself, and ends at the point it started, will always enclose the same number of square units. For the grid illustrated here that number is thirty-five. Though you can verify this by trial and error, it has been proven mathematically that grids of all sizes have the same property.



"even though you don't really visualize it in any kind of concrete sense." The aptness, he explains, is implicit. With it, "people can really get into what things look like exactly, even though they may understand very well what shape they are."

Essentially, Thurston's "understanding" of four-dimensional objects is acute. He has been able to imagine with unprecedented detail the surfaces of four-dimensional objects—"hypermanifolds"—and to see beyond their shapes to intrinsic unperceived topological equivalences. For instance, before Thurston entered the game, it was a given that the shapes of ordinary surfaces fall into three basic categories: elliptic (spherical), hyperbolic (saddle-shaped), and flat. Topologists speculated that these categories could possibly describe hypermanifolds,

which appeared at the time to be intrinsically complex.

In 1984, however, Thurston surprised everyone by announcing that such was not the case. Speaking with the confidence of one who might have just returned from a tour of the fourth dimension, Thurston presented evidence that hypermanifolds have shapes that fall into the three well-known categories and five others that are much less obvious of the three. Furthermore, he found, most hypermanifolds are of the hyperbolic variety. His achievement was reminiscent of Marco Polo demystifying a mysterious realm.

This achievement was also reminiscent of many other occasions in Thurston's development. As a first-rate mathematician, on each of those occasions, his penchant for games enabled him to make some surprising discoveries. As a teenager, for instance, he depressed the hypothesis of an ancient mathematician that three billiard balls set in motion on an infinitely large table with no cushions will collide with one another at most three times before scattering to opposite directions. Thurston came up with a particular set of trajectories that would cause the balls to collide four times.

Throughout his youth, Thurston could be also half-joking, half-declared that he would become a famous mathematician, one who would make important contributions to the subject. "Today he speaks modestly of his success," saying that "mathematics is interesting and fun for itself, not for recognition. Recognition," he claims, "is pretty shallow, it doesn't buy you anything."

He is equally nonchalant about the possibility that his work might have any consequences to physics, but the chances are strong that it will. Because ever since Einstein first mentioned the possibility, physicists have come to believe that the universe is a four-dimensional object. The evidence is technical, but each of us in our own way can confirm that the universe has length, width, depth, and time—the four dimensions—every time we agree to meet someone at a particular location and time.

Now, if physicists are correct that the universe is a four-dimensional object, "space-time," then it is natural to wonder, "What does the shape of its surface look like?" Before Thurston's discovery we could not be certain that we even had the proper words to conceive to answer such a question. But we now know that it is probably the shape of the universe's hypermanifold into one of eight specific categories, which Thurston agrees to be described under the three relatively primary forms: spherical, saddle-shaped, and flat. His revelation does not mean it is brought down to earth what angle appear to some to be an academic question about the cosmos. It also requires us that we have the tools of imagination to contemplate the ultimate fate of the universe.

To understand how his discovery does so, consider that according to Einstein's general theory of relativity, the gravitational force of ordinary matter pushes against, and thereby warps, the shape of the universe in its vicinity. Today, therefore, from the observation that galaxies are flying apart like shrapnel from an explosion, we can infer that at its surface the universe is being balanced outward by these galaxies, like the expanding ball of a jelly popcorn container. Whether the expansion will ever end or whether it will cause one day and several small shrapnels, according to Einstein's theory, on the shape of the universe today.

Although they are trying to measure it, physicists have not yet figured out what the shape actually is and therefore cannot tell us what shape the universe will ultimately be. But Thurston's work in topology at least gives them some idea of the possibilities. A particularly surprising possibility, for example, is that the universe closes in on itself and has a middle-shaped surface. In such a universe, light can make a round-trip journey, so that a person who is able to see far enough ahead will some point see himself from behind.

Indeed, as Thurston himself points out of us inhabit such a universe, one of the latest telescopes seen through today's most powerful telescopes may actually be the image of our own galaxy, as seen from behind and the way it looked billions of years ago—typically, the time it would take for light from the galaxy's surface to go around the universe. According to Einstein's theory, however, this particular variety of universe would eventually collapse on itself and reappear in the form of what has come to be called the Big Crunch.

In discussing how his work might bear on questions about the shape and fate of the universe, Thurston mentions a colleague of being either a physicist or an illusionist. Yet the success of each of these men is owed to the very same things: a tireless curiosity and a playful, outrageous imagination. When Einstein was a teenager, he began wondering what the universe would look like if he were riding along a beam of light, and he ended up conceiving the theory of special relativity. What makes the comparison even more relevant is that these qualities are ones that both men seemed to have retained, rather than acquired.

The successes of Thurston, Einstein, and scores of other creative persons imply a defiance of the normal aging process. When Einstein was seventy years old, he could still be heard advising the entering class of Princeton physics graduate students never to cease asking the questions a child would ask. Today thirty-eight-year-old William Thurston inhabits that same campus, asking similar questions, playing similar games, making, perhaps, similar progress. ■

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Fire is ancient and primal, yet the study of its cultural history is among the newest of the social sciences. Stephen Pyne is among the newest, such being his 30th birthday. He is now an assistant professor of land management. Stephen Pyne is a student of his. Little could Pyne have known, when he took a summer job as a fire lookout with the National Park Service on the North Rim of the Grand Canyon, that the work would continue for decades more summers and lead him, ultimately, to write the definitive history of fire in America—*When Did We Stop Fearing Fire?*—and, in the doing, produce for us all a new understanding of the fires around us.

*In his relentless study of wild-land blazes, he truly is the keeper of the flame*

# Stephen Pyne's Quest for Fire

The wind blows steadily from west to east through the vast hollow of the Grand Canyon. The sun is setting, and from one mesa to the next the canyon walls change color. The powdery reds turn mauve, the tawny yellows become vermillion, and the darkly shadowed cliff faces change to a deep, forbidding violet. Stephen Pyne sits on a flat outcropping of rock and watches, silently and almost reverently, as he has watched the same spectacle hundreds of times before.

This evening in early May he is watching from a place called Desert View. From here Pyne, who is the foremost authority in the world on a subject that is as old and as fundamental as creation itself, can look across a semicircular gap in the earth's surface to the North Rim. It is dark, he says, without gray or redolence, that "my life began."

That was eighteen years ago. Pyne had just graduated from high school in Phoenix. He was outdoorsy and the looking better on his baseball team. Grades in life were also young and unlearned. He wanted to do something before he left for

Standard in September to ensure his life as what he had always been, a student.

So he took a job at the Grand Canyon, which he had seen only once before in his life. The job description was basic enough—"seasonal laborer." He arrived at the canyon in early June and was told almost immediately that there was no opening for another job. One of the seasonals had dropped out, leaving a vacancy on the fire team. Would he like to fill it?

The next morning Pyne was on an airplane on his way across the Grand Canyon, from the South to the North Rim. Though he did not realize it at the time, he was flying from headquarters to the front from the settlement to the frontier.

It was all new to Pyne. The North Rim of the Grand Canyon, which relatively few tourists see, is high forested country, and that alone was something very new and different for a kid who had grown up in the suburbs of Phoenix, the desert city of America, where people landscape with cacti and mesquite. Here on the North Rim he was surrounded by vast stands of ponderosa pine. They were big trees,

by Geoffrey Norman



**FIGHTING FIRE WITH FIRE:** Stephen Pyne has illuminated the history of wildfire as firefighter and as tool.

some reaching four or five feet in diameter. The trees stretched out beyond the borders of the park, into Shasta State Park. Service lines and on into Utah. The big woods.

The other men on the fire team were old hands returning for a second, third, or fourth year. Pyre was the only rookie. The former showed him the backside when he would sleep, and the fire cache, where the tools of his new trade were stored. Pulaski, McLeod, FEDCOs, and lily shovels. All new things.

After he'd stared his gear, Pyre was sent out to work on the line. It was the fire crew's personal job. They would break the waves and the waves would break the line down, then the fire crew would go out in the line spring to start rebuilding it. They would be almost finished by fall and the end of fire season. Pyre wanted for the first time with a chain saw. A big power McLeod that weighed thirty-five pounds and had a bar two feet long. It was firing work and you didn't actually have to do it to know that it was dangerous. Pyre wanted at the end of the day, "What an I doing here?"

Then on his second day with the fire team somebody called in a smoke. The foreman told Pyre to get some tools, climb on the truck, and go out on that fire.

"How do we find it?" he asked the men driving the truck.

"Usually we smell it," So Pyre rode, for almost two hours, with his head out the window, ducking branches and sniffing the air for smoke. Nobody bothered to tell him that you had to be within a few hundred yards of the fire before you could smell the smoke.

Finally they came to the end of the road, a place called Swamp Point. The fire was still three miles away, across a saddle and up a small rise. They would have to walk. Pyre was dressed in a fireproof Nomex shirt and blue jeans. Leather boots with leg straps. Hard hat. On his back he carried a rubber bladder that the fire fighters called a piss pump, except over the radio, when they referred to it by the name of its manufacturer, FEDCO. It carried five gallons of water—forty-one smoking pencils in a rubber sack, with no trace for support. The thing just hung there on your back, the straps cutting into your shoulders. It felt heavy and awkward after the first few feet.

Pyre carried a Pulaski in one hand and a shovel in the other. The Pulaski is a combination axe and tool named for its inventor, but for the moment, Pyre did not know the name of the tool or even how to use it. "Watch me and do what I tell you," the foreman had said.

It took an hour to walk to the fire. Pyre led the way, with another man following, lagging their pace through the woods with saws that ate soil, similar to the ones they used on the fire. Pyre stumbled over roots and

rocks, losing his balance and sinking under the dead snow weight of the FEDCO. He walked downhill first, then uphill. Then across the relatively level ground of Powell Plateau. He was surrounded by ponderosa pine hundred feet tall. Pyre's world was reduced to the trees, the weight on his back, and his own exhaustion. What he would do next, he didn't know.

Finally Pyre arrived at the fire, which was nothing more, really, than a single tall ponderosa that had been struck by lightning and leached to the ground. It was smoking, burning smoke when the tree was below and up and out. It was also throwing sparks, and that made it a hazard to the forest. The fire had to be put out.

Which was fine, except that Pyre didn't have the dramatic idea of how to go about doing it.

Potentially, two members of a temporary crew had already arrived at the fire. They were Hop Indians, good workers but not very big on initiative. They were sitting by the fire, waiting for someone to

**When a forest fire is burning out of control, you can hear the trees torching off.**

come and tell them what to do.

They looked at Pyre expectantly. Seventeen years later it is still funny to him. Except that now he has the right literary language for the experience.

"Right out of Orwell's *Shooting an Elephant*," he says.

But back then it was a problem to be solved, and Pyre solved it by saying, "All right, you guys know what to do. So let's do it." Then he watched and did whatever the Hop did.

Which essentially was to cut up the tree with chain saw, then put the fire out with dirt and water from the carved FEDCO. It wasn't glamorous or dangerous, but catching a lightning strike early generally means that you do not have to contend with a full crew and fight a moving fire later.

So they had done their job. It was much easier going out than it had been coming in. Pyre was forty-one pounds lighter, and he had bought his first new fire, his best, as it were, was behind him.

AND NOW, BAYMONTIAN YEARS LATER, HE sits at Desert View, looking back across the canyon to where it all happened. The service road winds the hill-high spectacle of the summit. It grows perceptibly

cooler, then cold. There is still snow on the ground across the way, on the North Rim. The upper third of Horseshoe Park, about sixty miles on the other direction, is a luminous white in the day's light. Some German and Japanese tourists, who have been talking incessantly as they watched and, mostly, photographed the sunset, have gone back to their motels. Pyre stays until the last light has finally disappeared from the canyon walls and the thin green ribbon of the Colorado River, one mile below, is invisible.

Pyre and a companion leave the canyon and the park now that the spectacle of the sunset has played itself out. They drive out on the highway to a little place for dinner. Pyre deliberates over his order. He has a pleasant, untroubled but serious face, the sort of face you would expect to see on the high school football player who is far from being the team's best athlete but is consistently voted "toughest competitor" by his coaches. He orders a chicken-fried steak and a bottle of Sprite. What he wants for the food he explains what it is like when you get to the fire site late and it isn't a matter of merely one tree on fire but an entire woods.

When a fire is burning out of control, he says, you see the smoke caught on Durban pine, you can hear the trees torching off, sound like a series of explosions against the steady background roar of the larger fire as it consumes the trees.

"You don't pay too much attention to that, though. Because it's distracting. And there are the sounds closer to you. The immediate sounds. The chain saws running, axes peeling, helicopters coming in and out, radio traffic. So after a while you tune out the sounds of the larger fire and you concentrate more and more on what you are doing."

In the Durban Point fire what the team did was try to establish a line ahead of the fire. Most fire lines, or firebreaks, are made along some already existing cleared area—a trail or a road. The idea is simple enough: you make a wide line that is clear of anything that will burn, and the moving fire will reach it and burn itself out. In practice, this means clearing brush and dropping trees and widening the line, often with small fires that are set with fuses, which are similar to railroad fuses. This is called firing out, or backfiring.

The reality wasn't so recent. Not for the fire fighters, at any rate. In the Durban Point fire the crew led the line and three helicopters on the first day. The fire went from a dozen acres or so to sixty acres and then to 350 before the seven got a new line established with the help of reinforcements from the Forest Service.

In a fire like that the threat becomes terrible. Your feet begin to skitter under you. Your chest begins to throb and sweat. It's the only way to get any air in "the ground," where there is a thin layer of

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thing, and I was going to keep on doing it as long as I could physically do it or as long as I could mentally justify it to myself."

But the string was running out on his life in Austin. His department was disbanded in the spring of 1973, and it was back to the North Ronaldson another season. Except that now he was Dr. Pyne, park naturalist, GS-6. The torch between his two exceptional lives never seemed waver.

He submitted the dissertation for publication and was rejected by seven or eight university presses. He also applied for several faculty positions in American history and was quickly turned down. The crucial moment in an academic career. The head of one history department told Pyne flatly that he was wasting his time and should look for other work.

In October he took a break in service because he would no longer be eligible for seasonal employment after working 150 days. These were no permanent positions in the Park Service, either. When the snowy, desolate New Year arrived, he was living in a Park Service trailer at Desert View, on the South Rim. He was allowed to live there because he was working on a manuscript in the park—a program as known as the VNP. Pyne collected unemployment and considered his next move.

WHAT WAS THAT INSTANTANEOUS REVELATION in Pyne's mind? It was audacious and improbable—wonderfully so—and if he could bring it off, the two disparate halves would be brought into one unified whole.

What he would do, Pyne decided, was write the story of fire in America.

Even living alone in a trailer and collecting unemployment, Pyne thought graciously. "This was going to be my masterpiece. I might write other books but never one that would mean so much to me."

He wrote his proposal and submitted it to Dr. Daniel Varley. Then, when the manuscript was ready for the types, he wrote the grant letters, leaving paper bound of Stephen Pyne, turned him down without ceremony. Undeterred, Pyne came up with a way to write the book for the government, and put them to pay for it. He applied for a research grant from the History Service at the Forest Service. Some senior negotiators the grant was within a signature or two of final approval.

Then there was a hitch. Secretly at the Agricultural Department, the parent bureaucracy of the Forest Service discovered a new ruling, or misinterpreted an old one. Historical research could not be supported by grants under title 16-640-1-10. Only scientific research projects could be funded.

But Pyne had found a supporter in the Forest Service. After further negotiations, several letters were needed that would enable Pyne to do his research and write his conclusions into a report that would be submitted to the Forest Service and,

eventually, published by the Government Printing Office. He would travel, as needed, to interview people and go through documents. His expenses, as they related to his research, would be reimbursed. He would be paid per diem while he was on the road. But to get any money from the Forest Service he would have to spend money first. Still, Pyne was happy with the arrangement.

Before he started the grant work Pyne would work the fire season in Utah. He could save some money, which he would be sure to need once he started on the book. But first, in May, he named Sage Sanderling. They met at the canyon. For three years she had been one of the long shots, and Steve had been her boss.

That summer the newly named Pyne bought a pickup truck and an unfinished camper shell, which they modified themselves, turning it into a fire crew. Steve would do his work. They installed a desk, typing table, bookshelves, and sink cabinets, along with a jerry-rigged two-

Washington was the mother lode of documents. Every morning they would ride the shuttle bus into Washington to the National Archives or the Forest Service's own research division. There were so many documents that they needed something other than their arms to transport them. So Pyne bought a child's bike and wagon from a discount store. On his expense voucher he called the wagon a SMITH, which he claimed was the acronym for a very flexible mobile transportation transportation. The voucher cleared.

Winter came, finally, and so did their work in Washington. They drove the truck and the trailer south, stopping and working on the Everglades and at the Tall Timbers Research Station near Ocala, Florida. George Soper flew back to Arizona to wait for Pyne. She'd had enough. Pyne drove back across the Mississippi, to Arizona and another season with the fire crew.

In October they did it all over again. California, Colorado, Wisconsin. Pyne was twenty-one now. He did not know it, but things were about to take a turn in his favor. He got a fellowship from a North Carolina-based foundation. It was for a year, and it enabled him to write the book. He and his wife lived in Chapel Hill, where she had a child. He worked at the Research Triangle Park, where he had a fully equipped office that was not in the heat of a palm tree. Meanwhile, the University of Texas Press accepted (slowly) his dissertation for publication. He was given a fellowship to travel to Antwerp and a contract to write about his geology and history for Oxford University Press (The *Arch*). Then, once he had accumulated the fellowship, he was offered a faculty job by the University of Iowa. He accepted and immediately went on leave.

There were six writing jobs, a bookshop on fire, fighting, and fire prevention, as well as Dr. Pyne's *Point*. An *Arch* bookshop, a *Whisper* of the Grand Canyon. And most important, somewhere in the middle of all that good fortune but towering over all the rest of it in terms of both accolade and education, Princeton University Press. Then Pyne Center. Then out of the Rocky Mountain West across the Mississippi.

Pyne selected his first expense report after they had been on the road for a month. It was denied because he had made a two-dollar error in addition—to the Forest Service's standards. There would be no settlement, he was told, until he submitted an accurate accounting. When they arrived in Washington, D.C., early in December looking for a trailer park, they were told, "I mean, my brother," Pyne says. "Dad, I was the last fire person."

It was the day before Christmas when they finally got a check reimbursing them for expenses that had accumulated three months earlier. They ordered the check with difficulty but gradually establishing a pattern that was to last for two years.

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**The science of Technology**  
The Intellect/Intuition/Emotion and Technology Office regularly meets three days three times a year. Some are clever scientists, others inventing and profitable entrepreneurs over things already known. A critical few know the time of those who have had to struggle against their intellect. Raymond Kurzweil is a technological genius, and he is also, and incidentally, a humanist. He is reading machine for the blind already exists, and soon he will be working talking telephone for the deaf. With each new invention, Kurzweil notices an echo in the power and essential goodness of nature.

# What the Inventor Saw

by Paul Attanasio

**RAYMOND KURZWEIL**  
*and his incredible machines*

**The inventor sits thinking** on this sunny Monday afternoon in a brick office building in Woburn, Massachusetts. He is slumped back in his chair, his face as blankly uninterested as a potato. Beside him is Francis Gaugan, his director of research.

"When you have a sense data problem," the inventor says, "why not get all the information you can?" Gaugan, puzzled, looks at his pen. The inventor smiles back at him. "It's like Kant's philosophy," the inventor explains dejectedly. "The real thing is one, and what you perceive is something else. That's the question you're asking. I mean, you see what you see, and what you see are probabilities."

Gaugan rubs his forehead. "Well, that's one way of looking at it." To the outside observer, their talk of "creatures" and "connected algorithms" of "perceived

clusters," "tokens," and "target words," is impenetrable. Yet somewhere within this conversation lies the solution that will help realize the inventor's latest dream: a voice-activated typewriter, a machine that will "understand" spoken words and translate them to the page; a machine that will, when it is hooked up to a computer terminal, serve as a telephone for the deaf. It sounds like science fiction—at first, an episode of Star Trek called "Assignment: Earth" based on such a machine—until you realize that it's simply the reverse of something that the inventor has already created: a machine that reads the printed page and talks to the blind.

And until you realize that a company called IBM is trying to invent exactly the same thing, providing vast resources in the hope that they'll figure it out before that *Fast Forward* video that has inspired an epidemic of image film rights.

RAYMOND KURZWEIL



**Raymond Kurzweil**  
with one of his machines, the voice-activated typewriter.



well, so that the facts actually changed over time. In other words, says Oscar Peterson, it's not down at his piano, he can play with a repertoire of 22,000 half-minute sounds that are differentiable by the human ear.

At this point Karswell could have simply plugged all these sounds into a computer's memory and programmed it to call up (in the requisite sound where a particular key was struck at a particular loudness). The problem there would be that you'd need a warehouse full of computer memory. Even Steve Wozniak couldn't afford that much hardware—computer memory may be cheap now, but it's not that cheap—and he certainly couldn't go so far with it. Enter pattern recognition. Karswell set about finding patterns in the complex of sounds, so that a computer could be programmed to create a model for each sound. By finding the patterns, Karswell could compress the data the machine required, so that the Karswell 250, when it was finally developed, needed only a few dozen memory chips the size of dominoes.

Finally, Karswell had to find the outline of his design. It works something like this: Say Oscar Peterson sits down at the Karswell 250 and begins to play. At his first stroke of a key the master computer receives a signal that Peterson has struck middle G with a certain force. The master computer then sends to the ROM (read only memory) and asks it, "What would a piano note of this?" Essentially, Karswell has taught the ROM to think like a piano. The problem is that this sound model would still be unusable to Peterson. So the master computer turns to a third agent, a set of digital and analog computers, and asks it, "How can we give this back to Peterson in a form he'll understand?" This third agent understands that while Peterson thinks of notes in terms of such notes of "C like the A Thru's," what he really wants is a complex set of harmonies with unique frequencies and amplitudes. So the computers translate the information into a series of finely varying voltages. All in a matter of milliseconds.

Thus Karswell had completed what is still the great (invention) invention problem that is neither impossible nor so easy as it is to be accessible to only computers, then demonstrates that the problem could be solved through a series of concepts that have never been mined before (what Mike Ernst, in analyzing his own creative processes, called collage). Karswell also made sure his invention was human. Talking to music dealers and promoting the new publication, he found, in an informal way, that such a device would be marketable, and he thought about how that the necessary hardware would be both available and affordable. This requires some persistence, but it's not that hard to negotiate what technology will be around and how costs will increase or decline, not as the day he conceives his project but

three years down the road, when the device will actually be manufactured. In actuality, though, Karswell hadn't yet really envisioned what the difference between the old-style inventor, or even the contemporary scientist, and today's successful creative entrepreneur is (we or some sort of hard, often tedious, and almost always collaborative work. If the tracks were ever going to roll with those stacks of Karswell 250s, they wouldn't be making their palaces at Karswell's garage in Newton, he needed a team.

Luckily for Karswell, that's never been a big problem. "It's fun to work with someone that can," says one associate, explaining why he left the security of a bigger company to come work for Karswell. "Only Ray could further build on these ideas." Just keeping up with him can be pretty demanding, but it's a challenge his engineers respond to; as with Edison, Karswell's talent is inherently charismatic.

But Karswell is also able to attract people because of the "autonomous" nature of his products. There's a particularly true of the synthesizer, which has attracted a number of engineers who are talented musicians as well. "In most companies you're working on a little part that fits into a bigger part that fits into a bigger part that eventually gets shipped to the consumer," says one Karswell engineer. They're well aware that the most lucrative application of pattern recognition is not games but guidance systems for the cruise missile.

More crucially, in a world of engineers who wouldn't know a balance sheet from a balance wheel Karswell's business savvy may be as important as his scientific insight. Part of his business success lies in his ability to persuade investors. "It's very quiet, you know, and he speaks in a low tone of voice," says Bruce Chalkin, an engineer who was present at the creation of Karswell Music Systems. "But he tells the financial people, 'Oh, we can do this,' and they hold him in awe. They think of him as a big technical genius, which he is, but what they don't realize at the same time is that he's a financial genius, and he's very much aware of what effect what he's saying is having on them."

While he is still chairman of Karswell Computer and consults to a new variety of them, Karswell represents most of his time at Withness, developing the now-activated typewriter (still in an incubator stage) and developing new features for the Karswell 250. Karswell's two new companies, with a total capitalization of 100 million, have a considerable, but not yet realized, market. Karswell Computer, while the recording and data-entry machines had sales of \$2.2 million last year (only projected increases ten times that by 1990), Karswell Associates \$300 million a year ago, but still had a product that's expected to reach into the billions as voice-activated typewriters by 2000. He's playing with the big boys now—Kensal

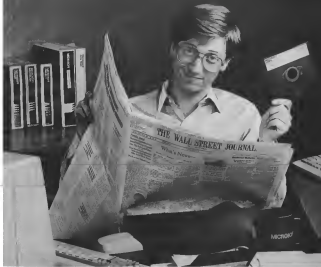
Wing have bought a full chunk of Karswell's Speech Systems, in a bid to crack their toughest problem to Karswell in the same way Western Union subcontracted to Edison. "Is he even needed?" asks Abe Zaven, the man who, as chairman of Kenex Development Corporation, negotiated the chunk that on January 21, 1986, made Ray Karswell a millionaire. "But if you had the nerve to think you could build a \$10 million business or a \$100 million business, you'd say, 'Yeah, guess a hell yes.' This guy's doing a building business of the multiple hundreds of millions of dollars in a short time, right? He tries to do it himself, he'll be it's that simple! Is he overconfident? If he's not overconfident, he will be. But he is very confident."

THREE AND THREE FIFTY MICROSOFT is a program called Project Access at New York's Mid-Manhattan Library, used by some thirty visually disabled people each week. One of Wednesday's "teachers," Mike Traber and Mike Dwyer, have come to the library instead. Mike lost part of his vision to a brain tumor when he was sixteen. Mike's has been blind since birth. "At times I think I live here," Mike says. He's reading the American Library Directory to trained librarians. He is looking for a job. Mike is reading a biography of Thomas Merton. "I sort of feel guilty using it for pleasure," Mike says.

Both prefer the Karswell to volunteer readers, as well as to books on cassette. "It's a lot more natural," Mike says. "I'd never know where I'm going, when I can expect to get something done. It also makes me feel better to be able to do something on my own."

"You know, there are certain things you want to read that you don't want anyone to know you're reading," Mike says. "I do telephone bills. Mine was a silly little movie." She laughs.

If the essence of invention is freedom—each invention creates the person that she or he can sense of what's possible—then the Reading Machine is in a sense an archetype, for it has given those people a freedom they could never have imagined. As I watch them use the Karswell—Mike has moved to look on instruments. But to one or solar energy—placing the books that on what looks like an ordinary Xerox machine and learning with earphones to the speech that has the sound and cadence of a Swedish preschooler, I realize that it had gotten to a place that morning and traveling 200 miles to a corner one of the great wonders of all time: the first step to a new world. And for an instant I can speak into what it's like to be Ray Karswell, to live in a world of total freedom as such, not just in the way he has traveled, but in the world where the blind can read, the deaf can talk on the telephone, and one man can play a symphony. ☐



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# Arts & Letters

1984 Register

## An Explosion of Creators

There is no longer one cultural capital in America, though New York still manages to wield its fair share of clout. Everywhere today, first-rate writers, painters, dancers, and composers are scattered in profusion: from northern California to the Great Plains, from rural New England to tropical Florida—wherever the cultural climate affords adequate growing conditions.

This ubiquitous flowering, says Bernard Lopez, director of the New Mexico Arts Division in Santa Fe and a Register adviser, has as much to do with technology as with art. "The nuclear age, the space age, and the microelectronics age have transformed our society. With them come new languages, new images, and new metaphors. With instant communication, ideas have a much higher probability of colliding. Mental energy is bumping around at a high rate."

The present time and our recent past are marked not only by diversity and decentralization, but by a growing trend toward collaborative effort. It began in the Sixties, when artists' collectives and shared social values brought previously solitary artists together.

As the following pages attest, the collisions are occurring from New York to Vermont to Florida to the West Coast. Whatever the medium, the crescendo is loud and clear. The entire country is alive with the sight and sound of expression.

Still, living the artist's life in America is as economically hard as ever. The young men and women whose stories are told here draw sustenance from the progressive advancement of their work and the command of their audiences. As before, the artist subsists on faith and uncertainty. And—for all but the reclusive few—recognition.

Esquire is therefore pleased to honor and applaud the names that are included in our selection.



### HONOREES

**Will Ackerman**

**Record executive**  
Palo Alto, California  
Born November 19-69

**Anne Robinson**

**Record executive**  
Palo Alto, California  
Born January 31, 19-68

In 1975 building contractor/solo guitarist Ackerman produced an album of his own work, borrowing five dollars apiece from friends for the initial \$800 that founded Westhull Hill Records. The company's 1984 sales are expected to total \$30 million. His former wife, Anne (they were married in 1977, divorced in 1982), once the financial manager of a small Palo Alto bookstore, has been with the company from the outset and remains its president. The Westhull Hill sound defies traditional classification but may be described as introspective, environmental, atmospheric, and low-key. Westhull Hill records are also renowned for their high-quality recording and graphically expensive packaging. (See page 200.)



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## John Adams

### Composer

**Berkeley, California  
Born February 15, 1947**

Recently described as "the fastest-rising classical composer, and potentially the most influential of all," Adams is the composer-in-residence at the San Francisco Symphony. An advocate of new music in general, his own compositions are considered the most accessible of those of the minimalist composers (a group that includes Philip Glass and Steve Reich). Adams's work ranges from instrumental pieces to compositions for video syndromes and quadraphonic tape. A recipient of a Guggenheim Foundation fellowship in 1982 and two NEA grants, Adams is energetically committed to "furthering literacy in the context of music expression [and] conveying discourse to the academic domain." (See page 396.)

## Andrew Batey

### Architect

**Yountville, California  
Born December 22, 1944**

Batey and his partner, Mark Mack, are among the leading proponents of neoclassical architecture, a style of architecture reminiscent of ancient Roman and Greek temples. In the neoclassical style, the buildings often have columns and massive courtyards, but they are stripped bare, Batey says, "so that each building and its construction can be its own statement." Most of their projects have been private houses, but Batey would like to move on to larger buildings, to "go in circles." Batey received his master's in architecture from Stanford University in 1971 and has taught the subject at Princeton, UCLA, and the University of Pennsylvania; his drawings were included in the "Young American" architectural show that toured Europe in 1981. Batey and Mack were finalists in two important competitions this year: the competition to build the J. Paul Getty Museum in Los Angeles, and another—to design a house, library, and sculpture garden—sponsored by the Museum of Modern Art in San Francisco.

## Charles Bigelow

### Type designer

**San Francisco, California  
Born July 28, 1945**

Bigelow is an unusual blend of artist and scientist. He was already an established type designer when a night class at Harvard confirmed his interest in computers. "The most useful tool we have today is the computer," he says. "The problem we must solve is, Can the computer capture the aesthetics?" He has been working on that problem—the intersection, balancing, and blending of letters as they are translated from metal to digital form—since joining Stanford's faculty in 1982. A 1962-67 MacArthur Foundation fellow, Bigelow is now considered one of the foremost type designers in the country, certainly the most eminent of his generation. Another project of his involves the translation of Native American literature from oral to written form for the first time. With his partner, Kim Mohr, Bigelow is designing a phonetic alphabet for, among others, the Chinook language, which has been in danger of dying out because there are fewer than twenty people alive who can speak it.

## Thomas Bird

### Theater producer

**New York, New York  
Born September 1, 1943**

Bird decided to be an actor at an early age, when he was living with his family in the Cambodian-Vietnam border in 1966, waiting to be airlifted out. It never less became more after graduating from C. W. Post in 1971 with a B.A. in sociology and studying at the Lee Strasberg Theatre Institute in New York, he founded the Vietnam Veterans Ensemble Theatre Company (VETCO), the first theater in America designed by and for Vietnam vets. Since its formation in 1979, VETCO has received a \$25,000 start-up grant from the NEA, an award from the National Alliance of Businessmen for Significant Contributions to Jobs for

Veterans, and a continuing commitment of Ford's and Johnson's space from Joseph Papp and the New York Shakespeare Festival. Bird has produced original plays written by vets, revived war-drama classics such as Arthur Miller's *All My Sons* and Arthur Loeb's *House of the Rising Sun*, and taken his company to hospitals, prisons, vet rehab centers, and shelters for the homeless. Bird, like many other vets, readily admits now to a difficult adjustment period after he came back. On a well-documented emotional roller coaster, he was in a Thelma Houston treatment program for a while, and later he had to admit that his claim of having been a POW was false. "Bad mistakes, self-destructive, stupid" is how he characterizes that time of his life. Bird is now like someone back from the front, determined to make his second life work.

## André Bishop

### Theater producer

**New York, New York  
Born November 6, 1948**

Bishop was born and raised in New York and, after graduating from Harvard in 1970, came back to the city looking for his acting career. Finding little success, he walked into Playwrights Horizons, a nonprofit off-Broadway theater, and volunteered. He began by sharpening pencils and going out for coffee, and then, according to Robert Moss, Playwrights Horizons founder, "he began coming toward the pile of new plays." Since then, he has produced such notable works as Wendy Wasserstein's *Heart of the Lioness*, William Peter's *March of the Falcons*, Christopher Durang's *Sister Mary Ignacia Explains All the Things*, and Ted Tully's *Cosmic Attractions*. Using what someone (colleagues "grin" yelling) called that's also been called generous, supportive, kind, humorous, and modest, Bishop nurtures his playwrights, because, he says, "writers write because they have a talent, and talent needs to come out."

## John J. Casbarian

### Architect

**Houston, Texas  
Born December 12, 1948**

## Danny Samuels

### Architect

**Houston, Texas  
Born January 10, 1947**

## Robert H. Timme

### Architect

**Houston, Texas  
Born January 16, 1945**

As partners of Tilt Architects, Timme, Casbarian, and Samuels have shown an extraordinary ability to combine postmodern classicism with local architectural styles. "They have a distinctive feeling for the vernaculars of the places where they build," says architect Philip Johnson. "But it isn't imitation. They're very original." Working closely as a team on the design of each building, the partners have undertaken city halls, restaurants, country clubs, elementary schools, private houses, and restatements of historical buildings that have earned them more than twenty-eight awards and gained them worldwide recognition. The three first became friends as freshmen at Rice University in 1965. After graduating as architects, they went their separate ways until 1972, when they met up again in Houston and joined forces. Last year Tilt became one of the low architectural firms ever to have received three consecutive honor awards from the American Institute of Architects. Their drawings and photographs have been displayed in major architecture exhibits from Chicago to Venice.

## Pat Conroy

### Novelist

**Atlanta, Georgia  
Born October 26, 1945**

Pat James Conroy once said of Conroy that he "writes about various we neglect, to our detriment: courage, brotherhood, and victory over the difficult obstacles to authentic freedom." Conroy is the author of three strongly autobiographical novels, all



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of which have been made into major films: *The Water Is Wide* (1972) became the film *Cosmos*; *The Great Sand Sea* (1979) is the Robert Duvall and Michael O'Keefe Academy Award nomination when it was made into a film in 1980; and *The Lands of Dunes* (1980) earned Golden Globe Award for Best Film from the South. Based on the South as a "military land," Conway graduated with a B.A. from the Citadel in 1977. He is currently working on a new novel.

### Jay Craven

**Impresario**  
St. Johnsbury, Vermont  
Born October 28, 1939  
In St. Johnsbury, Vermont, it used to be that the only touch of culture was an annual concert by the Vermont Symphony Orchestra. That was before Craven stepped there. Founded the Craven Music and Arts Company, and began bringing world-class performers to the area, including the Oslo Ballet, the American Repertory Theater, B.B. King, and the National Dance Theatre and almost four hundred film reviews. A nonprofit corporation, Craven now administers a program to bring the arts to local schools. Craven got his start in this field in the early Seventies while working with John Lennon to produce cultural events and peace benefit concerts in small communities. An accomplished filmmaker, he directed and coproduced the documentary *Joan of the People* (Chicago's Latino Channel), a film that was included in the 1983 Latino American Film Festival. (See page 182.)

### Ed Dadey

**Woodworker**  
Marquette, Nebraska  
Born May 14, 1937  
Textile artist  
Marquette, Nebraska  
Born May 13, 1931

Ed and Jane Dadey first met in the ceramics lab at Nebraska's Kearney State College, where they were both studying art. Born and bred Nebraskaers, they married and moved to Marquette to settle in and pursue their individual crafts. A sculptor, woodworker, and painter, Ed Dadey is best known for his furniture designs. An exceptional blend of form and function, his furniture has the flavor of art nouveau but carries a highly personal stamp. Jane Dadey, a textile artist who has made colorful quilts, paper quilts, and large quilts to be used as wall hangings, was recently selected to participate in the latest project by artist Judy Chicago. For this endeavor, entitled *The Book Project*, she is making a five- by twelve-foot quilt, appliquéd with symbols that represent creation myths from around the world.

### Jim Dodge

**Writer/naturalist**  
Cazadero, California  
Born March 8, 1945  
Since moving a master's in poetry from the University of Iowa in 1969, Dodge has been a teacher, an angle picker, a carpenter, a professional gardener, a shepherd, and a woodworker. He says he has seen "maybe 17,200" faces his partner, but now he's the best-selling author of *Fish*. Originally published by City Market Books in Berkeley, the brief book went to four printings, which brought it to the attention of Simon and Schuster. They paid \$200,000 for the hardcover rights to it, and Ziglit Staff producer Robert Christoff bought the movie rights. The *Fish* phenomenon—as *The New York Times* called it—was cemented by author's participation in Ben Reesey and Tom Robbins' *Reverend Don's Grandchildren* called it "a tough-minded, grim-faced kind of little... about mortality" and its author "a uniquely original American writer." Dodge, who continues as an active, concerned partner in an environmental restoration firm in northern California, isn't gone fully smooth in his own career: how gone into research, writing, improving salmon beds, and planting trees. He says he "usually likes to sit around and talk about otoliths" (relationships between earth and plants) with poet Gary Snyder.

### Susan Dunn

**Opera singer**  
Urbana, Illinois  
Born July 28, 1954  
Dunn, who was born and raised in Bensenville, Illinois, began her singing career in her church choir. After graduating from Hesling College and receiving her master's in music from Indiana University, she appeared with the Milwaukee Symphony, the Minnesota Orchestra, the Erie Philharmonic, and the Opera Orchestra of New York. Her voice, which critics have compared to those of Edith Piaf and Bette Midler ("She seems to be able to find it effortlessly to the furthest corners of the hall"), has been praised equally for its size, strength, and purity. She remembers walking into a too-small room for an audition and trying to hear it. "Well, I remember my voice down to the size of the room, or I just put my hand to the left with the size of the room." Dunn's concert performances include both Carnegie Hall and Kennedy Center debuts and solo performances with the Atlanta Symphony and at the Richard Tucker Gala in Carnegie Hall. In 1983 she won three of America's most prestigious operatic competitions, the Richard Tucker Award (which carries the largest cash stipend in the field—\$45,000), Chicago's MGM-Dallas Opera Competition, and *The Dallas Morning News*—G. B. Dealey Award.

**Newspaper editor**  
Charlotte, North Carolina  
Born May 28, 1940

Ethridge grew up in the world of newspapers: his grandfather was the publisher of *Norfolk and the Courier-Journal* (Louisville) for a time, and his father was editor of the *Omaha Star-Press* in the late Sixties. After graduating from Princeton as a leader in 1971, Ethridge worked for AP in Boston. His first articles for AP were on the Pentagon Papers and the 1972 New Hampshire presidential primary, and now, as managing editor of *The Charlotte Observer* and *The Charlotte News*, he has helped direct these papers into other communities. In 1979 a violent storm devastated the North Carolina tobacco industry and its impact on tobacco (tobacco, a 1980 series reported on by novelist "Beverly" Long, "a cotton-and-wool disaster" and how the industry and the government it were ignoring health regulations. In the wake of this report, regulations were tightened and enforced, and *The Observer* was the *Ray Howard Award* from the Scripps Howard Foundation, the Robert F. Kennedy Award, and the George Polk Award, plus the Pulitzer (the public service) for the 1980 series. Ethridge says his career has enabled him to have a life "consistent with the values and beliefs I grew up with."

**Filmmaker**  
Missoula, Montana  
Born January 27, 1950

While deciding what she wanted to do when she grew up, Ferris went to commercial photography school. Studied at the University of Montana, and finally, Montana State, where she took film-making courses, wrote about her first film, placed several awards, wrote and produced *Overlooked*. Originally intended as a gift for a film series on wilderness women, the film starred Roy Tam and Concha Ferrell. It won high praise for its sensitive treatment of women and its portrayal of ordinary frontier life. Financed by a \$600,000 NEH grant (one of the largest ever given for a single film), it was a centerpiece in the largest event ever: the International Film Festival and has been shown in China as an ambassadorial statement by the U.S. State Department.

**Photographer**  
Beruit, Lebanon  
Born December 12, 1954

Known for his exceptional ability to be in the right place at the right time, Foley was the 1980 Pulitzer Prize and Associated Press Managing Editors (APME) award for his photographs of the

managers at the Siberia refugee camp in West Berlin in September 1982. After receiving M.F.A. from Indiana University in 1977, Riley joined AP in 1978, where he worked until January 1984, when he joined the staff of *Time* magazine. He was also nominated for a Pulitzer for his photographs of the 1982 bombing of the Marine barracks in Beirut.

## Carolyn Forché

**Poet/Journalist**  
New York, New York  
Born April 28, 1950

Joyce Kilmer often has written of Forché that she "weeds the political and the personal, addresses herself authoritatively to the exterior, historical world.... The cumulative power of the work is considerable." Born in Detroit, the eldest of seven children, Forché graduated from Michigan State in 1972 and received an M.F.A. from Bowling Green in 1975. After winning the first Series of Younger Poets Award in 1975 for her first poetry collection, *Goodbye Mr. Tombs*, she went on to receive an NEA grant in 1977, a Guggenheim Foundation grant in 1978, and the Lannan. She wrote in 1981 for *Time* magazine. Her first collection, *Between Us*, Much of this book was written about the time she spent in El Salvador, and Guggenheim fellowships. Active in PEN's Freedom to Write Committee and Selected Voices project, Forché has written extensively on El Salvador and Lebanon for *The Nation*, *The Progressive*, *The American Poetry Review*, and others. Having spent the winters of 1982-83 in Lebanon, she is currently writing a novel about the experience of being within a war as a citizen rather than as a soldier.

## William Forsythe

**Choreographer**  
Frankfurt, Germany  
Born December 10, 1946

Forsythe's working, dynamic choreography has dazzled audiences and critics alike. "He is quite simply the most talented choreographer to emerge in a decade," said *The New York Times*. Born in New York, Forsythe studied at the Julliard Ballet School before moving abroad to join the Stuttgart Ballet in 1973. Three years later he became the company's resident choreographer and began creating the forward-thinking works that have earned him wide recognition in Europe. His choreographed entry works for the Netherlands Dance Theater, including the acclaimed *Say the Dye*. Low Songs, originally created for a gala at the Munich Opera House in 1979, earned a sensation when the Julliard Ballet performed it in Los Angeles in New York in 1983, under the Julliard's Square Deal, a ballet that incorporates dialogue, light, and music: it was his first work choreographed for an American company. Forsythe is currently the director at the Frankfurt Ballet. "Ballet is not a theme," he has said. "It reveals itself. When I see ballet, I see history."

## James Galvin

**Poet/Teacher**  
Iowa City, Iowa  
Born May 16, 1951

**Poet/Teacher**  
Iowa City, Iowa  
Born May 16, 1951

Poets Jim Galvin and Jorie Graham may have retired forever the myth that a happy marriage between creative artists is possible only if they're each creating different art last possibility at opposite ends of the house. Born within hours of each other in the same parts of Iowa, Galvin and Graham currently share a faculty position at the Writers' Workshop at the University of Iowa. They also share a young daughter, Emily (after Dickinson). Galvin, raised in northern Colorado, graduated from Amherst College in 1974, then from the University of Iowa within M.F.A. in 1977. He won The National Discovery Award in 1976, then served as NEA poet-in-residence in 1978, and won his first collection of poetry, *Imaginary Theater*, in 1980. A recipient of an Ingram-Merrill Foundation grant in 1982, Galvin has published his second

collection, *Gifts of Mithras*, which was a runner in the 1985 open competition of the National Poetry Series. Of this book, poet-critic Marjorie Bell says, "Truly in the American grain... the achievement of talent, perfection, and superior craft." Graham, who spent much of her childhood in Europe, also went to Iowa for her M.F.A., after receiving her B.A. from New York University in 1973. She began acquainting herself with the Pushcart Prize in 1979 and 1981, the Ingram-Merrill Foundation Award in 1980, a Blumfeld Fellowship at Kutztown in 1982, a Guggenheim fellowship in 1983, and an NEA fellowship in 1984. Of her second collection *Arrows*, one reviewer wrote, "[H] gives passionate voice to that all-but-unconscious entity, the human soul."

## Dana Gioia

**Poet**  
New York, New York  
Born December 24, 1950

When Gioia left a Ph.D. program in comparative literature at Harvard to join M.F.A. degree at Stanford, he promised himself that no matter what direction his life took, he wouldn't stop writing and reading the literature he loved. Almost ten years later, in the midst of a challenging career as a publishing executive at a large American corporation, Gioia has completed his first manuscript of original poetry, has finished a memoir of poet Elizabeth Bishop, who was his teacher at Harvard, is poetry editor of *Imago* magazine and a frequent contributor and reviewer at *The Hudson Review*, is preparing a historical anthology of Italian poetry for publication, and is almost single-handedly driving interest in the poetry, essays, and short fiction of the late American poet William S. Burroughs, editor and co-founder of *The Hudson Review*, calls Gioia "extremely focused, yet neither his poetry nor his criticism is restricted to the academy. He definitely lives in a very real world, the world of business, yet he writes in a way that can be appreciated by anyone." And Howard Moss, longtime poetry editor of *The New Yorker*, says of Gioia (who sends each of his poems at least one hundred times), "He is an exceptional poet, critic, and journalist, perhaps the closest to a young Wallace Stevens we have in this country today."

## Alex Grey

**Artist**  
New York, New York  
Born November 20, 1953

A painter and performance artist, Grey has attracted attention and caused controversy by integrating accident and religion into his work. In painting, *Arcturion* (1980), included in the "Art for Art's Sake" exhibition, was the first painting to be shown in the "Art for Art's Sake" exhibition. Grey's work is a blend of accident and religion. In order to put his work into a spiritual framework, Grey of Grey's work included three children in white gowns, each holding a wooden crucifix. The work of waiting and of waiting, the work of waiting as work on a series of paintings dealing with archetypal relationships. Grey says of his work: "It comes from the Buddhist point of view: one should not cause pain to other people... You don't get off the wheel of suffering by killing other people."

## Beth Henley

**Playwright**  
Laurel Canyon, California  
Born May 8, 1952

Writer, the second-eldest of four daughters, was raised in Jackson, Mississippi, the daughter of a lawyer who served in the state legislature. Her mother acted as amateur producer of the New Stage Theatre in Jackson, and Henley would read the scripts for her mother brought home. After graduating from Southern Methodist University in 1974, Henley studied acting for a year at the University of Illinois, then went to Hollywood. When success as an actress was slow in coming, she first wrote a screenplay, then wrote *Crimes of the Heart*, a play set on a landscape not unlike the one in which she had grown up. None of the regional theaters would consider it, but a friend entered it in the annual playwright

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competition of the Actors Theatre of Louisville. Crowe was several centuries of the conquistador, then went on to be part of a regional theater in Baltimore, St. Louis, and finally the Manhattan Theater Club in 1981. Crowe of the River also won the New York Drama Critics' Circle award for best American play of the season, and later that year Hanley became the first woman in twenty-three years to win the Pulitzer Prize for drama. Crowe's latest play, "The House of the Spirits," is scheduled for the South Coast Repertory Theatre's 2004-05 season. She approaches her characters from an actress's point of view, believing closely in what they have to say about the southern gothic tragedy that takes their lives and makes them run wild. One 1990 play it was "When Beth Kinsley is really dying, her creaky voice has the craned-up listening sound of a Rebel yell."

**Actor/town**  
**New York, New York**  
**Born April 11, 1950**

Born in California and raised in Oklahoma, Irwin studied theater at "wildcat colleges," including UCLA, California Institute of the Arts, and Oberlin, where he earned his B.A. He attended the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey circus school, then moved to the Public Family Circus in San Francisco. Then led to a role as Hunk Garry in Robert Altman's *Big Bad Mama*. A clown who is "devotedly serious about clowning," Irwin has been writing, producing, and touring his own eclectic work since 1979, earning critical comparisons to Buster Keaton, Charlie Chaplin, Emmet Kelly, and Marcel Marceau. Irwin's Obie award from The Village Voice, for "inspired clowning," called him a "mystery punch troupe leader." "I have pretensions," Irwin says. "I thought acting and pushing the limits of postmodern avant-garde theater as far as I can."

**Sound artist**  
**Cambridge, Massachusetts**  
**Born March 14, 1950**

Using electronic wizardry, Christopher Janney explores the relationship of sound and movement. His piece *Soundbath* makes use of a series of electronic sensors placed along the edge of an empty stage. The sensors scan for progressive musical notes, so when a dancer moves up and down the stairs, it sounds as if he is walking on the keys of a musical instrument. His *Zone Zone* uses a system of sensors, cameras, and an electronic sensing device figured up so that whenever the dancer moves, the synthesizer lets out a sound that reflects the speed and location of the movement. The dancer then creates his own musical patterns by choosing the notes in the dance. Janney received a B.A. from Princeton in 1973 in visual arts and architecture and in 1978 won one of the first students to receive an M.F.A. in art from MIT. His work has been exhibited at the Boston Institute of Contemporary Art, at New York's Skopelone Space as part of John Cage's seventy-fifth birthday celebration, and at other locations in the U.S. and Europe.

**Artist**  
**New York, New York**  
**Born November 6, 1945**

Janney has been called a "process sculptor, earth artist, Red and New Image Theater" but says, "I'm just a guy who wants his living things to live." Born and raised in New England, Janney says that he "always drew things in a very abstract way, and I was doing abstract work in high school and then attended the Massachusetts College of Art in Boston. He dropped out after two years and went to New York, doing odd jobs, until he was discovered by noted art dealer Richard Baskin. Initially Janney made sculptures; then in 1980 he returned to painting, borrowing what one critic called "the quasi-surrealist maverick of the New York art world." Janney now shows and sells his own work with benefit of a dealer or gallery affiliation, taking long periods of time to finish a painting ("I want

to get it right the first time"). A chorus of the critics has clamored and so Janney says, "I wait to be unique, not part of any crowd or trend. I want them to say, 'Janney brought logic to realism.'"

**Doll maker**  
**Alton, New Hampshire**  
**Born February 28, 1930**

Langton creates hand-carved wooden dolls that not only are works of art but also move in ways dolls never have before. Langton, who studied art at the University of New Hampshire, was making furniture, wooden signs, and small wooden carvings when, in 1960, T.C. Pines asked him to carve a doll for use in the film *The Golden Pond*. Katherine Hepburn approved the doll he made, and Langton's doll-making career was launched. He has since produced thirty-three dolls, with subjects including a violinist holding a violin and a fly fishermen that can be manipulated through the entire motion of his sport. One doll in the works, a woman, has a newly created joint that can pull the figure's shoulders up to its ears, enabling it to yawn voluntarily. It takes Langton approximately two hundred hours to make each doll, and each one has about fifty-six separate parts. His work will for from \$2,500 to \$4,000 apiece through galleries, craft shows, and word of mouth.

**Archivist**  
**Amherst, Massachusetts**  
**Born June 12, 1935**

In 1975, as Lansky studied for his M.A. in Eastern European and Jewish studies at McGill University, he learned that as far as he and his colleagues located the old and well-spent texts they needed for research, their material just as valuable was being thrown out, burned, or just plain lost. Largely seeped out by the Holocaust and by Stalin's purge of Yiddish writers in 1952, the Yiddishist was continued with the assimilation of Yiddish-speaking immigrants in America. Lansky decided something had to be done. Now, as founder and executive director of the National Yiddish Book Center in Amherst, Massachusetts, Lansky has sides over more than three hundred thousand books, including a Yiddish copy of Marx's *Das Kapital*, a collection of poetry by famed American Yiddish poet Allen Ginsberg, and a volume on Sholem with illustrations by Marc Chagall. All were found and rescued by Lansky and his two-hundred-plus volunteers in what may be the only completely grass-roots, non-profit organization in the country. Lansky's efforts, including one roadshow Atlantic ride from Boston to New York City to rescue over five thousand books in a Manhattan dumpster have been supported by many colleges as well as by major Jewish intellectuals such as Saul Bellow and Albert Einstein. Some of the books, after being catalogued, have gone into libraries in twenty countries and to the YIVO Institute for Jewish Research and the Library of Congress.

**Composer**  
**Somerville, Massachusetts**  
**Born September 5, 1915**

Lee's background in jazz and pop music leads harmony and vitality to his classical compositions. Born in China, Lee and his family left for Hong Kong at the time of the Communist takeover. When he was in his twenties, he and his father, a professional singer and dancer, moved to Brazil. There Lee took up the clarinet, formed a band, and started playing at dances. He moved to the U.S. in 1946 (he became a naturalized citizen in 1979, got a bachelor's degree in music, and earned the New England Conservatory of Music to study jazz composition). Lee won his first composition, the Knawerstein Tangweld Composition Prize, in 1958, and after earning his doctorate in composition from Harvard, he went on to win many more, including first prize in the Second Festival International Composition Competition and the first prize Newberry Center Freedom Award in 1985 for his work *Third String Quartet: Child of Umanca, Father of Zena*. Lee is a founding



member of Congress in Red Sox season, a Boston-based contemporary composer's perspective, that is—with due credit, humorous performance style—actively exposing a wider audience to new music.

## M. G. Lord

### Political cartoonist

New York, New York  
Born November 18, 1955

Lord was raised in southern California ("where I always drew melonoid pictures"). Before graduating from Yale in 1977, she was a cartoonist for the Yale Daily News and studied with Bill Mauldin (creator of *WW II's* Willie and Joe and Garry Trudeau, whose says of her work, "M. G. Lord is a no-prisoners-til' while at Yale, she read and admired political philosopher Hannah Arendt, who, like Lord, worked in a male-dominated tradition but, Lord says, "never approached philosophy differently just because she was a woman." Lord worked at the Wall Street Journal and the Chicago Tribune before going to drawing, where her cartoons appear five times a week. Julia Paffler calls her recent book, *After the Storm* (Little, Brown, 1993), "smart, tough, funny, and original." Lord Mauldin, whom Lord sees as her mentor, says of her, "The good political cartoonist is not so much angry—more, capable of outrage." Lord, who long ago stopped allowing people to call her Mary Grogan, says *political cartoonist* is an honorable, strategic, scientific label. Lord's most recent changes that her work is sometimes hostile, cynical, rebellious, or angry, she staunchly maintains that cartoonists are "water off the back of a very recently constructed duck."

## David Mamet

### Playwright

Vermont/New York

Born November 26, 1947

Mamet has had a varied career that has run the gamut from being a captain actor for *Guinevere* to winning the 1984 Pulitzer Prize for Drama for *Glengarry Glen Ross*. He has acted in community theater, been a lecturer at Second City, and wrote the screenplay for *Terms of Endearment*, *The Untouchables*, *Witness*, and *The Untouchables*. He has been a student and a teacher at Goddard College in Vermont (where he received his B.A. in 1969), received a CBS Creative Writing Fellowship at Yale Drama School (1970-71), and written such award-winning plays as *Amateur* (Holt), *Speed* (Penguin in Chicago), *The Italian* (Farrar), *Jack* (Holt), and *Glengarry Glen Ross*, which before the Pulitzer was named the best play of the 1990-91 season by the Society of West End Theatres in London. Born and raised in Chicago, Mamet is a frequent contributor to *The New York Times* and *Play*. One critic says his work is filled with "the call to action, to love facts and proceed with life," and that "it's not business, that's just the way the American works." About the business he's in, Mamet says, "There are grown men and women trying to keep a tradition back.... This stuff is not chopped liver."

### Artist

Michael C. McMillen Santa Monica, California  
Born April 6, 1940

McMillen is known for his minimalist and full-scale constructions of pieces familiar to lower-class Americans. He has no trained pool balls, guitars, drums, and televisions. His work is both representational and evocative. For example, his *Flamingo* (Dover) installation consists of a scale-model rhapsody draped in space over a desert landscape, lit with lasers. William Wilson, art critic for *The Los Angeles Times*, saw McMillen's replica of an artist's studio and remarked that "it captured the mystery and ambiguity of any artist's life... the idea of people in run-down conditions pursuing their dreams in a real world that might be rather tedious." Although he started his career career with the intention of pursuing a science major, he made a "major midcourse correction" and went on to receive his B.A. in art. Later he earned his M.A. and M.F.A. from UCLA. He was selected in one of eleven artists included in the 1983 "New Prope-

ties in American Art" show at the Graceland. His work has been shown at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, the Walter Art Center in Minneapolis, and the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C.

## Susan Clay Meiselas

### Photojournalist

New York, New York  
Born June 21, 1948

Of the journey that took her from middle-class New York to Central America, Meiselas says, "Loops are loops.... You can't trace all the footage." After graduating from Sarah Lawrence in 1970 and receiving a master's in education from Harvard in 1975, she worked with filmmaker Rodrick Warren on his documentary *Rainy Season*. Influenced by her mother, an active community service volunteer, Meiselas then developed a photographic curriculum in the South Bronx and in rural southern schools. Her next stop was Central America, where she was the Overseas Press Club's Robert Capa Gold Medal for Distinguished Reporting for her compelling photographs of Nicaragua in 1978. Only the second woman to be honored since the award's inception, Meiselas and colleague Harry Marmosa, with whom she collaborated on a new book titled *El Sendero*, says of her commitment and convictions, "She has the most realistic moral imperative in our profession." (See page 185.)

### Choreographer

Paul Mejia Chicago, Illinois/New York  
Born October 20, 1947

Mejia is building the Chicago City Ballet into a major American dance company by designing ballets that fit the youthful company's needs and strengths. He came to the prestigious School of American Ballet at age eleven. Later he danced with the New York City Ballet under choreographer George Balanchine and with Maurice Bejart's Ballet du XXe Siecle. He began choreographing while with Bejart, and he joined the Chicago City Ballet in 1981. Through his years with Balanchine, Mejia gained a mastery of the Balanchine style, which he has captured as the leader he has created for the Chicago City Ballet. His major choreographic works include *Concervale*, designed in 1981 around his wife, New York City Ballet star Suzanne Farrell; the 1983 *Mykara* Holmes, and the 1984 premiere *For Pina*, *Preferencia*, *Four Dances* for Dancers, and *Just a Year*.

### Museum curator

Charles Moffett San Francisco, California  
Born September 10, 1945

In 1981 Moffett became the curator of nineteenth-century European painting at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. He was, therefore, one of the youngest curators ever at the Met. Moffett himself remarks, "I was at the right place at the right time." There he initiated the critically acclaimed Maestri show in the fall of 1980 and directed the completion of its impressive 548-page catalog. Just prior to the opening of the Maestri show Moffett accepted an offer to become the curator in charge of paintings for the Fine Arts Museum of San Francisco (the M.F.A., the Young and the California Palace of the Legion of Honor). His goal is to make fine art in San Francisco "a much more significant force." Moffett was a Ford Foundation fellow in 1968-70 and an Andrew W. Mellon Fellow in 1975. (See page 178.)

### Novelist

Tim O'Brien Cambridge, Massachusetts  
Born October 1, 1940

O'Brien, born and raised in Massachusetts, thought he might be a journalist or law bull player when he grew up. Instead, after graduating from Massachusetts College in 1962 and a tour of duty in Vietnam, he has become an early and active contributor to what *The New York Times* called the "Vietnam War into the open." Beginning with *IFT* in a *Cashel Zone* (Selected by *The New*

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too big for him—and a loose female has outgrown her ability to fit in his hands. Indeed, below his knees his legs look outward like a bandaged legged crow's. The points in his fingers are knobby, and when he uses his hands to gesture, as he does now, his fingers arch at odd angles from one another, as if they were broken and did not heal quite right. His face is reddish all over, as though he has been something at it with a stubbly washcloth, and there are dark lines on either side of his mouth.

"That was the first thing they wanted cut," he says. He would not cut the pretty self-portrait, nor, for that matter, would he cut anything else from the musical: depending on whom you talk to, the evening ran from three to four to five hours under his direction. Its roughness made the cast and the producers nervous and was one of several reasons why Sellers got fired. But it is the cutting of this speech after his dismissal that he seems to have craved all of his musical life on. Underneath the snide tone says, "They didn't know what I was doing, but what can you expect?" his stubborn and still-fresh anger. By "they" he means what he calls "theater professionals," and when he uses the words, it is clear how he feels about them.

The theater professionals included Tommy Tune, who starred in the show with Tuguey and took over as director; choreographer Thelma Walsh, who helped direct after Sellers left; Peter Stone, who composed the book; the producers, and Mike Nichols, who was brought in to help reshape the evening. But it is Tommy Tune, the dancer-turned-director of *Chicago* and *Milk*, whom Sellers singles out for comment, and his voice is bright and bright when he talks about him, the voice of the lion.

"I wanted to learn from him but not enough. He didn't really want to learn from me. I should have been more humble, but I was the director."

The remark is not simply Sellers playing the polemic, the brilliant bore, although he has played that part too—in a jocular but almost still to be disliked by a few theater professionals. He has, in his career, yet to lose the grip which drove that comes his words with irony, sarcasm, distance.

I am the director. In these four words lies the rub of it, of the tradition Sellers means. The rise of the director is one of the central controversies of modern-day theater: more-powerful, as important perhaps as any single playwright, and not unlike the rise of the actor in the film world. Before the turn of the century there was no such term. The closest thing to a director was an actor-manager who could make that stage craft weren't choked by clumsy props and that the actors showed up on time. But the beginning of modern the-

ater in Europe made the director natural and necessary. Under his voice and influence to unify onstage, the new theater made the spoken word simply part of a stylized, formalistic whole, all in a mix with music and movement and sets and lighting. The director was the originator of all these elements, not merely a boss in any production but its spirit, its creative genius, the man behind what Sellers would call the concept. I am the director, it is my vision, not the writer's or the star's or the producer's, due to the cry shared by all of the respectable art directors in our country, from Vivian Merygold to Max Baumbach to Elmer Proctor to Sergio Escarot to Gordon Gray to Antonia Artaud to Peter Brook to Jerry Greenwald to Joseph Chum to Imogen Bergman to Anders Selvig to Robert Wilson to Richard Foreman to Van Lyubenko. These men are Sellers's heroes, he has read everything there is to read about them, and with the roughness of an abstract scholar, it is their earnest lives and schooling

**To expect him to stage a production in a conventional or straightforward way is like looking for the trees and flowers in an abstract painting.**

productions that dance in his head.

"He didn't want to play," says Thelma Walsh. "He wanted to be studied."

"I don't like 'I'm truly arrogant,'" says Sellers. "I just feel very strongly about some things." I am the director.

Sellers was graduated from Beta Kappa House at Harvard University in 1980. Among the other awards and prizes he has been given is a \$500,000 grant from the MacArthur Foundation, which he received the same week that he was fired from *My One and Only*. (The so-called prize grant is a no-strings gift awarded usually to an eclectic mix of people in the arts and sciences who are involved in unusual research or projects. No one applies for it, nor are recipients expected to produce any results for the foundation.) The members of the Boston press, whom Sellers names

to charm into a kind of abstract affectation, refer to him with deprecatory, regularly wonderful and an exuberant terrible "original" and "innovative" come up so often that the eyes glaze, and they tend to make Sellers sound as weightless and wondrous as the words used to describe him. It is forever the boy who put a Lincoln Continental onstage as a production of *King Lear*, or the boy who staged *Death and Christopher* in a swimming pool, or the boy who had Don Giovanni spent his life with a hypodermic needle. These allusions, and the anecdotes that his fans—people like the alarm newsletter describing the statue pulled off at the museum piece—have helped make Sellers already the best-known theater director of his generation. But they also make his work sound merely easy, offhanded and generous, and they turn Sellers into a curious and irritating man.

He has not always discouraged the comparison—"I wished that play to ribbon," he will say, "a promise. Yet it's a promise"—and productions have suffered from too many easy, self-congratulatory moments. But he does not, at his best, work in an arbitrary or pious manner. For all his jumpy talk, he is almost fearfully serious, obsessive. He does not shirk simply to be contrary; he cannot work any other way. To expect him to stage a production in a conventional or straightforward way is like looking for the trees and flowers in an abstract painting. He writes the way he thinks, and he thinks like the true child of modernism that he is—socially, with an insistence on joining participants, on making the old speak to the new. He is fond of saying that Musset's *Don Giovanni* is about "the last line," a single perfect word to Sellers is given a prolonged a worldwide and to have been shut up during the champagne aria—"an era of oblivion," he says. Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado* made him think of corporate Japan, as the skyline showed by logos for Seiko and Daimaru and Coca-Cola, and Yano Yano was a forty-year-old holding a hat comb. Handel's *Orlando*, an opera about a traveling knight, was greeted by a vast non-temporary lead of bars. Orlando became an instrument, and the opera took on a new dimension, the three singers, and on Mars. His choices may be surprising, but they are not obscure or particularly hard to get.

Sometimes the productions are too heavy, too full of flowers and sophisticated ideas. Some productions, which he received the "Annual Award" prize. The Mikado, not because it was so-far-fetched but because singers were expected to perform tricky bits of stage business, including rolling on the floor, as they sang, appearing more times and making them hard to hear. For *My One and Only*, performed last spring at the Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis, he copied

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Gershwin songs with Gorky's Chekhovian *Snowflake*. Americanizing the play by giving characters names like *Bubs* and *Maudie* and staging in American idiom.) But some of the insights and ideas have been astonishing, especially theatrical. While a student at Harvard, Sellers directed *The Auguster General*, Gorky's satire on life in provincial Russia; part of the play was performed in front of flickering candles that lit the foot of the stage, as in candlelight-in-theater theater. In recent characters made their entrances and exits by popping in and out of trapezoids. At the Boston Shakespeare Company, the small theater where he was art director for a year before taking the Kennedy Center job, Sellers gave his Chekhov actors three Boston plays to create an entryway that was, in his words, "as complex as life. While two people are falling in love, you and I are paying for someone to be killed in Nicaragua. Both things are happening simultaneously; you are not watching the other. If you look very hard, you find they may be the same thing. It's the yin and yang, the equalization of opposites." The evening works Chekhov's lesson, raising muddy against hesitating reason and the logic of the world, and, in the end, both funny and as foolish as the characters in *Pecked's* parody.

For the most part, critics have been as ready kind to Sellers as has the rest of the press, but even their approvals seem to rather have issued as if he and his ideas had dropped out of the sky, so if he had invented the word *avant-garde*. But if we think a Lincoln Continental onstage in *Lucy* is innocent, it's worth noting that in 1955, it is up an evening of "fantastic and absurd" that "at least one" of the evening's dances. Eric Seid appeared onstage in a disruptive fire-hazardous *Civilian*, and that not too long after the term of the century Pecked Weekend author of *Pecked's* idea, seemingly manifested and understood as part of the relevant art.

One reason for the critics' eagerness to be startled may be the nature of our theater. Mainstream American theater has always been rooted in realism. Our official national playwright—O'Neill, Miller, Williams, etc.—were all realists, and the directors most of us are familiar with use the area which staged definitive productions of their work: Jose Quintero for O'Neill, Elia Kazan for Miller and Williams, Harold Clifton for O'Neill. Sellers, on the other hand, is steeped in a European tradition of avant-garde drama that has proponents here but has never been as widely embraced. The tradition dates to the beginning of the movements that made up the first wave of modernism in art: Symbolism, futurism, constructivism, Cubism, expressionism, Dadaism, and surrealism. In theater the movement was away from plot and intense action, away from the supremacy of the written word, toward

abstraction and spectacle and the incorporation of older, more visual forms.

The revolution had been anticipated in the nineteenth century. Richard Wagner, for example, had called for a Gesamtkunstwerk, meaning simply "total art work," a fusion of music and drama and dance and visual art. The futurists in Paris and London and Moscow were the first group to put the principles of modernism into practice consistently. For their cabarets they buried dogs, served poetry to music by Satie and Debussy, created "noise music," experimented with marionettes and mechanical figures. The Dadaists and surrealists staged outrageous cabarets, satirical and obscure.

Actually, the dancer to realize what early modernism meant was Meyerhold, who worked in Russia during the Twenties and was finally sentenced by Stalin and led to die in prison. Meyerhold is the brightest star in Sellers's constellation of heroes. Sellers wrote his thesis about him at Harvard and has directed four plays that Meyerhold directed, in order to "walk in some of these footsteps." Meyerhold restaged classics like Gorky's *The Auguster General*, cutting and adding characters as he saw fit, taking their out of realistic settings and giving their breathtakingly abstract sets. He staged plays in factories and other locales outside the theater, and made the theater he had actors perform in the miles and in the culture, he led his productions with stylized movement, dance, music, he made his revolutionary politics a part of every piece.

Most of Sellers's "movements" are grounded in his hero's and others' work. He, too, has blended music into every production. He, too, has staged theater in strange places, but put actors in aisles, hung their live-batching girls, flown them over the audience, has never missed an opportunity to make a political point in a play or an opera (*Amelia*, Haydn's opera about the Crusades, was set in Vietnam, and Seid was staged as a *Wagnerian* deity). He is, at the very least, a most acute student of theater history.

Modernism in theater is far from unknown in America. The young Orson Welles, Arthur Hays Sulzberger, and Arthur Schnitzler (the last not American born) have all done important work, as have more recent directors such as Robert Wilson, Richard Foreman, Elizabeth Le Compteur, Lyle Kessler, and Joe Alton. But Sellers is welcome now, as our theater of realism settles into a wheezy acceptance. Most good young directors and would-be playwrights now work in movies, in any event, most American would rather go to the movies than watch complex and convincing portrayals of "reality" onstage. Most of us Americans go to the theater the way we go to church: very rarely, usually dragged by an older relative, rarely

because it is every bit as dull as we remembered it. Sellers may or may not disappoint our Meyerhold, but maybe he will get some of us back to the theater.

AT HOME O'CLERK THE HINGED SELLERS is in the Eastern Airlines Shuttle Terminal at La Guardia Airport, having just missed his flight to Boston. He has letters in New York for a few days to cast *Hang On to Me*, which he will direct in two months' time. Auditioning actors who are strangers to him is not a task he enjoys, he admits most professional theater and hardly ever goes, which means that he is not familiar with many actors' work, which means that he often has to see long bits of their auditions before he can make a casting choice.

He looks happy. He has rounded red lips, eyes are red-rimmed and the ends of his sentences dissolve into a giggling, tsch-tsch-tsch-tsch-tsch. The laugh is not every pose at this time, restriction for long and many minutes with too little sleep. "I haven't taken a shower in three days," he says, as if this were a achievement of some kind.

Besides the suitcases, other business accounts for his tangled look. He has spent every day with a *Wagnerian* deity on *Snowflake*. The play actors to him, he says, giving a cue of grateful pace in the terminal's bus, "as if it were written yesterday." Gorky's play, written on the eve of revolution, is about the bourgeoisie in a summer colony, trapped in silent cars, paralyzed, mechanical, unresponsive. "This play is about all the people who've made it, and then what," he says, about "realizing that they are something to the proletariat that brought them into the world, that they are creating the shareholders of their success." The set has been designed with this idea in mind: standing on the stage will be fifteen foot-high black-and-white figures, the monolithic "ghosts" of the present bourgeois. At the moment, though, Sellers is still "trying to get Gorky right," to understand the writing and translate it faithfully. He has also been selecting the Gershwin songs for the evening. The show's musical director will be Gershwin, Sellers's friend and collaborator, who was also found in *My Own Only Hang On to Me* is Sellers's revenge on *My Own Only*. He is doing it, he says, "to get this Gershwin out of my system."

Involvement in working on *Hang On to Me* Sellers must mean with the small staff at the Boston Shakespeare Company to make a finance: an adaptation of *Shakespeare's Twelfth Night* has come onstage before others and have even begun. The actors, it seems, do not like the adaptation, by an associate director at the BSC, and have refused to rehearse it.

Sellers seems to take pleasure in receiving his response to matters—this must be done by tomorrow, that disaster must



be involved today—as if life must be abundantly well-filled and cross-oddified to be interesting, or worthwhile, or justified. He sees his producers the same way. He takes them about "making the audience work," about making them "eat, drink, lust, or be punished," about "giving the audience just as much as they can stand." It is one reason his productions tend to be long, a RSL evening of Richard's *Play* and *Macbeth* lasts several hours, asking an audience to sit through both plays in a personal and almost perverse challenge.

SELLERS'S MANNER, EVEN WHEN HE is very kind even when he has no cause to speak to someone, is unbuttoned, exuberant, and a little bit off. He is, in a word, a clown. It is the perfect cover, a manner that suggests an easy stability and interest and may even amuse. "Your never panicked," says Thornton. "If I had assumed that, I would have liked it. I would have been relieved. It's like, 'Oh, gee, did you have a good day today?'"

Sellers is a consummate lord of his productions, even—or especially—the disasters. He will coordinate them in his own terms, and then spend many minutes describing an escape, or piece of music, or moment from one of them. His production of *Macbeth*, his satiric *Brother*, he says, "was one of the most horrible things I've ever seen," then, delighted, he tells how he managed the futuristic Russian resistance in present-day America with "bubble people" pushing supermarket carts to Miami editions of "Lena's Theme" and "Theme Were the Days."

When he is amused enough to play his own director, he laughs contemptuously, head, lurching into the seconds as if he is going for it—and rocks back and forth. He involuntarily mimics the actors' gestures, pointing at they point, stamping a foot, mimicking their lines. At the same time, he says it would be like to watch his productions. "No secret stop worrying. The tension is through my stomach in a knot."

He sleeps four or five hours a night often less, one later on the floor. He only recently got credit cards, even before his checkbook broke, and he recently found an accountant to help with his taxes so that he will not, in his policy, go to jail.

In Boston he had no phone in his residence for five months. After a year, he recently got the new carpeting, but yet to undertake a renovation, and fans have died at the corners. The stove in the kitchenette has never been used. The only job, or jobs, and showers, are one disposable toilet, a tub of hot water, a hair dryer, a convenient sink, and a toothbrush. The only piece of furniture in the bedroom is a blue mat, for sleep-over guests.

He doesn't smoke or drink, and he larks often—"yes, wonder," says *Newswatch*

critic Jack Kroll, who has written about him often "what his vital residents are."

He rarely returns phone calls to the theater and lets days go by without opening his mail. Regularly every two years he goes on a long trip. He has been to India, Russia, China, Japan, and Southeast Asia and studied theater there in all of them. The only things he spends money on, he says, are books and records. He refers to himself as "a scholarly stickler for truth"; he is fond of learning to read, and often prints plot summaries to help students follow an opera or play, and writes long program notes for each production that almost sweetly stress audience self-education.

He is embarrassed by questions about even innocuous details of his past or private life, as if he were being found out. Like a comedian, he is always "on," except that his subject matter is not joke shot theater, music, music, his work. As two of his actors on the theater he will talk passionately about D. W. Griffith, Alfred

**"Nobody would hire me to do anything. I was mud," he says with a bravado both touching and irksome. "Everybody was delighted when they could say, 'See, he's nothing.'"**

Hitchcock, Welles, noted Soviet director Stan Ljytkov.

"Peter's private life is practically nonexistent," says Greg Smith, a stage assistant and one of Sellers's closest friends. "He'll talk about his sister once in a while—his mother about his constantly in a very indirect way." Quiet Sellers, twenty-five years old, lives in California. "He talks about where he's been. I remember when he came back from India, it made quite an impression on him." Smith then considers a moment, as if he would like to be recommended, would like to offer his own version of his director's private and "Mud," he says, giving up, "we talk about art."

Like his mother and grandfather, Sellers is a practicing Christian Scientist, and he does not like to talk about this, either

"Your work is your public event," he says. "Your religion is your private event."

He does not take medicine of any kind, and when asked if he has ever had serious health problems, he says, "The usual common problems, which aren't really a problem, is this bizarre way my body's been put together. I have this elaborate bone disease where none of my bones are straight." He laughs quickly. "They all move in their own directions. But I get around perfectly well."

SELLERS GROWED UP IN PITTSBURGH in a middle-class neighborhood called Square Hill with his mother, an English teacher who now lives in Japan, and his father, his father left the family and moved to Phoenix, Arizona, when Sellers was in the fourth grade. "He teaches video courses." Does that mean courses in operating videotape cameras? "I guess," says Sellers. "It's kind of weird, I don't know."

Does he see his father? "Not a whole lot."

"It would be correct," he says, for a reporter to try to contact his father. "The sad thing is you know more about me than he does."

It has often been written that when Sellers was five, his father took a small plane so that Peter could conduct along to records that were important to Peter was a fascination with flowers, and their with snakes. When he was nine, he began collecting snakes and reptiles, bringing them in cages in his bedroom and on the back porch. He had parrots, and small respect snakes, and guinea pigs and turtles and tortoises, but the prize of the collection were a bee collector and a snail, yellow-striped cut snake, which Sellers says was "beautiful." It is an irremovable and not altogether unpleasant image—the little boy, small even by age-prior-child standards, playing with a delicate-to-the-sense snake, it does not seem to have ever occurred to him to have thought twice about it. "What makes a snake gentle is a lot of handling. Until you do that they tend to bite." The fascination played itself out in the same way he had moved to California for a year.

But the collector's impulse to master his subject matter, to know, to categorize, to "own" the subject by mastering its anatomy—tenderly written by their steps and steps in one that Sellers claims with him still. He tends to bring books and records in acts—all of a composer's or author's work—and he directs in the same compulsive fashion, the only way he "knows" work is to direct it, and it is one reason he has decided to stop playing. "I think he has discarded a work he once did, in a way, it is part of his collection."

Sellers began working with puppets when he was ten years old. Margaret Levick, who was a children's puppet theater

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in Pittsburgh, newsmen that he approached after one concert. "The darling little cherubard, Mimi Lovelace, I've come to apply as an apprentice," I thought, "Oh my God, we're getting babies." Sellers joined the ranks of young apprentices at the theater, making puppets, pulling the curtain, and doing what they were, manipulating the concertos. The shows included *Rosini and Grisel*, *Little Red Riding Hood*, and *Jack and the Beanstalk*, during the week he and his sister and a friend staged Sellers's version of these shows at Backlot Theaters and Marzars, a clubbed by his mother in the lovely station wagon.

Sellers maintained that his theatrical principles were grounded in his experience at the puppet theater. These, for example, of music: "Kids want to still be *Jack and the Beanstalk*. But what will make them at all is if there's a *Night on Bald Mountain* playing underneath the mant. Then, automatically, the kids pay more attention." But his training was not wholly in fairy tales. Once a year, Margot Lovelace staged grown-up plays with puppets and actors, and Sellers helped out at those performances too. At fifteen, he told a newspaper interviewer that he wanted to be a puppeteer who he grew up, but he spoke like his puppeteer: "Kids like a drama. 'What's your person can do everything,' he said, 'no my conception can be complete.'"

At *Andover Academy*, near Boston, Sellers became that favorite high school character, Whorin brother, who'd had his but his messy manner, and so an explanation, "becoming" each anguished object. For one drama class he refused to buy the anthology for the second term—"I know a lot about drama, and I couldn't believe to this man who was doing production of *The Fiddlers*," and the teacher, in a written evaluation, referred to him as "a glib, unassuming, and bulldozed young man interested only in boosting his own ego."

"I'm awfully obnoxious," says Sellers. "Even more obnoxious than I am now." He was definitely the student who did plays on the main stage, plays like *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, and he had as much contempt for them. He found a place for himself in the off-theater theater, instead, staging *Amadeus* at *Amadeus du Maine*, a *Play of the City* "was environmental theater before I knew that environmental theater existed," that surrounding the audience and above them and below them and around them and in them, and *Stravinsky's Mother de Solent*, with people, puppets, and full orchestra.

After he graduated from *Andover*, Sellers and his sister and mother, who "has done a lot of things, and she's been doing a lot of things," lived in Paris for a while. The trip, he says, was immensely important to him. He drank in

theater, including Peter Schumann's *Bread and Puppet Theater* and London's *Ensemble of a Greek Trilogy*. The Bread and Puppet production Sellers now was staged in the *Théâtre Champs Élysées*. "It's the theater where *The Life of Jesus* was presented, but it's also this great, great theater with audience, and what was the Bread and Puppet Theater doing there? It was hilarious. Here they were, wearing pig masks and jumping around, and the actors were hunched. It was perfect." He went five times.

The Serbian production was an adaptation of *European*, *Medea*, *Electra*, and *The Trojan Women*. Sellers was "blown away" by the production, particularly *The Trojan Women*. Scenes took place on scaffolds and platforms in the enormous lobby. The crowded scenes, carrying torches, walked through in a procession, leading the audience into the theater, where the rest of the play took place. Sellers used his memory of the event later at *Harvard*, where he staged *Pancho's Horn* and *Gedda* as a "Tang" production, moving out and audience from Lowell House, across the street, to the basement of Adams House, and, finally, to a back room where the protagonist lay in state.

Sellers loved Harvard, was possessed of a headstrong, in reality to misinterpret that he was a newsmen. "I got to Harvard University from Paris," he likes to say, "and what was played? *Odysseus*." He called forth and he felt the school had been waiting for his arrival. His first production, *Camelot*, was staged not long after he arrived, in the experimental theater of the Loeb, the undergraduate theater at Harvard. The idea of a freshman doing Shakespeare pleased him, if nothing else, he would certify himself as an eccentric student. He saw past the audience was led from the balcony, where it had been seated, downstairs into the theater lobby. Led to believe that this was an intermission, they were confronted with a forensic call for *Camelot*'s death, surrounding and leaving them. The production was a success, and Sellers was given permission from the Harvard-Radcliffe Dramatic Society to direct a show on the main stage at the Loeb. His intention had been given, the Loeb show before, not his way since. He chose *Kismet*, the collection of light nonsense verse by Edith Sitwell, written to be delivered in tempo to William Walton's music. It seemed to Sellers like a good idea. He mounted three scenes onstage and projected photographs from *The Moscow* *London News* from 1939 and created a set he felt summoned impressions of a "huge, unapproachable, crumbling wreck of an old-fashioned hotel lobby" by filling the stage with old props and art pieces and modern objects and modern pieces, and actors acted with interpretations of them, and the production became what one graduate calls *The Women's Guide*

of its time." It was sloppy and shapless, and 40 percent of the audience left every night. Even Sellers realized that he had been "hugely overambitious." The Harvard-Radcliffe Dramatic Society wanted nothing further to do with him after that, not for any of the smaller campus dramatic groups. "Nobody would hire me to do anything," he said, "he says with a tremor at once touching and obscene." Everybody was delighted when they could say, "See! He's nothing!"

Sellers goes on occasionally, and at some length, to complain about the lack of imagination of the dramatic societies at Harvard, about the critics at *The Harvard Crimson*, who rarely gave him a good review after *Pancho*, about the women torments he endured on these campus evenings. There is a great deal of college student life in Sellers, he is seized even now to recollect the time he authorized to direct for the Gilbert and Sullivan Society by staging *The Three Little Maids from School* and had the three little maids wrap him in toilet paper. The student was hilarious then Sellers thinks they are, but they are oddly revealing in a way: these campus squabbles mattered so much to him, as if they were his battles between adults in the world outside.

But Sellers was also repeating a pattern he had set at *Andover*. It was if he cannot work freely and he has ruled the powers that be, as if their outrage releases him. Rebellious, he took over an old storage room in the basement of Adams House and called it the *Ensemble* in *Camelot*. He staged more than thirty productions there (and a few more another upstairs campus). Some were silly, tossed together in a day or two, unable to cast the protagonist of *Becket*'s *Whom My David Asks*, he replaced him with a pile of newspapers. Others were undertaken more seriously. *Macbeth*, staged with just three actors, took place in a long, shabby basement corridor, giving the play a nightmarish, classical quality. The actors' voices boomed off the basement walls. "Somebody," says Sellers, "the place was always sort of creepy." *Antony and Cleopatra* was performed in and around the Adams House swimming pool, with the pool as the Nile. The play, he felt, was about sex but was not at all sexy, was tragic in spirit, and so was the pool scene. He kept the moon chilly and the water seemed, according to one student who saw the production, "a sort of horrible place where people were death—deadly romantic love."

The *Ensemble* in *Camelot* productions had become cult events, by the end of his junior year Sellers was allowed to take over the Loeb for the summer. He directed *Chickadee's Three Stars*, a dance-hall production that was remembered as original and elegant. *The Merchant* (following in the footsteps of Meyerhold, who had directed a famous production), and *Winterville's*



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There isn't one particular style of "minimal" music being written today. Some composers are combining the techniques of last century's modernism with today's harmonic and rhythmic tools, while others are embracing tonal harmony, dissonance and creating music for computer. And some—John Adams among them—are drawing more from the traditions of jazz and pop than to a style that has become known as minimalism. Few composers today aspire to what the great Paul Hindemith has reached: his music is sought, his works are performed.—*he's in demand*

by Laurence Shames

# Listen to John Adams

And hear the heart sounds of the new music

## THAT PULSE THAT'S THE MAIN THING.

It knows it, thrums, surging, vital, as blind, *Walden*, and *Harmonium* are a heartbeat. Not an original pulse, perhaps, but a universal one, true of African drumming, of the muted rumbles of the Balinese gamelan, and of good old rock 'n' roll—all of which, by the way, have had their share of influence on the music at hand, the music of John Adams. That pulse—Adams pumps it around the orchestra like a drug going around in a party. First the low strings have it; now the drums, now the chorus picks it up, not so much singing words as spelling out quanta of rhythm.

*Harmonium*, the piece is called. Three movements, to texts by John Donne and Emily Dickinson, doing cosmic battle with the themes of love, sex, and death. And like its subjects, the music is gut, viscous; you can feel on it or smothered, depending on your mood. A single chord becomes a seven-ton, swirling, complex, obliterating empty space, lines of melody come forth not as tunes but as signals to the narrator, voluptuous fragments that get you rocking in your chair. And always there is that pulse, guttural, re-

lentless, almost shockingly intense, like something turned inside out: this is music of the blood.

Minimalism is what the style is usually called. It's a tag that covers virtually nothing and just almost no one else. But you can think of it as concert-hall rhythm and blues, symphonic forms stripped down to the bone, hard essentials of pitch and pattern, or as a sort of utilitarian, in which elements of rock, black jazz, pop, rap, reggae, and R&B are compressed until they glow white-hot. Proponents of the style have suggested that it would be better served by a name such as "process" or "already state" music, or simply "postmodernist." Detractors call it "needle-stuck-in-the-groove" or "going nowhere" music. But minimalist, in fact, is going lots of places. It's going to Carnegie Hall and the Kennedy Center. It's going onto records and even the occasional vinyl track, most important, it's finding its way into the sensibilities of a broader and more enthusiastic audience than new "classical" music has managed to attract since the salad days of Igor Stravinsky. John Adams, thirty-seven, is doing as much as anyone to bring it there.

LAURENCE SHAMES is currently working on a book about the Harvard Divinity School Choir of 1970, to be published next year by Harvard Univ.



When John Adams began to compose minimalist music, it was a stark, static style that needed a shot of life. The time was right for music that moved; with Adams's influence, minimalism would come to mean music stripped of high-brow posturing, invigorated by the rhythms of the street.

"I HATE A VERY AGGRESSIVE FILTER," SAYS Adams, speaking of how he deals with the musical influences around him. "I let everything in."

Adams does not fit the stereotypes of how musical resources are supposed to look. He doesn't look like the standard pure of a Beethoven or the doctored situation of a Mahler. Nor, against the odds, does he sport the leather trousers and paraded hair of the club types who stay so unambiguously late in the city's elite or suburban for computer. He seems, in fact, like someone who sleeps a sound eight hours, who eats a balanced diet, a guy you could introduce to people without fear of an ugly scene.

"Bach, Beethoven, Mahler, Mozart, Paul Bartok," he says. Adams Coltrane, the Beach Boys, Aaron Copland things [hear on the street and don't even know the names of]—it all feeds the mix."

The Adams mix had its origin in a small New Hampshire town. He was not a full-time prodigy and was spotted like one; he had only local, unknown teachers, though he did display a mildly alarming precociousness in writing a suite for strings, as well as a slightly frenetic facility for playing the clarinet. In this, however, he probably concerned Adams's father was an amateur clarinetist and had met Adams's mother, a soprano singer, at her father's dance hall, an old wooden parson built on a crooked plow above the waters of Lake Winnepesaukee. That dance hall was where Adams absorbed the notion of music as energy and joy.

If the dance hall belied Adams in the aftermath, visceral aspect of sound, then the composition department at Harvard College, which he entered in 1963, came in drawing him in music's abstract and cerebral side. Adams, with the earnestness of which only eighteen-year-olds are truly capable, was intent on writing Sonnet Mystic, to the hymns at Harvard, a complex, more technical, or semi-mystic. Now, if you don't understand what that is, don't worry; not as many composers, only about seven people understand it, and most of them don't like it anyway. Still, twelve-tone had the stamp of intellectual exclusivity, and Adams learned it. He became so proficient at it, in fact, that he was the first Harvard undergrad ever to be allowed to submit a musical composition, rather than a scholarly paper, as his senior thesis. The work earned him a magna cum laude degree and admission to the doctoral program. And Adams remembers it with one great fondness: he was living, at thought at least, going his own way.

In 1971, says Ph.D., Adams fled Cambridge and went to San Francisco. He hoped the system of grading was open to a student driving a hardish on the Oakland docks. It was tactical precision, not much music got written that year, but at least Adams was gravitating toward a particular

style. He had a range of choices: in the early Seventies San Francisco was a veritable Babel of musical languages. Yet it was the minimalist approach, with its radical austerity, that won Adams over. There was a great challenge implicit in minimalist's self-imposed vocabulary. It was simple, anonymous, theoretically capable of saying anything if only the nuances could be found. And minimalism was really for reasons. The early works, by people such as Terry Riley and La Monte Young, had been stark and static. But that phase of minimalism was over. The next step would be music that moved—both within itself and in the listener's emotions. It would be music stripped of highway pressure, music integrated, like along, by the cyclotron of the aircraft, the jetbox, the bagpiper. It would be music perfectly suited to the taste and temperament of John Adams, he of the loose hair.

In 1972 Adams cashed in on his Harvard credentials and landed teaching job at the San Francisco Conservatory, a school with a near fetish for the new. That, in one felicitous sweep, he found himself equipped with the three things that composers must crave and of which they are most often deprived: a paycheck, a minute to write what he pleased, and a order of earnest young musicians eager to perform his scores.

Adams made so much of the opportunity that, in 1976, he was hired as the new music adviser to the San Francisco Symphony and director of its New and Unusual Music series. There were high-visibility slots, and the commissions started trickling in. There were European producers and artists in *Time* and *Newsweek*. Adams was given the stamp of approval by Steve Reich and Philip Glass, minimalist's reigning gurus. In 1982 he was named composer-in-residence with the San Francisco Symphony. Rather suddenly he was a force to be reckoned with, a spokesman with access to the foundations and the press, a cause maker.

But it's not exaggerate. The world of contemporary concert-hall music is not the world of radio-selling records. It's not even the world of performance composers like Laurie Anderson, Brian Eno, or Philip Glass, musicians who've evolved a hybrid not-pop form and moved themselves into the clubs and onto the charts. No, the concert-hall world is smaller than that, and slightly schizophranic. Serious contemporary music struggles that breed gall between high art and show biz, between reaching for the stars and scratching out a living. The pressures and the politics are not very different from those in other aspects of the entertainment game: the rewards, though, seem to be just as lousy. Artists and equally misanthropic audience. Adams has learned to be philosophical about the particular species of glitter that attaches to his particular species of success.

"What glitzer?" he says.

"If you don't mind," says the composer almost bashfully, "I think I'd like to listen alone."

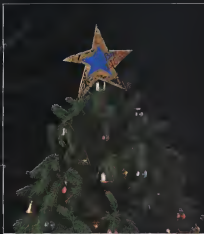
He settles into an aisle seat in a virtually empty Carnegie hall. It is afternoon, and the St. Louis Symphony is taking up its last rehearsal before the New York premiere of *Homework* that evening. The conductor, Leonard Slatkin, taps the podium, then tells the world's most persistent brain and then the pulse location Adams nods slightly after him, and he is almost certainly unaware of it. He has the manuscript open on his lap and a pencil in his right hand, and in the rehearsal proceeds he ruffles through the pages. He is still scribbling notes in the margin as the piece ends. It's never too late to revise.

That evening the hall is jammed. The audience is fragmented, some have come to hear the Britten and Reger that constitute the first half of the program, but some actually have come for the new John Adams piece. These last tend to be young and downtownish, they stand out easily, however, because of their intention. They put their programs away, cross their legs, and put elbows on knees, and there they sit from first note to last.

"Wild Nights," the last part of *Homework*, is based on a poem of Emily Dickinson's that is as ruddy as any lyric. Black jagged notes put his mouth around. The choral words are clipped notes out like hard bones, jagged, scolding, tagging flesh in their retreat; an arsenal of choices and gongs underfoot on the pulse; violin screams, cello scold a violent harrowing—there are windows here, no leaving of houses. There is only one word, several scribbling like mental walls moving inexorably inward, rhythms pulsing outward, a strabismus, driven heart well on an ecstatic way to bursting.

The explosion, when it happens, is apocalyptic—crackling, billowing sheets of it. The explosion is far Adams, though it's also an indulgence of the audience itself, a catharsis of the hands. The listeners have set their, eyes, nose, and had their blood heated, their guts stirred up, their desires level. They need to work it off.

On the conductor's second curtain call John Adams is led, almost dragged, out from the wings. Reluctantly he waves his way among the percussionists and the chains of the violin sections, and he seems concerned about finding his way off again. His hair is mussed, and he's the only guy onstage without a mustache. He bows, a little bashfully, mouths a series of silent thanks to the audience, then starts plotting his escape. Fearing that he may go to the core, having just paraded recently robed throughout the concert hall, having let three thousand people ovespread on the staging of his blood. ☐



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Robinsons

APRIL 1, 1986

War tests the limits of the photographer's craft. Conscientious, committed, and a series of shared misadventures to prove the requisite professional distance between subject and photographer. But Susan Meiselas, in her coverage of the conflict in El Salvador and Nicaragua, has found a way to expand this boundary, making her own commitment a subject of her work and thus making her camera itself a kind of subject. Her photographs are intimate and empathetic studies of the human cost of war, taking us beyond the grim no-man's-land of conflict into the hearts and minds of her subjects. They show us how often war has been lost after the victory.



PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY MEISELAS

What is so compelling to the journalist that only pictures can express it?

# Susan Meiselas at War

She was the first to see it happening and began moving so closer, camera raised, the undesired observer. The old man was backed against a wall, raged by Salvadoran soldiers, with their automatic, jammer rifles, and the technicians who ordered the search. Such searches go quickly, the possessions of El Salvador do not have many possessions. At first the suspect stood, then he did to the ground and crouched, perhaps better to shield himself from the lack of a foot, or simply in the hope that by making himself smaller he would seem less important. The soldier ran against him was a man, Nicaraguan, worth a few cents, that he was carrying and might have lost for years. But a man considered a sign of something, no one was quite sure what—subversive intent, possible contact with the guerrillas of the Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front (FMLN). The man at last spoke on his own behalf: "I'll never see the world as made as me. I'm going to live with you, see it more."

All he was saying was that, "I have never done anything to my life. I am seventy-three years old. I am going to die." Something unusual happened then in a country where forty-five thousand people have been killed: an officer ordered the old man let go, and he scurried from sight.

No one cared, least of all the accused, that they were now on a roll of film taken by thirty-six-year-old photographer Susan Meiselas, whose images of six years of covering Central America—first of the national insurrection in Nicaragua and then five years of war in El Salvador—have brought her recognition in this country and abroad. In the summer of 1977, not exactly when she Meiselas went to Nicaragua, no one knew green or uncertain, her great art seems so to be apparent. The next year two national magazines, within six months, ran covers of her strangely intimate photographs of Sandinista rebels secretly making bombs, faces concealed by old Indian masks.

Although she is widely respected as a courageous and unflinching war photographer as a profession dominated by men, some editors think her work transcends that category. Mark Russell of *The New York Times*, the former picture editor of the *Sunday Magazine*, says "I don't think people always understand Susan as a photographer. Her subjects tend to overabundance, so they do. Gloria Emerson once a National Book Award in 1979 for Women's Letters.

**S**USAN MEISELAS  
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TO THE  
UNITED STATES  
(MEISELAS)

by Gloria Emerson



not realize at first what a remarkable photographer she is."

Mean that anyone else who has photographed Central America, but none has managed to people who know nothing about her. In Madison, Wisconsin, for example, a forty-one-year-old poet known by name as but little by a copy of *Moreno's* from 1975-July 1979, her recent book of photographs, set knowledge of writing a poem for each photograph. He would sit for at least a morning, looking at just one page at a time. Three of these poems by Eleanora Trudell—who has twenty or more—have been published in small magazines. In a letter he wrote to Menzies:



MARKETPLACE IN  
DEGRADIA, NICARAGUA  
1979

Menzies had spent two weeks in the eastern province of Morazan with Raymond Sommer, then the correspondent of *The New York Times*. "I can think of few people, male or female," Sommer said, "that I would have rather gone in with than Susan, certainly no other male reporter. She is strong in more than a physical way. She's a great reporter, not just a photographer. She knows what to look for. It was like having another set of eyes and ears."

"She continues as one of my heroes."

He is deeply uneasy in person, although uncommonly confident. Menzies has not to notice her own search. In different cities she is different: hurried and harassed in New York, sometimes seen in disgust and bawling by those who do not know her well. In Minnesota, where she is loved and admired by so many Nicaraguans who have no choice of her sort of independence except the one she made, Menzies is at her best. It is there, in a small, beautiful country, that Eleanora came to realize, that she is most strong and happiest. In El Salvador, where almost no one can be happy, she is the disciplined, driven, sen-

sitive, listless whose notes are in her hand. Coming back home, which she had desired, Menzies did not know her last day. All she wanted to do was work, so if only cameras work would make it a bearable, less menacing place to be.

"But I can't imagine being anywhere else but here," she said that day. This is not because she moved. One reason is that at least twice in two years different death squads have moved brutal death squads against the foreign press. Her reluctance to be interviewed, or photographed, comes in part from the caution shown by many journalists in El Salvador who need personal publicity. But this concern is also due to Menzies's distrust and rejection of a celebrity that could as easily be lost.

That Friday, in the place called San Luis de la Reina, only miles northwest of the capital, she was at work for the twentieth time, as a board, the terrain and the people so familiar in this small and deeply poisoned country she loves. There had been fighting that morning with the guerrillas, but the rebels, often called las marabutas, a traitor not much longer, had retreated and the orders to pursue them had not come.

Nothing was happening, but even so, Menzies went out on a reconnaissance of her area, still as curious as she had been as a student of Sarah Lawrence, writing then to be an anthropologist, an ethnographic filmmaker in her own country. Now she was moving about San Luis de la Reina finding out things from soldiers and the people who have never had a disaster. A soldier even of longings, but long ago, he had pulled back but never precisely, her posture splendid despite the weight of the photographer's bag. Menzies was collecting information, the camera quiet.

Some photographers covering war follow troops and go in every day during the fighting, in covering the killing and the losses with all the skill they have. When that stops, they sit apart, waiting, watching for the moment when they will go to work again. But she is different, always wanting to know how people describe their own lives, what has been taken away, and what they must want.

It was not a special town; some of the troops were in the center square, with a small pavilion where a band might once have played. In the shadows, the children whose bodies were made of shells, but whose eyes are, for now, their glory. There were no young men in San Luis de la Reina who belonged there, it was as if one army or another had claimed them.

The day seemed cold, and there was no way of knowing it was the very calm. Menzies once called "but the whisper and envelope of the storm." Then she saw that it was.

It was about midnight only a few words by the first photographer, Carlos Urreola, who had been moving with the Salvadoran

troops and was now coming, listening to a radio. It was Urreola who had been to Minatitlán that John Ringling had been killed. Everybody heard. More than ten times a bulletin was sent out on the radio, that John Ringling, photographer for *Newsweek*, had been killed in a fan fight near Suchitlán. The announcer had in separate bursts.

When Susan Menzies heard, her face changed as all these things which surprised by deep pain the mouth opens strangely, the eyes widen as they never will in ordinary life. He was her first close friendship in El Salvador—soon, they had been working together during over a lead more that killed another photographer with them.

The soldiers entered Menzies as she best ever, asking no name, sitting with her back to them outside a house in the square. Once she rose to speak to Urreola, who put his arm around her as she might be able to lean against someone. Some of the men's faces changed slightly—not with pity, for none of this was new—perhaps recognizing the woman who might mean their death. The photographers were told a colonel was coming at on a helicopter. Menzies hoped for a rifle out so she could get back to the capital to be with Ringling's young Salvadoran friends, Laura, Wilma, she and Urreola went back to work, needing the concentration the camera demands.

Laura had begun a procession of women and children were following a statue of Christ on a platform that needed two men to carry it. In the church of Protestantism you do not see with a Christ. This long hair might have been taken from the head of a woman. His purple robe has hundreds of sequins sewn on it, and the face does not show a smile and across acceptance of the tortures. In San Luis de la Reina the face of their Christ in that of a young man so such suffering that it is not wise to keep looking at his eyes and mouth.

The helicopter never came, and in the dark Urreola threw a stick on paved roads and on the Pan American Highway, the roads were empty, none so dark as was, Urreola asked that all he feared was being a cow, but for hours in the car Menzies spoke out at it. The next day one of the journalists leaving to Radio Venceremos—the station operated by the FMLN—heard a report that part of the road had been raised. It would have made no difference to Menzies that night, she only knew she belonged in San Salvador with Laura and with Ringling's other friends.

That same night in New York Dr. Leonard Menzies, a physician who heads the Sophie Davis School of Biomedical Education at City College, was listening to the Michael Dobson, *Newsweek* when correspondent Judy Waisel and at the beginning of the program. "Elsewhere in the



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*Newsline* we look at some economic figures on the rise. In El Salvador a newspaper photographer is killed. Always at dread of his daughter being wounded again or worse, Dr. Menéndez had to wait nearly half an hour to learn the photographer's name. He called her younger daughter, Nancy, who at a moment's notice in New York, she had not yet heard the news but knew how that latest death would sound her sister and that there was nothing any of them could do to help. Earlier this year it was Dr. Menéndez who found specialists in New York to give the injections needed to treat Soto for cat-scratch fever, a disease caused by parasitic protozoa and characterized by open skin lesions. In the moments of Nicaragua, when she was a young American doctor in Nicaragua, where she was working with for a film being made by Haskell Wexler, the cinematographer director. Although some photographers loathe doing mass photos, or find it too condescending, Menéndez shared Menéndez and the movie he was making, a love story about an Ameri-

can military adviser to the "contras" and a young Nicaraguan woman who cannot leave after the revolution. Last summer Menéndez began her first documentary, with two friends, about a middle-class Nicaraguan family divided in its loyalties. What she really wants, and sometimes speaks it, is to make a documentary of her own on the side of the people whose photographer was in her book. Menéndez, and what has happened to them for years later. But no one believes she will ever give up photography.

"She is never happy with her work," a friend in New York, who said quite softly, not understanding that despite a healthy ambition and an intensity competitive spirit, Menéndez suffers because she cannot protect or control her own work. If it is film must be shipped to New York without her seeing them, pictures are chosen by others, often to run with words she would not choose. But there is something else, a curious penalty to be paid upon and upon. It takes a proper sense and does reasonable accounting. It comes down whenever you are covering a war, or even a peripheral, that has advanced your career, and the profits made from witnessing the desperate grief of a people and the wreckage of so much cannot be denied. The best intentions do not prevent it. In the last few years I—no much older, working still for the Vietnam War to be finished—and

Menéndez have spoken of this penalty but do not know how to finish paying it off. In El Salvador she cannot expect payment, only in Nicaragua was she able to record and share the final triumph of a people desperate for change.

So what was it that the camera cannot do that bothers Menéndez, she broods about it. Earlier this week, back in San Salvador from several days in the field, leaving so quickly there was no time to take a toothbrush. Menéndez tried to explain the heart of the matter. In a town called Leticia, in Moravia Province, near a sacred area, she was with government troops when a woman with two small children appeared among the men. The smallest girl, perhaps two, had an immense lump coming out of her head.

The woman that saw Menéndez went straight to her. "She only looked at me and handed me this egg," Menéndez said. "The lid had this lump that had been growing for eighteen days. I took her to the colonel." The woman wanted medical attention for the child, but she said this was even possible where she lived. The only gift she could bring was one egg.

"It was just an extraordinary for me. Of course the egg had just passed over, and the reality of the way the egg was passed, although no one had seen it for so long, as for the troops, the egg was precious but in a whole other sense. It just got

passed out, ultimately, put in a place and stuck in a jar. I don't know how even now it is." She thought that must have been the woman and her child or a helicopter, perhaps to an army hospital, but she does not ever count on a happy ending.

No photograph, Menéndez said, could show any of it. "The power of the experience is so much greater than the images recorded by me," she said. "Giving a record of an event is so difficult. Menéndez once again opened the wounded heart carried in government soldiers and civilians. There was a man with a face wound, a soldier, and someone, who knew what had been done to her but who did not shrink or call out. The composition, who had been hit by mortar, carried their casualties in their arms suspended from poles. A father came, holding in his arms a small boy, covered by a white cloth, who had been hit in the head by shrapnel. The boy and nothing. She has never encountered such suffering in science.

"The thing that is so extraordinary about the Salvadorans, whether they are soldiers or civilians, is that they don't say a word," Menéndez said. The father put the boy down on a rock where the child sat, motionless, his scalp oozed with a thick white paste someone had put on to stop the bleeding. An army doctor, who Menéndez did not dare the scalp or touch the wound at all, but merely applied a Band-Aid.

Some soldiers gawked at the boy on the rock, curious as to how he was holding up. He was just another child without dress or age, old person. He could have been eight, perhaps ten. His face was a small portrait of terror.

"And at some moment he just very carefully took out a handkerchief that was in a pocket and started to dab his eyes," she said. "And that is the extent to which he expressed it."

She did not let her camera. "It's what I was saying about the women with the egg," Menéndez said. "I think, then we see all these photographs I don't take every day because these are experiences that I feel are so incredibly reduced in a photograph. That's why I think about doing a film, I don't feel the frame of a photograph does enough, because there is no sound, no context created. It is isolated. Sometimes the isolation is effective, but a lot of the time it is too reflective, too simplistic."

Menéndez is not always able to reduce the power of her own photographs and how they come to us in pieces she never imagined.

"I do not call Soto a journalist, I do not see the worst photographers," says Harry Mattison, a photographer who has covered the same war for Time and has recently returned from Lebanon to New York. "Her contribution is so much larger. If anybody said to me, 'Who is Susan Menéndez?' I would say she is a person of great courage and death in Chidesteria Province, a

people will look back and see that."

In his review of El Salvador, *Week of the World* photographer Harry Mattison, who worked with Menéndez and her closest friend, an actress named Eva Robertson, who worked for years at the Migrant Agency in New York, Richard Eber of the *Los Angeles Times* wrote: "It is almost impossible to give a sense of the magnitude of the tragedy directly. The camera has no brain. But what the camera can do is record the effect of evil on what is good, or innocent, or simply normal."

In one of her photographs Menéndez shows a young girl, who said that day, when the bodies of the four wounded American cheerleaders were dumped. Two Salvadoran men stand in the hole in a dead woman with short hair, her face being bashed out by ropes and around her body. It is not just the corpse but the white cloth on the face of one of the men that does forever in our minds the sad conversation. Menéndez, as a journalist, Menéndez, when she is close to the coffin holding a young woman and her small daughter. Photographs cover the child, as if it were a bullet of the government, troops may have done so much damage to her. The father, his arms out, stands over them, speaking a ring of men around him, hands touching the edge of the coffin in the background. If it were some one using her seat to wipe her face, And Menéndez's photograph of a wounded government soldier shows him alone, lying in rough grasses, still holding his M-16, blood staining his left leg, the mouth stretched back in pain. The photograph is a little blurry, because Menéndez was trembling as she took it, creating tension without ever covering a fire fight.

When the subject of a photograph is in peril, as is the protection is not possible. Menéndez, who sees the matter of her old colleagues turning so fast, considers herself the last of the first generation that came to Central America in recent years. She divides all of them by what years each has witnessed. The first generation covered the war in Nicaragua, the second came after Nicaragua, the third covered those years in El Salvador at huge demonstrations showing support for the left and the terrible road to ruin, a time of unspeakable terror. The fourth generation, by Menéndez's count, came after the March 1982 elections, and growing U.S. involvement. By the end of 1983 there were U.S. ambassadors had completed about the right-wing death squads and criminal the blame of the Salvadoran government to act against the guerrillas. Harry Mattison, the photographer who has covered the same war for Time and has recently returned from Lebanon to New York. "Her contribution is so much larger. If anybody said to me, 'Who is Susan Menéndez?' I would say she is a person of great courage and death in Chidesteria Province, a

door marked by the big white prints of a man's hand pressed against. Another woman, who was a single virgin, was needed, just those white hands.

"Susan believed in the beginning that there was a psychic shield," says Harry Mattison, "but as more people died, and more friends, she learned there was not." "That situation, so common among passionate young photographers in all wars, ended for her in 1981, at a time when the guerrillas were promising their final advance. The journalists in San Salvador were trying to figure out where it would be if began. Menéndez once again turned up with John Hughes and his



SOLDIER UNDER FIRE  
1983

"If I could say one thing about Susan Menéndez," says Capa award-winning photographer Harry Mattison, "it is that she has the most realized moral imperative in our profession. There is a conscience at work that tells her, 'This must stop, this is not right.' It is an integrity, a feeling for other human beings. It doesn't mean she doesn't get attacked for being political. Some people have put this label on her, which is a disservice."

Mata, a young South African cameraman at UN-TV, who distributed them to television stations in Europe. They believed that an attack by the FMLN forces would be launched in San Salvador and set out by car. Only half an hour earlier they were on a dirt road, they hit a hand detonated mine set off at a distance by guerrillas who were in the area, they were for justice. Menéndez was sitting in front with Mata, who was driving.

"I'm out of the car, I saw him, to open the hood, and then he came back at me, the man. I'm not up, but my husband started laughing, really laughing, and I knew it."





power—nothing. And the sincerity she infused it. It was very important for her to be understood and not misunderstood. These characteristics I think I have in common with her."

Menelaus went to Sarah Lawrence, then to Harvard, where she earned a master's degree in education in a special program that taught her how to teach photography. (Later she spent two years in the South Bronx and in the South teaching children how to take pictures with the most primitive equipment.) In Cambridge she helped edit *Amic* magazine, one of the early films of the legendary documentarist Frederick Wiseman, and met Dick Rogers, a film-



SOULFUL SEARCHING  
WITH FREDERICK  
WISMAN

"There are all these photographs I don't take every day because there are experiences I feel are so terribly reduced in a photograph," Susan Menelaus says. "That's why I think about doing a film. I don't feel the frame of a photograph does enough, because there is no sound, no context created. It is isolated. Sometimes the isolation is effective, but a lot of the time it feels reductive, too simplistic."

maker who was teaching at Harvard. Rogers indirectly started Menelaus on her first major project by taking her around the country, where she saw extreme strippers in rural areas. In the summers of 1971, 1972, and 1973 she photographed and interviewed women performing in, at all places, rural England. It is not the least that Menelaus's stark, stand-out color photos underlined and she can be trusted with their confidence, perhaps because she treats them with respect. The photographs were so stunning, the women's comments of their lives in teaching and rural life, that her career was promising at Ford, Struss &

Gorman, took them to Aaron Aronson, a senior editor. She and Susan discussed the 120 hours of taped interviews. One woman, Lennie, says, "I've been pulled off the stage and beaten and I've been stepped on and I've had people cut me..." They say come on down here and they bite your cat, the blood's running down your legs. With a few exceptions, the ones that do touch you have got to hurt you in some way. Other women sound defiant, proud, or defeated.

Thirty-one men and women in the car pool, shown as thanked by Menelaus in *Strippers*, *Strippers*, published in 1976. They had become her friends.

"When I got involved with the strippers, I thought I'd never care about anyone again. I was so wrenching," said Menelaus to Sam Spector. "At first I felt vulnerable with them, kind of the way I feel here in effect, knowing that I didn't want to be like all those people just looking at them."

Aaron Aronson suggested to photographer Bart Glue, then the acting president of Rogers, that Menelaus be considered for election to the photo agency. After her portfolio was reviewed, in 1976 she became an associate member. Menelaus and Rogers had moved to New York, but when he went abroad to do a film, she was on her own. Always finding it difficult to anticipate trends and shape her work to magazine editors who could make assignments, she began a project, never completed, of photographing the human form, chronological, and would once have been to Santa Claus by the Volantiers of America. But in January 1978 Menelaus read a news story about the assassination of the distinguished editor of *La Presse*, Pierre Joseph Chénier, the man of Macmillan's opposition to the dynamic declaration of Benson. As Menelaus, who does not with any quantity of newspapers in books, and in an interview on the CBS program *Saville*, Monday in January 1981, "I hadn't heard of Benson and I didn't know about U.S. involvement in Nicaragua. And that all fascinated me. Why hadn't I heard about it? So that led me into thinking more about it. And leaps are leaps, you know, you can't trace all the feelings."

Menelaus June 1979-July 1979 is not just a stripping, often transparent collection of images, but also the record of a major project, and the stages passed through by a people jumping to have their country back. So Menelaus shows, in the beginning, how the Indian masks were needed in production, then, as more Nicaraguans joined the militia, how the rebels crowded only businessmen over the lower half of their faces, and then, their masks so large, no disguise at all. Her own interviews and a chronology make Menelaus a powerful filmmaker, not the usual photographer's collection of work. Her first cover for *The New York Times*, the second for GED, both

within six months, were both from her rolls of men wearing the coarse mesh masks, with enormous money eyes and tiny red mouths. As Lawrence Sanders wrote in *American Photographer* in that period from the summer of 1978 to the summer of 1979: "Menelaus held the news and Susan Menelaus held the images."

In May 1979, when the *Sundays* launched a night offshoot in the north, Menelaus, whose private life is never so used when she is working, did an extremely long thing. She came back to the United States. It had taken her one day to walk to a friend's house above Bank, but she decided to leave the day before to be at the wedding of her sister on May 30. Nancy Menelaus remembers her father's father gathered behind her a family dinner kept asking: "Where is Susan? Why isn't Susan here?" She returned not only for the sake of her sister and father but perhaps for her mother, who died of cancer in 1977, and to prove that whatever is required, she could honor her responsibilities.

The voyage back to make the wedding in time and more than half a dozen people, all of them accustomed to it and willing. The *Sundays* commander assigned her name to accompany Menelaus on her trip. They left it at 4 a.m., the men stayed in the back of the car.

"I thought that that somehow my whole life had prepared me for this moment," said Menelaus. They rode for four hours, the terrain so terrible that the skin on her legs was rubbed raw. Reaching a main road, the group had behind a rock wall, waiting for a truck to drive by as it merged. No one came. Menelaus, fearful that she might be pulled up by Sonoma's National Guard if she boarded a local bus, worried most of all that if she were detained, all of her film of the *Sundays* would be impounded. But the car finally arrived, a civilian whose car was filled with bottles of chili sauce, a cover to make her look like a legitimate salesman. She was driven to a "safe" house in Managua and then taken to the airport, where she had no paper entry visa and was trying to leave. Once more a sympathetic friend of a friend, part of the vast network helped her pass. She was in Managua that night, flew to LaGuardia, and was driven the next day to Cold Spring Harbor in New York by Dick Rogers, who had met her flight.

"She came with nerves, open sores, all down her legs," said Nancy Menelaus. "She wore the one dress she had, it's unimpaired, a rayon dress with big flowers, very plain, a good dress that we both wear. But the pants in that she got there. I barely she'd get there, and I knew if she didn't get there there would be a damn good reason." After the wedding Menelaus, leaving the dinner behind, went back to Nicaragua and was there that day in July, the moment when *Sundays* a column converged on the capital. ☐

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Being surrounded by the greatest paintings in the world is probably the best part of being a curator. As the "curative producer" in the art world, he creates the shows, supervising everything from their plans to construction. But what makes a curator great is an ability to acquire fine art, assemble it with a sense of scholarly acuity, and have a group of paintings tell an enlightening, cohesive exhibit of an artist and his work. That's what Charles Moffett did at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York when he mounted the Manet show in 1983, and it's what he intends to do as curator in charge of paintings at San Francisco's M. M. de Young Museum.

His job is to seek out masterpieces of the world and make them accessible to the public. No wonder Charles Moffett loves his work

by Joe Morgenstern

Joe Morgenstern is a columnist for the Los Angeles Herald Examiner. This article marks his first appearance in Esquire.

## The Man Who Brought Manet to Manhattan

Is, the sweetness of the moment, and the softness of the summer night? Basking it. So, stashed in a elegant room, like a chaperon out of Scott Fitzgerald. He'd been inside all day, working steadily for seventeen, maybe eighteen hours, but as he felt the building and pugged down the steps of the main entrance

onto Fifth Avenue he felt light as a feather. The famed south, and his eye followed the line of streetlights that he'd left the way down the museum in an explosion of light on top of the Empire State Building and he'd brought it home. Will I ever be that happy again?

Maybe he will and maybe he won't.—the returns are hardly as clear as someone who has

yet to turn forty—but the Man that Charles Moffett experienced on that balmy summer night in August 1983 will be hard to beat. He had just finished hanging the landmark Manet show at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and hanging it out as a carpenter, although he did his share of manual labor, but as a curator, at the museum, the guy who

gets to live with all those glorious pictures for a few weeks as if they were his own. Charles Moffett—Charles S. Moffett, born September 16, 1945, son of a Navy fighter-pilot-turned-intelligence-officer and grandson of Admiral William Adolphus Moffett, the father of naval aviation—doesn't live in New York anymore. In Sep-

tember 1983, after eleven years at the Metropolitan, during which he had done five other shows, including the magnificent "Musée d'Orsay," he shipped himself off to the West Coast to become the curator in charge of paintings at The Fine Arts Museum of San Francisco.

The move made sense in career terms.

Charles Moffett was a mastermind behind the masterworks at the Met.

In the rarefied world of museum curators, Moffett is a rapidly rising star, and now, working out of a modest office in the modest M. M. de Young Memorial Museum in Golden Gate Park, he's able to do what he couldn't do at the vast managerial mechanism of the Metropolitan: run his own department. "The risk in leaving the



PHOTOGRAPH BY J. HARRIS



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Metropolitan is clear," he says, "but the challenge is to try to do it in San Francisco what I did in New York. The audience here is very hungry. They love the good stuff, and they come when it's good."

Exactly what does a curator do, though, whether on the front line, at the Metropolitan, or devoted to the rear, in a city like San Francisco? "On the front line," Mafler says, "there's always a lot of pacing around, putting together of exhibitions, hiring and firing, but on a lesser level things are more subtle. People are more relaxed, they play better tennis and less boogie. I'm trying to put San Francisco on the front line." He also refers to his interests in military-hardware terms, as his "interior guidance system" and he says of putting together an exhibition: "No matter how close the ground plan has been at the beginning, once you get into the trenches you have to do 180-degree turns and all sorts of rethinking and restructuring."

To Mafler's way of thinking—and working—a curator is a producer, in the strict sense of the word, a person who brings scholarship and showmanship to the task of acquiring and exhibiting art. But no single definition can encompass all the subtleties a good curator actually performs, even though some of the more onerous of these tasks have been taken over by skilled paraprofessionals in recent years. If you wanted to encapsulate the full gamut of one of those organizational chores so dear to the curator, you'd have to include, in the anteroom of art or museum boxes, such things as inventorying, ingesting, mounting, working with designers, installing exhibitions, writing catalog introductions, writing labels and choosing typofaces for them, and working with art dealers, gallery owners, architects, registrars, shapers, editors, librarians, photographers, limousine, musicians, painters, and carpenters.

Acquiring pictures is one of the best parts of the job. "Most curators, if you did not only do one thing, would go out and attack the music player and buy, buy, buy," says Mafler, who got into collecting very early himself, first with teddy bears (he amassed twenty), then with Matchbox toys. He was also exposed to issues of connoisseurship at an early age, because his stepfather collected Parker penknives. "There were different grades of pens—some engraved, some not, some engraved better than others, some resoled, re-baled, reworked, but always posing the same questions: Which was good, which was better, which was best?"

The first art museum the acquaintance entered one summer night, long before the one in 1953, when he was a child in Newport, Rhode Island. His mother was making dinner at a huge, ten-burner gas stove, and his neighbor, who was in real estate and insurance, asked him what he planned to do when he grew up.

"I'm going to collect art."

"OK? How are you going to do that?"

"I'm going to be a musician."

"How are you going to do that?"

"I'm going to own a diamond mine."

The key to the plan was acquiring the mine, but Charlie didn't know how to pull it off. After a while he changed his mind and decided to be a lawyer. Then his tastes changed, too. As an undergraduate studying English at Middlebury College, he became fascinated by nineteenth-century aesthetic theory. "My last interest in painting was really primed by my study of it. He took courses in Oriental art and the art of the northern European Renaissance. For the Renaissance course he was required to go to a museum, pick two paintings, and write what amounted to a canonical essay on different aspects. I looked at them for twelve hours a day. For three weeks they became my pictures. I really got into Mafler's head, without being flattered by scholarly baggage. The pictures took me over. There's an old cliché that postures in art involve a lot of self, in this case it was nine tenths of understanding Mafler. I had possession of those pictures for a longer uninterrupted time than anyone but everyone. Gosh, my counterpart at the Louvre. There was nothing abstracting in it. I could get a piece, get my nose out, sit on a bench, and contemplate it for half an hour if I wanted to, and often I did."

Mafler had trouble deciding which of two pictures would be the first one in the show, the picture that would be hung dead center. Charlie Mafler's own heart beat faster during the Mafler and Mafler shows, they were life-changing experiences for him, as well as for his audiences at the Metropolitan. Neither show was an original idea on its part. For the Mafler, the museum had been approached by the Louvre in Paris at the behest of Léo Acland-Welton, who had been a driving force behind the restoration of Mafler's home at Giverny. For the Mafler, both the Louvre and the Metropolitan had seen the recovery of the artist's devotion, in 1983, to the night occasion for a major retrospective. Once the shows were set in motion, though, they became vehicles for as much originality as Mafler could invent them with.

He had already done the groundwork for an exhibition of Mafler's earlier paintings, the tapestries and such, even before the French came up with the idea of a show on the theme of the artist's house and gardens at Giverny. Having a young assistant to help him with the literature, Mafler set about designing the structure that would give the show as much as it could.

"I had that huge, raw, open space together with the one that's known at the Metropolitan as the Airplane Hangar. There I was, among with a Mafler, and I could just drive down to it to see the space that I wanted." In the room he called Pond Subjects, just before the entrance to the

library, he made the room slightly off square so that it was a bit of both square and experimentation. "If the room had been perfectly square, it wouldn't have worked. With the right deviation, I knew I could make those pictures do what Mafler had always meant them to do. If I didn't have that deviation, it would be a catastrophe. That exhibit might have looked like a book."

In the case of Mafler, the exhibition appeared in Paris before New York. "When I walked through it at the Grand Palais and got to the end, I was dying. I was high in the art. But I wasn't as high as I was going to be after I'd lived alone with those pictures in the installation at the Metropolitan for three weeks. Coming around is sometimes not a bad thing. I manipulated those pictures, tried different juxtapositions, eliminated at them for twelve hours a day. For three weeks they became my pictures. I really got into Mafler's head, without being flattered by scholarly baggage. The pictures took me over. There's an old cliché that postures in art involve a lot of self, in this case it was nine tenths of understanding Mafler. I had possession of those pictures for a longer uninterrupted time than anyone but everyone. Gosh, my counterpart at the Louvre. There was nothing abstracting in it. I could get a piece, get my nose out, sit on a bench, and contemplate it for half an hour if I wanted to, and often I did."

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It was for some attraction there to come because in the Northeast Kingdom, it is Vermont's wilderness, without self-consciousness. There had been, finally, and a degree of Yankee independence are not rules, they're common-sense. But the Englishmen and a kind of a society in which they are an integral part of the community. In the 1990s, Jay Craven has lived in the backcountry for two decades. He has introduced himself to the people in the community of culture that exists beyond their borders. He has introduced them to the world—and it's more changing Vermont.

*Culture comes to Vermont's backcountry*

# Jay Craven's Enlightened Kingdom

The stereotype of the Vermonters is in their overalls, a red and black plaid jacket, and a cap. He may be carrying buckets of eggs or even be seated on a tractor, but to anyone who knows a real-life Vermonters knows, the Vermonters will actually be doing something quite active, such as pushing a car that has skidded off the icy pavement back onto the road. He is not saying "a-yup" through his clenched around the stem of a canoe, but mastering something unprintable in these pages. The Vermonters know the plaid jacket is casual, but it may save him from being what is by his own side, and he is a local tourist of snowmobiles while he's down in the ditch with the car. If he didn't have the hat on, his head would freeze. He's wearing the denim because two feet of snow would come between him and his Calvin.

St. Johnsbury, Vermont, is part of what is called the Northeast Kingdom, a town probably known by most people for attracting companies; to others, it is simply the occupation of snow. The blue area of snow is always above you, but the stark beauty, the mountains, are always in the horizon. The center of town could be anywhere, USA, circa 1980. There is a homemade quilt in the window of one store, and one of those businesses that someone larger wear in the window of another. What was once the grand old hotel has become a home for the elderly. Things get traditional and even when you're not in a business, it's not only the old-timey ones that get recycled.

The newer stores are small, tucked, and rather inconspicuous. But the yellow and orange MasterCard cards that have become the new-age eyes of Dr. T.J. Solberg look out at you from almost all the shop windows, and you know that you're not really in a time warp after all. St. Johnsbury's pasteurized explain why people are polite: there's little point in one-upsmanship when business competition isn't even to begin with—and on a more personal level, there's an unspoken rule in Vermont that you are your brother's keeper, because the difficulty of functioning through the hard winters makes this a necessity. Most of the people aren't in a state of high society; they think before they think their town, local characters are identifiable; and even if you're not in the town, you get the feeling that you could avoid the streets of St. Jay while hours pass—over days—without the intrusion of any. Quite simply, if your spirit is expansive, it's

**by Ann Beattie**

Jay Craven has recently come plaid with in her hand now



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY J. JONES

**Craven left the hustle and headaches of the city behind, but he took the culture with him.**

sometimes a good idea to give yourself a lot of space.

For this reason, the vocals of Vernant have always attracted artists of all sorts. In the area, some are teenager people, but a large number have been your round Gatemouth Play & Arts, a terrific, live-experiment corporation. Here is the example of Jay Groves, is one of the things that has brought them together. Since its inception, Gatemouth has presented the American Repertory Theatre, the Negro Ensemble Company, Milton Minton, Muncie, the Washington Ballet, B. B. King, Don Watson, Arto Garfunkel, Ray Charles, Stephen Grappelli, Sondheim, the Persimmons, Vasek Mison, John Pinsky, Odetta, Pete Seeger, and John Burt, among others. However, it incorporates their production style.

## It's easy for people to spend their time just getting by, not challenging themselves. Craven is happy to put a thorn in their sides.

Craven, Jay Groves believes their audience, finally, is a unified force.

LOOKING FOR A SPARK? His own carnival is about as much to the point as seems a lame and slapping to wonder what it's leaving around. "Everyone notices that it's intelligent. But while he's almost always in motion, he never appears to be, distracted at one. Right? It's a story or a story, he truly shows. He is direct, logical, articulate and surprisingly temperate. Perhaps this is because he is powerful."

Jay Groves is thirty-four, medium tall, and thin, with hair that waves away from his face and eyes a shade of green that does not really exist. Except for the eyes, there's nothing really extraordinary about him. When he walks into a room, though, you notice. One conversation is an eye. Did you just see Jay walking to introduce someone?" he said. "He doesn't walk like somebody from northern Vermont."

Craven has been in Vermont for ten years now, so he's had time to perfect his walk—and he might have, if he hadn't been busy with other things. He came to Vermont in 1974, where he and David Gendberg's ex-wife, Patsy Madsen, decided they needed a summer away from the city. They had been having their doubts about the location of New York City. "What am I doing?" Craven remembers asking himself. "We're talking about the way things should be, we're

getting more and more cranky, but who do we know who's not like us?" So while waiting a friend in Colton, Vermont, Jay and Patsy decided to stay. "We got in the car and drove in three different directions on three different days," he says. "We bought the second house the real estate agent showed us."

Craven had to find something to do. The original idea, when he thought of Gatemouth, was to show films and to generate money to make films—particularly films with some regional emphasis. Today Craven's schedule has expanded to include theater, concerts and music of all kinds, readings, and dance. It also encompasses an Arts in the Schools program. The only way Gatemouth can survive of the arts is to come—Los Angeles, Boston, Cincinnati, for example—is by acting in an audience.

looking agent and programming tours for companies or individuals to ensure that the trip is financially rewarding. "Every time we bring a troupe here, we're asking them to give something, to make their own way," Craven says. "One is that we're asking them to do it for less money than they usually get." The last program at Vermont in the Lane Series, in Burlington, Jay Groves paid out, though, their performance area was much larger than any available in the vicinity of Craven's, as they can profit from the performances in ways Craven's cannot. Craven means stage musicians and knows the number of artists in every building. Craven's own, much the way any busy town college could on today rattle all the new digits of his or her Social Security number.

The first major Performing Arts Showcase, in the fall of 1981, had on its schedule Jay Watson, Larissa Studin's Broadway comedy Goshawks, and the American Repertory Theatre production of Squawh! (in Maine forest). Jay Watson made money. Goshawks lost \$2,200. Squawh! lost \$700. Financial success or failure is not necessarily determined by the popularity of the performer or the act itself. How much is subsidized by grant money, what performance space is available, and what is contributed by the Vermont Council on the Arts all figure in, as does life. Craven's first dance series, the Ohio Ballet, sold out, fourteen tickets of over \$100 each all day and night, and the house was still packed another time, though, when Jay Mabel

was booked outside at a site area, the weather suddenly turned cold and the crowd dropped with the temperature. Then there was the things that are probably extremely amusing if you are not Jay Groves. Recently Yale Rep's *Mr. Nobody's* (which follows was on the schedule). It was to be performed at the high school, the Lyndon Institute, but a problem arose when it turned out that 288 students had to be drilled into the school administration. When Groves spoke to the principals, they insisted that they had agreed that didn't make sense. Because a willingness to suspend disbelief often marks intelligence, he asked to see them. Six scores were sent by Express Mail. They were regular scores. Since Groves is used to seeing the world the way it is and trying to make, a compromise, his first thought was to get an estimate of what it would cost to get small doses to fill the holes. "That was a cry-cry," he says now. Nonetheless, he would gladly have been down on his hands and knees, digging in through the way suburbanites plant across grass plugs in their lawns.

THERE IS NO BUILDING YOU CAN EVENT TO at least Craven's. Except if you will the Metropolitan Museum of Art with its numbers stand in a library, its Old Masters in the collection of F.R. II, and its sculptures in a bowling alley, all of which can be brought out if there's something strong enough to carry it. Having an effect is crucial, as Jay Groves knew when he set out to become the Great Gatsby. Gatsby knew other people's psychology as well as his own when he realized that affect and sensibilities were crucial to his socialization. Gatsby could never have counted solely on an idea.

Though Craven is currently leaving, returning, and making a small performance facility out of the old post office building, it isn't today as a lasting reality. There is, however, a Craven effect. The audience gets a long way toward explaining the sincerity of the organization.

For its monthly rent, one hundred dollars, you could buy one square foot in some parts of Vermont, one square foot is too cheap. There is no need to worry about the effects of bureaucracy, because the things are empty wine jugs that have been used. There are a large old identified, seven director's chairs, and stools. These people of things, a light blue, maple Vermont with paddles stuck into certain areas to indicate such things as newspapers and disorganized film scenes—things important to Craven. There are the others for some things, and other things are packed in crates. Jay Groves's typewriter is the college student's trusty Smith Corona portable. There are two telephones and an answering machine. A

# How to tempt your lover without wearing a fig leaf.



First there was light. Followed soon thereafter by man and woman, a.k.a. Adam and Eve. Then came the business with the apple, and before you could say "You snake in the grass," five zillion years went by. But all wasn't for naught, because that fateful faux pas not only altered the history of haberdashery but also inspired the creation

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large portion of Charlie Chaplin jumps into the dome, and a few postcards are taped to the wall, among them one of John Lennon in a New York City T-shirt. There is a photograph of a check Jane Fonda contributed for a book project that they're sponsoring. It doesn't take long to realize that the organization's sense of style is serious business.

Late Fonda and Lennon-Glaeser have a vision of what would be, at least, a more civil society: "The kind of society I'd like to see," Glaeser says, "is one in which the arts are an integral part of community life. They're constantly challenging people, and it lends to be the artists who are there in the role of whatever status you want to call it." The group of people assembled in the Caturano office can't help but make some little nodding for the

confirmation. Similarly, Croven takes people's surprise for granted. He says, "I got a call from the editor of the local newspaper. 'Jay, were you in Cuba in December?'"

He was in for the screening of his and Damien Krut's recent film about the literacy crusade in Nicaragua, called *Down the People*. In 1979, its student body president at his college at Boston University, he traveled with a group of student leaders, at the invitation of South Vietnamese students, to try to make a peace treaty in Vietnam. Through this involvement with the National Student Association he became active in the antiwar movement. He testified before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. After he met John Lennon, he decided to work on a project that Lennon himself would present the rock-

war in Vietnam caused domestically: he's tackling the problem of striking people in a community when they no longer have a common cause to provide an easy bond, and he's trying to improve the quality of

people's lives. And given the terrain he's chosen, he's working quite literally at a grass-roots level. There's a lot of land in Vermont; it's easy for people to spend their time and energy just getting by, without challenging themselves or growing. Groves is happy to be a thorn in their side. "I go down to the Soap Creek," he says, "and there's a fellow who's been working a job in the local saw factory for twenty-five years. He's watching *Three Men on a Horse*, an Italian film with subtitles, and he's into it." Another day Groves visits an elementary school where a landscape architect has been brought in through the Arts

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**"Jay has a way of standing back and watching everything go on...it's like he directed it without anyone realizing it."**

days when ideas were so important that possessions seemed silly. More than 50 years have passed since the first when people crashed on the floor, so that now it seems romantic, instead of uncomfortable. In case it's news to anybody, that generation is even buying grown-up furniture, although their lingering doubts explain why *Beatsville* can still be counted on to give Kuche-fidols a run for its money.

Certainly, Jay Craven hasn't simply risen to the woods and left all aspects of city life behind him. He's seen more performances and traveled more widely than most people in the city he left behind. He's consented for himself anywhere he went, a home that's attractive and functional, and then consciously made it his city, thereby. He's happy, and once content, with contradictions. He hasn't gone overboard to become a person anyone could mistake for a recluse. He's not a person who realizes that in some ways he still belongs to be an insider in this community, but it's clear that this tradition has only assisted as Citizens might be unfairly assisted as an exclusive organization. "Of course, as we needn't seem myself," he says. "I've learned to be a person who doesn't accurately like the sound of my voice. Most people don't. I can see where people could identify me as an individual (or not)... I'm not a person of numbers—it's just that anything is anybody who is a person in this city."

[illegible]

back in Vietnam caused some scrutiny he's tackling the problem of uniting people in a community when they no longer have a common cause to provide an easy focus and he's trying to improve the quality of people's lives. And given the terror he's drawn, he's working quite literally on a grass roots level. It's a lot of land and a lot of people. It's a lot of work. And he's trying to get the people to spend their time and energy just getting by, without challenging themselves or growing. Groves is happy to be a thorn in their side. "I go down to the Soap Creek," he says, "and there's a fellow who's been working a lobe in the local scale factory for twenty-five years. He's watching *Times Avulsion*, an Italian film with subtitles, and he's into it. He's got a little bit of a knowledge of chemistry school where a landscape architect has been brought in through the Ar-

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in the School program. She has had the children draw their houses and a route to the favorite place in big sheets of paper. All the drawings feature trees. Some of the trees seem three-dimensional, while others are look like string that's been tacked around by a kitten. These, you see, are gnawed over and over. One girl has drawn the route she walks to a tree house, another has drawn the rather complicated treeline route to the ice-cream shop. It is as if girls drawing the house alone pre-dominates, with an arrow drawn to the window. She explains that her favorite place is her room, where she watches TV and plays Atari. It is sort of boring, she

That night Catinat was presenting *Leser's Army* by Lescaudr Wilson that night, the French journalist Stéphane Grappin will perform.

Years ago Jay Green had quite a few friends with the New York City art world—partly because of his relationship with the artist Alexander Brodsky, partly because of his friendship with Lloyd Polakoff, partly because he helped organize a portfolio by pop artists such as Marcel Duchamp and Rosemarie Trockel for the Museum of Modern Art to benefit minor artists. Today Green is a resident of the city, but he is now stored in the attic of his house. The photographer Avard took a picture in Michigan and New York have long since disappeared. Downstairs now is his wife, Bradette, about Green met when they were both in the city. She is an alternative school, and then son, Sacha, no doubt one of the low two-year-olds in that part of the world to have a passport. Bradette, which was considered alternative because the sets were an integral part of the curriculum, is now a teacher. The children behind the school are still going strong in Catinat. Some of the students are still around. One keeps the Catinat office clean and supervises visitors. Others, like Jeff Sherry, have left and are now in the city. The school is still open, but Sacha is to make an entrance into the film world.



Smith and Gosselin (1994)



about Nicaragua, but Croves remains on top.

A former colleague remembers that Croves seemed to stay aspects that what was happening. "My stage of Jay," she says, "is of him standing there, absorbing what's going on around him, and he's able to sort of turn to you and just smile about the whole thing. He has a way of smiling back and watching everything go on. And in fact, he isn't interested in what is going on; it's like he detached it without anyone noticing." When the minutes a leisurely journey of Croves' childhood quickly changed behind him, back, just slightly apart—like Croves looks like the patient Prince Philip from the perspective director of *Catwoman*.

But notice that people have observed him very carefully. The long hair is gone

without rough edges, is combed as well as attractive. It gets things done.

THERE IS AN ANNUAL FESTIVAL IN ST. Johnsbury to celebrate its distinction as Maple Center of the World. They get a lot of people away from those towns.

There are kids cars at the festival that circle around and around under a striped canopy—Snoos, at first reluctant, finally decides to go for a ride. Once on, he has no mention of getting off. Croves calmly considers the situation from afar—the man who runs the ride seems like a two-year-old who won't budge. He decides to let them work it out themselves. When the man finally like Snoos off, Croves walks over to claim him. A gymnastics class performs on mats spread out on the lawn beside a building. On the radio, John Lombardi singing "I

believe, that you don't have anything to do with what happens. You make history whether it's within the neighborhood or the community or the state, or whatever. How many people get caught up in the moment and then don't even feel that how they make their kids is important or within their power."

In the community there may be some reluctance toward what he and the organization are trying to do, but you catch on to a hurry that when there's a job, they're directed at Jay Croves personally—and that job is to get to the moment. Most of the time people are enthusiastic, and he knows it. He's gotten local awards (in 1981 from the St. Johnsbury Chamber of Commerce, and in 1984 from Lyndon State College, though his effort to defeat attention from himself is as predictable as snow reflecting sunlight). He's usually self-contained, and patient, making that some of the artists he most admires have also had their share of struggling to accomplish something in spite of indifference or apathy. Doctors, Croves himself, who ended up making movies in back lots in Mexico. Chaplin, driven out of the country during the McCarthy era.

Chaplin's *Louise* is a favorite movie of Croves'. It was the first film shown by *Catwoman*. It's about a clown and a ballerina, both down on their luck in London. Forget the fact that he was in the role, after a misophony came back, and that she lost him the way to give a musical performance, there's a whole lot of boy looking up to that moment, a time during which each person, supporting the other, lays a foundation for their climb to success. Before the lovely lady triumphs and before Chaplin is radiating a final note, there is a flashback, a moment when he complexes his vaudeville machine and the camera focuses for a few seconds on his face. The eyes. He's looking out at empty seats. An empty house. It's the performer's nightmare, but if you are Jay Croves, you can look at the scene and realize that it's the performer's nightmare as well. He thinks that performers should be onstage, and that the house should be packed. He's a performer himself—a performer who keeps a lot of balls in the air at the same time, keeping writing a column for the newspaper in Manchester, planning films he wants to make, thinking about changes that could occur in the schools, considering scheduling, probability, chance.

Outside the window, across from the Catwoman office, there's a sign for *Mercury's Meats*. What used to be the railroad station now contains a pizza restaurant, with a large parking lot spread out in front. Beyond all that, the mountains. It's a little arid, looking down at the street, but everywhere, in all directions beneath the big sky, there is space and light. And with them, possibilities. ☐

## "Change is a given...the challenge is to break down that sense of futility that you don't have anything to do with what happens."

today, and there's no way to say what decisions he would have made about his appearance if he still lived in New York, where so many men he kept in that era were of lightness and good taste, have ended into a *Plutonium for Power* Launch Banquet. Late to crowd at northern Vermont, it makes sense to wear durable, comfortable clothes. But in the slightest way, as a way not to let it calculate it, Jay Croves's clothes seem to have been the people around him.

As you might have suspected, he's not a big fan of television. He does like *Voulez*. If you press the point, he'd insist that he can't exactly identify or misrepresent. Though the *WWF* he doesn't see many rules or it is to be followed, his leather jacket has taken the aquatic beating more than ten times to whip it into style. At a meeting of the Catwoman board of directors in April (where Croves's salary increase to \$15,000 was approved, though there is no way to know if the money will materialize to pay him), he was the only person not wearing suitable slacks. Among the *Top-Sellers*, *Nicks*, *Fry* boots, and taking shoes, there was one pair of lace-up, chiseled, black leather shoes. He's there in Vermont, and he's not there. It may even be that that has always been the case: people who are singled out are made special whether they want to be or not. It's only partly a coincidence of the times that he's been in such a place. "Change is a given," he says. "Change is going to happen whether you participate in it or not, and the challenge is to break down that sense of

Should Have Known Better." "Give me more, they say, give me more..." Croves is selling carbon balloons. One lady who sells along with him and who's been working with him since he was a kid, says that he's a good person. Dan Mulhally, from radio station WSTJ, carries his microphone around and asks people what they're doing and if they're having fun. There are a lot of kids who sell for various charities and organizations, with *Sales-Wrapped* food glowing in the sun. It is the sort of perfect, unusually hot day when *Taj Mahal* could have lost the masses up to the mountains. Across the street, in the park, the *Sutton River Band* is playing *Merle Haggard's* "Silver Wings." A short distance away stands the war memorial, dated 1967, a woman with a sword and an eagle close to her side. The wreath she holds is awarded in the ceremonial position of a *Probes* about to be thrown, in honor or in punishment. Volunteers who sacrifice their lives in defense of this union... the writing begins. Below it, obscuring the rest, is a poetry teenage girl is a *T-shirt* that says "I'm not religious but I'm not a *Witch*, who would be silly enough to believe that all the and never-disappeared when the mud dried at *Woodstock*?"

As Jay Croves says it, there are certainly changes. "Change is a given," he says. "Change is going to happen whether you participate in it or not, and the challenge is to break down that sense of

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**IT'S WORTH IT.**

#### Arts & Letters

In the past days, Miami has the credit of being the most successful of all. It was not uncommon to find buildings erected just to give form to an abstract part of a building's design. Many modern architects elsewhere might scoff at such notions—but Miami-based architects see it as a natural order of things. The city's skyline, long a source of pride, has been the focus of many young architects who make up the second wave of the modernist movement. The city's skyline, long a source of pride, has been the focus of many young architects who make up the second wave of the modernist movement. The city's skyline, long a source of pride, has been the focus of many young architects who make up the second wave of the modernist movement.

# Designs on Miami

The young partners of ARQUITECTONICA have a blueprint for the city of the future by Patricia Leigh Brown

BERNARDO PORTINOLIA STRUCK INTO THE Miami-Dade County Architect's office and looked the competition judges in the eye. "Gentlemen," he said, pacing about the room like some latter-day Clarence Darrow, "consider this design as a work of art. Outside, representations of some very well known Florida architectural forms, their equally well known consultants in tow, waited as Portinolia, who had never designed anything remotely resembling a courthouse ("I mean, we didn't even date a police station"), presented his scheme for the stretch of skyscrapers that would soon replace a building.

The courthouse was a soaring elliptical form shaped sort of like a hockey stick. The peevish pink marble did not enclose a grand stairway, columns, or any other stately architectural gesture normally associated with a gubernatorial American building type. It was more like a piece of horizontal sculpture, with jerry blue glass stripes and yellow pyramidal skylights that sprang forth from the roof.



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FROM THEIR DRAWING BOARD COMES A bright, NEW vision OF SHAPES AND COLORS

Controversial design in Miami had also been in a rift. That was before Arquitectonica's Atlanta—a voraciously surrealistic street scene (most notable for its red triangular meeting rooms) and the thirty-seven-foot cube that has been described as its model, situated five floors up. This "skyport," now something of an icon in architectural circles, is a bright-yellow cone with a whirlpool bath, a red spiral staircase, and a palm tree ("That guy must have had a stomach ache in all that time," remarks one Miami sufferer). It was also before the Palace, a skyscraper-building in which one hall, a red-stone and glass "aggressor," crashes headlong into its perpendicular other hall. And it was before the Imperial. At the Imperial, architects seem abundant to the fact that its entire side of the building is wandering whether to hang on for the ride or slide off peacefully into Biscayne Bay.

Arquitectonica International—partners Port-Brescia, Leonora Spear, and Ramon Rancey—has ground five tracks of American architecture. At ages when their colleagues at large firms are still fighting over elevators and bathroom detailing, the partners of Arquitectonica not only have designed a major portion of a major city but, often using materials found in your typical model court, have also brought vigor to the ongoing debate concerning the nature of modern architecture.

That this has happened in Miami—the so-called City of the Future—as no accident, the milestones of Arquitectonica's three partners (the word in Spanish for "architectural") constitute a paradigm for the city itself. Port-Brescia, thirty-three, is Mexican; Rancey, forty-three, is Cuban; and Spear, thirty-four, whose name is spelled Port-Brescia, is a third-generation Mississippian. Arquitectonica's blend of architectural chop-again—eventually for the bottom line—serves customers made for a city unconcerned by classical tradition. The air-brush operators that produce this work is rooted as both what Miami has been and what Miami has become. Like Miami Beach developer Carl Fisher, who imported the elephant to help level the sand dunes, the partners of Arquitectonica pursue drive, imagination, and an ability to sell their ideas. "Architecture has to pump your blood," Port-Brescia says. "There aren't lots of buildings here, but they were buildings without a soul, that didn't really convey the spirit of this town."

Now it's no longer skyscrapers in New York, shopping complexes and offices in Dallas, town houses in Houston, a major bank in Peru, and a multitude of other projects—including the commission for the North Dade County Courthouse, the young firm's first public building.

These days the firm's headquarters—on a beleaguered appropriately named Prince de Launay—is something like a vibrant Oval Office,

with Port-Brescia in shuttle diplomacy. Moody—Port-Brescia is in the office for staff meetings, going over work on drafting tables, explaining concepts, bawling around with his hands. Occasionally he bawls out into a jog. The company is reaping mostly.

Tuesday—He catches a 90 a.m. flight to visit the New York office, one of two Arquitectonica outposts. He then meets



**The planes of the Pink House produce a play of light and shade. It's a house that is at once both breezy and livable.**

with a developer to discuss a stake in Princeton, New Jersey. He doesn't have lunch ("I hate lunch"). The recent arrival of materials, including a green marble for a boutique and a suitcase for a shopping mall. He goes to Olympic Tower to meet with a potential client, who turns out to be the older half brother of a client from Princeton. The meeting ends late. He meets with a landscape designer, then takes a taxi to the airport. The taxi makes him flinch.

Wednesday—He's back in Miami reviewing projects after the staff, who drink no more like "Time Is on My Side," has had "one day of work without my buzzing there." He makes phone calls—lots, and lots of phone calls—to clients in Miami. That afternoon he flies to Marathon in the Florida Keys for a session with the landscape architect of Turtle Point, a luxury resort town. Will craft condominiums and some houses, comfortably with a well-contained museum—a job Port-Brescia was pleasantly surprised to get, because "we're not woodsy." Perhaps it was be-

cause of what he had said about the current buildings on the site: "I told them it looked like the floors."

Thursday—He drives to Boca Raton for a presentation. It doesn't go well—the developer wanted last house.

Friday—in Dallas. He meets with developer Bradley Bennett, a twenty-eight-year-old Washington lobbyist-turned-venture-and-real-estate developer, to talk about a huge shopping district located between Dallas and Fort Worth (called Plano), the project will visually live up to its name by sporting buildings with tangential curved corners, glass metal spheres, and colorful colored facades. They have lunch with an editor at the first book in the series—Port-Brescia had to leave lunch while writing a story for the Australian View on "the new breed of youngsters running Dallas." Port-Brescia then drives out to meet another client to discuss a new construction center. He goes to the airport, reviews his flight, and spends the next forty-five minutes on the phone, yelling at a contractor about stairs.

Port-Brescia comes across as a curious combination of Princeton and Peru. Neatly clipped, long-flying aggressively across his forehead, he speaks in Spanish-inflected tones with the confidence of someone who's just gotten his finger twisted, giving the impression of being a part of his buildings. If Arquitectonica's ideas are too way out for some ("These people are nuts"), the personal style of the good-looking and in the bottom-down shorts seems to soften far more often than it offends.

While Port-Brescia brings back baskets, Spear and Rancey are doing the less public, more nuts-and-bolts work of architecting. Rancey, a suave dresser who takes to wearing Yale hiking ties, is the firm's troubleshooter, specializing in complex zoning ordinances and the construction details that actually get things built.

And Spear, quietly, elegantly. Many in the field suspect her of being the driven genius behind Arquitectonica. "And it drives them crazy," one observes. "Her professors are all designing vacuum cleaners, and here's this student with the colored pencils, building Miami and Singapore."

That radical designs should come from a card-carrying member of the Junior League is one of the most intriguing aspects of Arquitectonica. The daughter of a well-respected thoracic-surgeon father and a controversial novelist-mother, Spear comes from the kind of progressive family that always wore and held, ate natural foods, and supported civil rights. Behind the sunny, slick images that are so much a part of Arquitectonica's buildings, there is a certain childlike naiveté, a girl-girl with her nose pressed up against the glass reality that is perhaps the true spirit of Arquitectonica.

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About \$20 the bottle.





AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE, MIAMI Viceroy in particular, is strongly associated with modernism, a movement that in its purest form had to do with the possibility of the baroque confusion through the use of the machine. Through the work of architects like recent years captured the austerity of glass-and-steel office towers while searching for personal, regional compensations more deeply rooted in time and place. The most visible product of this search is the new Miami Viceroy, a 20-story, cut-throat word that has come to be associated with the use of figurative, historical, and stylistic references such as in the ornate Chippendale roof, Philip Johnson's call of architectural celebrityhood, in which "the retrospective exhibition precedes the middle crisis," an Erik Asmus Lissauer claim it, tends to divert attention from what is actually a conclusion to a long and complex process of architectural serenade of its discourse.

signed, as Spear says, "to play to a filthy, five-mile-per-hour audience." This has led some critics to dismiss Arquitectonica's work as billboard architecture, graphic no-brainers that are immensely photogenic but "have more to do with greed than

Rosenberg, at the time of the firm's founding, was the only licensed architect, had worked at big-city firms in New York and Penn-



**T**he hole in the Atlantis had its practical side, enabling the developer to build more units on a higher floor.

Living together, his architectural education at Yale. Post-Branson had gone to Princeton and Harvard, Spier, to Brown and Columbia. Drawn to the city by family and by teaching posts at the University of Miami, they joined up with architects Andres Bunge and Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk, who are also illustrators and who have since started their own firm. Argonauts and utility bugs after Romney got a commission to design an apartment building in Baltimore, Rosenthal.

Like many young architects, Rosenthal has learned how to design the conventional house, for he has designed the suburban houses of his parents and his wife's, launched them, *www.rosenthalinc.com*.

The Pink House, as it is known locally, and its origins in a 1975 scheme designed in conjunction with Berra Koolhaas. The plan won a *Progressive Architecture* award but was never built. After becoming involved with Berra-Bercus, who was teaching

ing at the University of Miami, Spear revised the schema with him according to her mother's 325-page program. "That was the first time we designed anything together," says Fort-Brisola. "Three months later we were engaged."

Although the Pink House is currently one of the most widely photographed houses in America (featured in ads for the state of Florida and *Elle* magazine), please don't let that pressure you for its impact. What you will find here is a collection of thought-provoking, white single-story houses, you tentatively come to a double-width lot along the top. A line of red palm-trees sets the stage for what is essentially a simple idea: a two-story house organized by a series of five, white-pane panels in sections of 10, 20, 30, 40, and 50 feet. The abstract angles and contrasts, there are no living rooms to speak of. The planes play a role of light and shadow, with a scale that is made more dramatic by materials contrasts in color. Caribbean pots set off against a blue swimming pool, the ocean, and the sky. It is a house that is not just a house, it is a landscape. The use of light, line, and scale that is both poetic and precise.

DESPISE WORLDWIDE ATTENTION garnered from the Spear house, Anglo-Americans might have been just another promising young firm if this hadn't been Miura in the late Seventies. At that time most of downtown Miura consisted of what one observer calls "mind crambing beige blocks"—and innovative architecture was hardly in demand.

With the influx of foreign currency, however, particularly from South America, the situation changed rapidly. Where once there was just a fledgling skyline, developers boomed. As the international building community poured in to take its chance (the cocaine business), the city of old men-sen formerly known as *Milano del Rio* became home to scores of hotels and thousands of condominium units. Unlike the American and seeking buyers from the North, there were more sophisticated South American counterparts were looking for something different. In the *Milano del Rio* estate concept they called it "bars and clubs."

Bernardo Port-Bocan understood the wealthy South American buyers well: some of them were his relatives. It's a subject he doesn't like to talk about ("I don't want people to think I'm just some wealthy guy—I did this all by myself and have worked very hard to achieve what I've achieved"), but the architect is the first to admit that his background—Port-Bocan's family, the Port's and the Bocan's—

His kindly favor gave him direct financial assistance, For-Dreson says, they gave him something more valuable.

**"Jet support?  
Hell, in 'Nam  
our best friend  
was Puff the  
magic dragon!"**



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 flukes and village kid padding fragments in lion grenades  
 crashed, inexpressed (Gla on calm)

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## The Vietnam Experience

Each volume: Approximately 250 pages, 160  
grazing pictures and numerous photographs

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"Every night at the dining table we talked business, and I learned. I learned how to talk to a businessman, I learned to listen, I got ideas both artistically and financially as to what a developer knows. I'm not throwing around his money. I understand that. I know what they did and would do." Given to attractions such as "These are solid tenants" and "Professionals are sensible people," Fort-Brescia has a commercial understanding that rides, or is slanted by, most architects.

So when Fort-Brescia, then twenty-seven, discovered that the New York developer Harry Helmsley planned to build a high-rise condominium in Miami—information obtained during the visit of Fort-Brescia's father's business associate—he knew exactly what to do. He called him. After being told he thought—that five "experiences" firms were already competing for the job—Fort-Brescia flew to New York and checked into the Park Lane, a Harry Helmsley hotel. "We probably liked that I was staying at the Park Lane. Maybe he thought, 'Gee, this guy means business.'" Just three Monday mornings he called Helmsley's office and left a message to the effect that Mr. Helmsley should call to reveal if he couldn't meet him at the Park Lane at eleven.

Helmsley called to confirm. Fort-Brescia made his pitch. Experience is not the only thing—we can bring you success. Surely Helmsley had nothing to lose by adding a youth entry to the competition. Helmsley agreed. An excellent Fort-Brescia flew off to join Spear, at the time an Architectural Fellow at the American Academy in Rome. "We were an excellent fit" recalls "I mean this was a big building. Two weeks later they showed Harry and Laura Helmsley their design. Laura studied the plans and turned to her husband. "Honey," she said, "the kids have done their homework." "It was very unusual," which was reasonable from the other architect. "Harry Helmsley recalls, 'I don't care for the buildings with the holes at three, so we compromised.'" Like other developers, the normally architecturally conservative Helmsley knew he needed something different in Miami. "Sugar," he must confess, "he noticed, as I talked about a pair of slides."

There were more compromises awaiting Arguacombina when Helmsley decided to revise the firm's original concept, which had called for an open skydeck with a swimming pool on top of the building's lower wing. Originally the building was supposed to give the impression of two interpenetrating disks—two ships passing in the night—instead of looking like one interpenetrating stepped structure. Instead, the Palace was a banked through. Still, the Palace was a breakthrough. Arguacombina's designs seemed well suited to what Miami developers wanted. Even the hole in the Adams (Fort-Brescia calls

it "an urban plaza that happens to be in the sky") had its practical side, enabling developer Sol Lazar to build more units on a higher floor.

Much of Arguacombina's designing is now done by Spear and Fort-Brescia at home on weekends. The studio, on the top floor of their coral-rock house near Utopia Drive, is shared with their two children, two-year-old Sander and four-year-old



## A hotel/office complex that is being planned will tower over a San Antonio highway with columns of mirrored glass.

Miami. It is a very, very large space faced with a race from Fort-Brescia's drawings, with a drafting table and two sets for the parents and a little round wooden table with two stools for the kids.

The actual design process, Spear says, is "fairly intuitive" and done quite quickly. Marriage: here's advantages. "It's very efficient," says Fort-Brescia. "There's no Team A or Team B or Team C like a large firm. We can design at home, on weekends, on the beach, even at the club"—referring to the Ritz Club, an exclusive Miami Beach country club where many of the couple's friends, who tend to be doctors, lawyers, and stockbrokers, are members ("They won't get business from architects," remarks one). The original sketch for the Adams was done at a Cuban restaurant on a table napkin.

Arguacombina is at an interesting juncture right now. Its partners, having gotten into large-scale commissions by age thirty, then most architects get to a Refine, seem less likely distant from the

crystalline that can permeate their people vision. Architects have to be optimists, because they deal with the future all the time," volunteers Spear. But to look around America's cities it is not a built environment that all too often seems remote from that spirit, far removed from the Arguacombina notion that, as Fort-Brescia says, "modern architecture can be fun."

Arguacombina's willingness to make statements—the vintage palm trees in the middle of condos—in its greatest gift. "They bring out latent passions," says thirty-nine-year-old Houston real estate developer and client Jerry Mabe. "They are not giving the world a look in the eye exactly, but a spark of life."

The latest Arguacombina is building near Rice University for Mabe, one of several Mabe projects, in such a spark. It is gray-and-white stone on the outside, the inside is a great advertisement of ideas through which a long-term ever-changing pool. The house creates its own scenery via a series of courtyards separated by walls of different materials—pink marble, glass block, curtain wall, onyx, tile, and cedar block. The area surrounds through the courtyard, surrounding an island with a palm tree, and flows over underwater beaches intended for dinner by candlelight.

New work on the horizon is even more experimental. A house in Ecuador resembles a Kandinsky, a variety of vivid forms falling onto the landscape like dice, seemingly at random. In New York City a skyscraper surface of black marble and red enameled metal is imaginary, designed to look like blaine. A Houston apartment building with a crinkled wall looks like Superman has been there. Some of the couples are engineering a hotel/office complex that is at least 200,000 sq ft. Some are engineering a skyscraper, towering over a San Antonio highway with four forty-five-story columns of mirrored glass.

The multi-quarterly, W3 Arguacombina play in New York? Miami, Houston, and Dallas are relatively new cities. To build in the older industrial cities of the North will require both the use of different materials and more attention to scale and context. In a likely case, that the young architects will run into more of those rules and regulations that seem to act architects before their time.

Still, what Arguacombina really wants to design is the 1992 Chicago World's Fair, currently in the hands of the postmodernists. "They've decided to recreate the 1992 world's fair," Fort-Brescia says. "I mean, that's so depressing. Why do I want to see 1992 in 1992? A century has gone by! We're supposed to be separate people!" This plan was too conservative in 1987. It's the same old stuff.

Then Fort-Brescia brightens. After all, there is always the telephone, and a lot could happen between now and 1992. ☐

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The bottom half of the record industry revolves in the late Seventies, and it has taken the exclusive space of 300,000-sitting, with the Michael Jackson, Bruce Springsteen, and Prince to give people back to America's record store. One of the few bright spots during the record business's darker days was the surprising strength of Will Ackerman's Windham Hill Records. Along with the company of punk and heavy metal, Windham Hill's really identifiable sound—serenity, softness, and soulful—has emerged as a substitute for a million-winding segment of the album-buying public.

# High on a Windham Hill

*Because of  
Will Ackerman,  
the Sixties  
and the Eighties  
are making  
beautiful music  
together*

**W**ill Ackerman, standing in a bathing suit, toes gripping the ledge above the swimming hole scooped by a glacier out of the granite of Hamilton Falls in southeastern Vermont, thirty-five, ruddy, muscular, his surfer-blond hair dripping ice water, is running his record company.

CRAIG S. KAPPEL has been a contributor to *Esquire* for many years.

BY CRAIG S. KAPPEL

"Come on," he jokes the Japanese executive and the producer from Hollywood. The executive steps up. In Japan it is customary to exchange gifts preparatory to negotiations. Evidently in the United States it is customary during negotiations to leap into someone's pool.

The producer steps up. It is well worth jumping off a cliff into shallow water if it means your calls will be returned.

Ackerman: "Wagner, huh?"  
Foster-Fruze. A Windham Hill Records deal for the international market, consummated in under.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY



With Windham Hill Records, former carpenter Will Ackerman and Anne Robinson have built a musical haven for the people who once lived the counterculture.



**"I LOVE CYNDI LAUPER. I'M A RABID DIRE STRAITS FAN. THE NOTION THAT I'M SOME KIND OF PURIST HANGS ABOUT ME LIKE A PALL. DRIVES ME NUTS."**

In 1975, jockeyed by friends who asked for a percent of his picking, he collected five dollars from sixty of them and made an album called *In Search of the Truth's News*. A friend sent copies to radio stations. Next thing Ackerman knew, an order for a hundred copies, and he mailed wife, Anne, found themselves gluing pictures onto jackets.

By 1977 he had cut another album and distributors were handling his records beyond the Bay Area. By the following year he was getting airplay in Mississippi, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Colorado, and he decided to put out an album by his cousin Alex de Gramo.

"We'd stumbled onto a sensibility. The wall of sound was shutting people off from the folk music so much had grown out of. Our careful editing of acoustic instruments and unadorned recording technique restored a sense of intimacy between performer and listener."

"He had no intention of being commercial—solo guitar was hardly making up the charts. And we weren't doing it for the money. Acacia and I ate the food we wanted and had less-dull wine and lived in a big house. She was running a bookstore and I was fixing houses, and Alex worked for me. We did the records nearly out of a desire to make something real. I guess the sincerity of the thing spoke to people."

And then came the point when Ackerman turned from being a builder whose hobby was selling records to being a seller of records whose hobby was building.

"I think my father played an important role in guiding me in this direction. He was one of the most generous and ethical people I've ever known. Never intentionally vocal. But there was one night in New Hampshire—he came out and turned on the porch light and we sat together and rocked and I kept waiting for the speech, but no speech was coming. So I told him I was in a quandary. There was this building thing, and there was this music thing, and I didn't know which way to go."

"There was a long silence before he spoke. 'You know, Wil, he said, 'I never made a decision myself like. And there was a long silence after that. And that was the end of our talk."

"My interpretation of what he said was that he didn't make decisions—he just let the signs. So I looked at the signs, and they all pointed in the direction of the music. And that's the way I went."

In 1980 Ackerman made a deal with Phonick, the largest independent record distributor in the U.S., to wholesale Windham Hill in major markets, and he made his biggest discovery. A Montana-born delivery man who played piano and guitar had been writing to him suggesting artists for Windham Hill. One night Ackerman was playing a club in Santa Monica when a man in the audience introduced himself as the latter writer and invited him to his house to hear some of the music he hoped Ackerman would record. Ackerman went to the man's home and listened as he played various folk of the music of his Jewish grandfather. When George Winston was done, Ackerman and Windham Hill was going to sign him. He took Winston into the studio and recorded *Autumn*.

"People told me, 'Don't do solo piano. Stay with guitar.' 'Guitar doing fine.' So one day, people said, 'But I don't have to worry about who was buying what, 'cause it only cost \$1.790 to record. And that album has sold half a million copies."

By 1982 De Gramo's *Clothes* was on the pop charts. Winston's *Flowing with Spring* had hit number seven on the jazz charts, and the company had grossed \$5 million. It was in 1983, with five albums charting at once, including one by Stevie Nicks, the label's first band, which Cash Box named the number one new jazz group that the crack came.

"Phonick went belly-up, and with it the concept of independent distribution. Suddenly if we wanted to get our records into the stores, we would have to be distributed by one of the three giants—Warner Bros., Atlantic, RCA, or CBS. It looked like we'd be swallowed up, nothing left of Windham Hill but a letterhead. I was in torment. Absolute panic. How could we survive this?"

All the companies approached us, snatching their lips. I'd never played piano or didn't. I'd felt we were assessing a snowball of pure quality—and now we were about to go silent."

Then the cavalry arrived. A&M. Big

artist-owned company—Here Alpert and Jerry Moss. I sensed they were like Windham Hill—"We're making enough bucks, so let's try to add something artistically. And they'd been through the same crisis—they were independently distributed, then went with RCA, but didn't choose to desert at overhead and disappear."

"First question they asked: 'How long you got Winston for?' Can you imagine me telling them we had one album contract? That we didn't believe in long-term deals, with everybody trying to rip each other? That we didn't owe a thing."

"We went through months of negotiations. I wanted absolutely no artistic and technical control. Then one day we were eating salmon at the A&M kitchen. I was appraising and putting Jerry Moss through what he was putting me through. And suddenly he was on the floor. Literally rolling around. 'Don't you see?' he said. 'Couldn't catch his breath.' 'Can't you see that I've understood what you were doing, would do it?' And suddenly I felt freed."

"A&M has proven to be the most amazingly enlightened company. No real wrestling. I may sound naive, but I feel we always dealt honestly, and now that honesty is coming back to us."

THE WATERFALL CUP IS ONE ELEMENT of a Sunday that Ackerman conducts for the small group he has assembled to entertain and be entertained by as an interlude between his halfway office somewhere in California and his performance at the Monterey Jazz Festival. It is preceded by a visit to his Dream Garage, off Imaginary Road. The reason it's Imaginary Road is that the storeman is passing signs that say so. Officially a law firm, typically a come Vermont name, but the storeman's analog walks without mortar. When he laps up his distance they just stand there, as if he calls the dirt line Imaginary Road, that's enough for Ackerman. One day Ackerman got a letter from someone who'd liked his songs on the radio, asking him to visit. Something about the letter made him decide to accept. The address was the storeman. Something about the storeman made Ackerman decide to buy twenty acres near to the storeman's house and build a piece of his own. One album done, walks without mortar.

Ackerman's Dream Garage has the proportion and angle usual in dream houses. When he edges past his pickup, climbs to the bedrooms, and closes the trapdoor, no one can disturb him—not his Alia, not even Bobbie, his constant. Except by calling on the phone, which charms frequently.

Ackerman built his Dream Garage as the prototype for the house he is putting up a few hundred feet away, where he shows off the fireplace the storeman is building and the main beam Ackerman made by hand, securing two six-by-twelves end to end and

## It's All A Matter Of Style.

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**"I'M NOT THRILLED WITH THE NOTION THAT OUR MUSIC IS GREAT FOR MEDITATION. THE HUMAN POTENTIAL MOVEMENT DOESN'T SEND ME. I LIKE MY NEUROSES."**

looking the part with a black beard and goatee.

After the waterfall Ackerman discovers an up of sweatband behind the lumber mill. He remembers to the sunset and redwood mountains has everybody up to their waists in the pile, which, owing to isolation, is distinctly warm beneath the surface. "Gotta" someone groans. "The deeper you go, the hotter it gets!" Gotta wait that down? Ackerman yells. Up to his elbows in sweatband, and the two wants to take wait. Someone suggests he franchise a chain of Woodhills Hill Family Sweatband Centers. "We'll ship out to California and everybody'll wait!"

"Gotta" Ackerman yells. "Gotta wait that down? Only I can't leave this place. I'm in a pile to find a pencil (cause the deeper you go, the hotter it gets!)"

Dinner is at Woodhills Hill Inn. The items here have long departed. The place is now owned by a down-to-earth couple who are, as it were, the carvers of the wide floorboards and antique-filled strong rooms that inspired the country in Ackerman is moving for the ears of his clientele.

The candlelit tables here table is set with the fine glass. The group is joined by the entrepreneur and his schoolboy/boyfriend. Ackerman cedes the head of the table to the producer. He gives up capable of leading the conversation quite serviceably from a side seat.

"So we Japanese distributor takes me to this restaurant outside Tokyo. First food I've ever eaten. Sweatband—only one table in the place. 'How can they afford to serve just one?' I say. And he says, 'Well, this is a very expensive restaurant.' So the couple is served by waiting items girls he writes on a legal pad. "The deeper you go, the hotter it gets!"

After dinner the party migrates to the stark deck to chat quietly and peruse of several bottles of Woodhills/Viajeada Cinnamon Fruit Chardonnay '84. Ackerman lights up with his enjoyment of these around him. He remains his role as the hardworking peg that holds the beam together by being cheerful, positive, and direct, conveying the same that attention must be paid to him because if he doesn't he may say something subtle, penetrating, or totally benedict.

AFTER BREAKFASTING ALONG ON THE rocky bridge over the dry stream bed by his neighbor's cabin, Ackerman is walking across in the lush grass. The actual teacher comes out and this a cup of coffee into his hand. He is the kind of second company CEO who's wait to be hired. So many things on his mind, he is likely to forget to feed his body.

"I'm at my best when I can dehydrate and figure out the big picture. In my mind I see geometric patterns and try to translate them into creative situations. I see horizontal lines in different colors. I see Sony as one color, the firm that sponsors our tours in Japan in another. Our distributor there is another. I try to mentally bread them into a rope of many colors.

"I'd love my talent. It's that I can convey enthusiasm. The ability to find people who are like-minded and get them excited about a project. The fun part for me is satisfying people's talents. I always think, 'Where would that person's skills fit in?'"

"Money, I stick my nose in, but that's Anne's department. Our average looks up on your years ago. But we're still friends. We share ownership of the company and she runs the financial side. She's a wizard—inside is a multimillion-dollar operation without borrowing a nickel, without bringing in outside investors, and without giving up any of the company. One of my virtues isn't patience without perfection, and the money and doesn't grow on me. I don't handle any money. All my personal bills go to Bobbie, and she pays them."

A car pulls up. A young couple that has escaped from Poland. She is a concert violinist. He works as a woodworker and is delivering a chandelier Ackerman has designed. It is an eloquent thing, with candle holders shaped like oak leaves. Ackerman notices it, nodding delight as if he were being surprised with a gift.

"How much do you pay?" It is as if he couldn't permit them to give him such a present.

"No, Bobbie sent us a check."

"But you're going to do ratings for the house. We should have an address on there."

"The check covered that too."

"Oh Good." He seems disappointed that he will not have the opportunity to pay

with his own hands, the way the chandelier was made.

A few minutes later the man who is Solon Valley to a music business that has become a smokestack industry is under the skylights of his Dream Garage bedroom, packing socks and underwear into the case of his Martin M-36 guitar.

"I'm not last-best California musician. That's why I live. Cops! Lousy. That's why I'm a mid-Dixie Strain fan. The notion that I'm some kind of poet hangs about me like a poll. Derives me cats."

The phone rings. Bobbie. "Bobbie here," Ackerman says. "Tell me I have no question of ignoring him, but I'll answer his letter in detail. But time will require that I get to it when I come back. Now—will there be a car meeting my plane just before the plane to Boston takes off."

"Our music is meant to be not an escape, but a place to regroup before reentering the fray. Like going into REM sleep to dream the road. I think of it as a kind of evidence to the white madness most people are living. This I'm brave. I've got twenty-five people working for me. Sales will be \$20 million this year. You think my office life isn't absolutely wacky?"

"I'm not thrilled with the notion that Woodhills Hill music is great for meditation. The human potential movement doesn't send me. I like my neuroses. These people who talk about how they like to transcend—I don't get it. One of the best pleasures in life is calls where they call you too."

The streamer is driving most tellingly past parking machines and figures that have been set on the road to make it a miracle if Ackerman catches his plane.

"I don't intend. I go home. Home to me is the Swamp. I'll go up into the mountains for the last full moon before the snow. That can make me go stark, raving bonkers. I talk to the newsmen. 'Hi, pal. When I come into Kennedy Meadows and I see Kennedy Peak and Leavitt Peak, I know those guys. You know how many look Leavitt's?"

The Volvo pulls up to the little airport with seconds to spare.

"The map reads 11,579 feet," he says. "But I know how tall Leavitt really is, 'cause I stacked two feet of socks on the top. It's 11,579."

The pockets of WB Ackerman's jeans are empty except for his passport, his ticket, and the keys to the pickup, contained in the black guitar case they give out on the Concrete. He borrows twenty dollars, dashes to the plane, and goes to Europe. When he gets there, he calls Bobbie and asks her to send a check for the twenty, enclosing a thank-you note. ☐

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# Education & Social Service

1984 Register

## The Helpers' Hands

Helping others and teaching others to help themselves are moral imperatives that may be addressed in a multitude of ways. And across the country in the mid-Eighties, shifting social patterns and a changed political temperament are revising our attitudes toward education and social welfare. Volunteering is gaining wider recognition among citizens and corporations. At the same time, federal budget cuts have diminished the role the government plays in assuring the well-being of the disadvantaged. This is a time of social, political, and economic transition—but the needy and uneducated can't wait for the resolution. Fortunately, new programs, ideas, and strong helping hands are in evidence.

The best kind of help starts with a sure sense of just what help is needed. Many of the men and women honored here earn their stripes by addressing not just the surface needs of their constituencies, but the deeper ones.

There are stories about a new kind of helper: the hands-on kind. By and large, these people don't administer welfare and education programs; they throw ropes to children who wish to scale a rock; they walk the dogs and cook the meals of the incapacitated. A New Englander develops children's reading and writing skills not by traditional rote but by inspiring them to explore creatively their nascent souls.

Society offers its helpers scant returns. Identifying and saluting them counts for very little. The greater payment is that we learn from them and, in so doing, turn their solitary efforts into the greater good.



**NONDREES**

**Physician**  
**Franklin Apfel**  
Tulsa, Oklahoma  
Born August 28, 1945

When Apfel was a boy in the Bronx, his bedroom served as the waiting room of his father's medical practice. Apfel learned the importance of access to doctors: he has dedicated most of his adult life to bringing medical care to those who have none. Now, as chairman of the board of Emergency Relief Fund International, the fundraising arm of Medical Volunteers International, he is helping to set up a comprehensive health care clinic in a remote region of the Sudan. "We want to train people to be self-sufficient," he says, "to provide their own relief after our brief incursions of Western technology." As Gary Lee Everett, a San Francisco attorney and board member of ERFI, says, "This big bear of a man who likes to deliver babies in refugee camps is also a man with a keen business and analytic sense." Apfel has an M.D. from Columbia and he leads a private family practice in California, between visits abroad to teach at the University of San Francisco.



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**Nancie Atwell**

**Teacher**  
**Southport Island, Maine**  
**Born June 24, 1958**

Three years ago, when Atwell was a summer student at the Breadloaf School of English Program in Writing, she decided to test the idea she had been developing to help students understand how, why, and what to write. With a \$12,000 federal grant in hand, she established the Breadloaf Writing Project at the Boothbay Regional Elementary School, a program that has been vined by more than two hundred teachers throughout the state and stands as the model for early writing programs all across the country. Throughout, she has remained first and foremost a teacher. (See page 252.)

**Roger J. Bass**

**School administrator**  
**Seattle, Washington**  
**Born August 10, 1945**

Disillusioned with the public education system in Seattle, Bass left and created his own school. In 1958 he and six colleagues—all teachers who had been laid off when Seattle voters failed to pass a school tax levy—created the University Preparatory Academy, now rated among the top three private schools in Seattle. John C. Kory Jr., president of the National Association of Independent Schools, says the Academy is "one of the most acrid jobs of starting a school I've ever seen." The Academy, which opened as doors to fifty-two students and was funded by a \$125,000 budget made possible by deferred salaries, savings, and second mortgages on the founders' homes, now has an enrollment of 170 students, twenty-seven teachers, five staff people, a million-dollar budget, and plans for a permanent campus. Bass, currently director of the Academy, is also chairman of the Washington State Superintendent State Advisory Committee on Private Education and served as president of the Pacific Northwest Association of Independent Schools.

**Obie Benz**

**Philanthropist**  
**New York, New York**  
**Born November 3, 1940**

Benz, the heir to a Delaware battery fortune, created the Vanguard Foundation in 1970. It was the first of the "adventurous" philanthropies set up by children of American wealth and dedicated to funding contemporary projects working for social change. Until recently he served on the board of the Council on Foundations, but Benz's own work since 1980 has become a discretionary foundation. His focus—among other things—is on education, which is about eighty years of U.S. foreign policy in Central America and was nominated for an Academy Award in 1989 to reflect the same concerns that spawned his now-extinct Vanguard. Benz founded Vanguard after graduating from Middlebury College "to give credits to programs that could not get money anywhere else. For a while we called it 'venture philanthropy.'" The organization funded some of the first rape crisis centers and shelters for battered women in the U.S., as well as financing centers to serve people with specific needs: acting, medical rights, Indian rights, peace, and Black and cultural activities. Benz helped create the Film Fund in 1977 to help finance small-budget, progressive filmmakers. In 1978 he started the Pacific Alliance as San Francisco's fund activities activities on the West Coast. In 1979 Benz organized the Ideaworkshop, starting the MUSE (Museums United for Safe Emergency Foundations, which drew the only that raised \$450,000 and became the concert film *Don't Nuke*.

**College president**  
**Annapolis-on-the-Bay, New York**  
**Born December 14, 1946**

When Botstein took over as president of New Hampshire's liberalizing Penacook College in 1975 and briefly reformed it, he was, at only twenty-three, one of the youngest college presidents in this country had ever seen. And when he became head of Bard College in

spatial New York in 1975, he was, at age twenty-eight, still not much older than his students. At a time when many question the worth of a liberal arts education in a competitive job market, Botstein has remained an outspoken advocate of the small liberal arts college. He has also championed the improvement of literacy and reasoning skills in high school and the improvement of high school teaching. "The problem I have seen with students is inability to use the language. When we think of people who can't read or write, we usually think of the poor and underprivileged, but this has invaded the classes at Harvard and Bard." In 1982 Botstein created the Institute for Writing and Thinking. Funded in part by the Ford Foundation, the Institute has trained two thousand high school and college teachers to use measuring, rhetoric, and writing in their school programs. In between, he finds time to pursue his musical interests, he plays violin and has made several guest appearances as conductor with college orchestras and the Hudson Valley Philharmonic.

**Rigo Chacon**

**Television reporter**  
**San Jose, California**  
**Born November 12, 1945**

Chacon spent his childhood summers digging canals and picking grapes with his migrant worker parents. In 1975—a year after obtaining U.S. citizenship—he became one of the first Mexican American television reporters. Thirteen years later, an Emmy Award under his belt, he still works as his adopted hometown of San Jose as bureau chief for San Francisco ABC-TV station KGO. Tom McElhenny, mayor of San Jose, calls Chacon "a reporter who really cares about this city. It's not just a beat for him." Chacon, the single parent of two boys, has established local scholarship and career funds as an acknowledgment of his reporting work. Bill Polak, San Jose bureau chief for San Francisco radio station KGBS, says, "Broadcast news is one of the most competitive, toughest businesses in the world, but Rigo is not a culture not looking for evil. He looks for a positive way to get involved in a story, to find a solution."

**Frank Forrester Church**

**Minister**  
**New York, New York**  
**Born September 29, 1948**

Church is the son of the late U.S. senator Philip Church, but his accomplishments are far beyond the conscience of his family. As pastor of the Lutheran Church of All Souls on New York's Upper East Side, he watches over what he calls the "lost population"—the tens of thousands of poor people who live, by some accounts, in one of the richest neighborhoods in the world. He and his congregation have created both clerical services and social services to replace vanished liberal programs. And since last spring he's taken his activism to the international level as one of the newest members of the Council on Economic Priorities, whose concerns are corporate responsibility and the arms race. George Rago, dean of Church's alma mater, the Harvard Divinity School, calls him "a very promising leader in American religion and thought. He's one of the few preachers whose sermons I read." Church and his parish run a shelter for homeless women, a soup kitchen, and a Meals on Wheels program.

**Harry DeRienzo**

**Community activist**  
**New York, New York**  
**Born May 10, 1923**

In 1976, after talking with children in the South Bronx who had been burned out of their homes by arson, DeRienzo, then a twenty-three-year-old neighborhood activist, was determined to do something about it. So he started the Bronx Family Community Improvement Association. The group began by serving free hot buildings and recruiting funds for housing. Bronx Kelly is now a 65-million social and economic development agency, headed by state and local officials and by both the Carter and Reagan administrations as the best of its kind. DeRienzo and his family still live in the South Bronx neighborhood where Bronx Kelly was



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Bartlett compiled a study for the state of Maine on the impact of technology on the economy. "We indicate further that education was producing people who would fit into the economy," says Bartlett. "But that Maine tradesmen are deficient in math and science skills, skills that will really be needed in the future," says Dorrice. He has also started several education programs for adults who never finished high school and a program to train people fifty-five and older to become basic desk clerks. Bob Targert, administrator at the Office of Trade during the Carter years, recalls, "The New England Institute put a huge stress on the parents because their children were going to have to go to college. It was a good grant proposal." Dorrice is eventually going to develop the business approach into management analysis programs.

**Advocate for disabled**  
Boulder, Colorado  
Horn July 10, 1975

**Robert Eller-Isaacs** Minister  
Oakland, California  
From November 2, 1994

**Television reporter**  
Bismarck, North Dakota  
Born March 9, 1948

**Born July 30, 1953**

Mattia, a young New York Times reporter named Thomas Friedman shared a Pulitzer Prize in 1982 for his reporting on the Lebanon civil war. His Middle East coverage has been widely praised. He has also earned big bucks working in Boston—first for UPI and then for the Times—the literacy and neatness of his reporting were well-known trade secrets. “Most journalists who love Lebanon go to work with the Maccas and leave with the Maracas,” says L. Dean Brown, former special envoy to Lebanon under Presidents Ford and Carter and now president of the Middle East Institute.

Friedman slipped on, sank roots there, and got hooked on the chaos at work. When Friedman, who was married to Leila, left Lebanon in October 1986, he wrote her a letter that said:

My life became barren chard in Jerusalem, he confessed. “I miss out of composition. After a while, I become like other Beirutis, hating our friends and living in a cloak.” Anonymous Richard Norton, who served with the U.S. forces in Lebanon and is a senior West Point professor whose specialty is the Middle East, says a Friedman, “Most journalists there suffer from the Hotel Commodore Syndrome, where visitors are fixated over trivialities and minutiae. That’s true, but it’s not nearly as bad as being caught up in the real thing. It’s a level of understanding that few journalists have reached.”

**Human resources director**  
Banger, Maine  
Born March 3, 1949

**David A. Gaines** Lee Vining, California  
Born December 1903, 10-47  
In 1976 Gaines learned that the water level of the Sierra Nevada's

**David A. Gaines** Lee Vining, California  
Born December 1903, 10-47  
In 1976 Gaines learned that the water level of the Sierra Nevada's

NMono Lake had dropped more than forty feet since Los Angeles began tapping into its freshwater feeder stream in the early 1950s. Mono Lake, with its saline waters teeming with brine shrimp, is a sensitive "wet station" for birds migrating to South-

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America. Gates founded the Meso Lake Committee, became its chairman, and died just against Los Angeles and its Department of Water and Power, a suit expected to result in "the most important water rights decision in the past one hundred years," according to David Taylor, western representative of the National Audubon Society, the oldest mass group involved in the battle. Gates's interest in the lake was sparked by a childhood passion for taking as well as by a master's degree in biology and ecology. "We used to take out of L.A. into the Santa Monica Mountains and catch snakes. But it was a mystery to me where our drinking water came from."

## Billie Pirner Garde

### Consumer activist

Washington, D.C.

Born April 5, 1929

As director of the Citizens' Clinic, a division of the Governmental Accountability Project (GAP), Garde protects whistle blowers who speak out on government and corporate waste, crime, and corruption. Garde knows the terror of those who dare to speak the truth. In 1980, as an assistant director at the U.S. Census Bureau in Mustang, Oklahoma, "she blew the whistle on a sex scandal in her office," says Leon Clark, attorney and executive director of GAP. "Her loss created a 'whole corps' to entertain traveling politicians." First came the chairman of a powerful local Democratic machine, established by persuading the court to take away custody of her two children. She went to GAP. The U.S. Commerce Department's original investigation confirmed most of Garde's charges, but the department failed to take action and GAP launched its own investigation and revealed the results to the media. Eventually the issue was corrected. Garde, a law student, is now turning her attention to the nuclear power industry; last summer she helped close the Midland Nuclear Plant, in Midland, Michigan, after spotting as a three-year investigation of the plant.

## Henry Louis Gates Jr.

### Professor

New Haven, Connecticut

Born September 16, 1950

While browsing through a Manhattan bookstore Gates came upon what appears to be the first American novel by a black woman, Harriet E. Wilson. He turned over the card to Revlon House, and when it was published he received publicity for the card at a station he had been moving in scholarly circles for his work on Afro-American literature. An associate professor of English and Afro-American studies at Yale University, Gates was the first black to get a Ph.D. in English at the University of Cambridge in 1976, and in 1981 he became the first literary critic to win a MacArthur Fellowship. He has written seven books on literature and edited seven others and is currently working on both a public television series and a book on the image of blacks in Western culture.

## Richard J. Gelles

### Sociologist

Kingston, Rhode Island

Born July 7, 1940

Gelles, a professor of sociology and anthropology and dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at the University of Rhode Island, is a pioneer in the study of child abuse and family violence. Gelles's 1974 book *The Violent House* was the first work on battered wives, and he is currently updating his 1976 study on child abuse. Thomas Lally, dean of the Center for Studies of Man/Social and Violent Behavior of the National Institutes of Mental Health, says: "Gelles is one of the few researchers who's been able to apply his findings to clinical practice. His contributions have been constant and of national importance." Gelles is as interested in human biology as he is in research. While attending Bates College he met a professor who studied in part a panacea for varicella, and he learned that his work had to move from his laboratory to the field. At age twenty-seven he became the youngest editor of the professional journal *Thinking Sociology*, and he has since written nine books.

## Wilton Daniel Gregory

### Auxiliary bishop

Chicago, Illinois

Born December 7, 1947

Gregory's parents weren't Catholic, but he is now the youngest Catholic bishop in the U.S. and only the eighth black American to be ordained a bishop. Gregory's parents enrolled him at age eleven in Catholic school simply because the Chicago public schools at the time were not very good. Within a year Gregory had become a member of the Catholic Church and had announced his intention to become a priest. He was ordained into the priesthood in May 1973 and worked as an associate pastor at Our Lady of Perpetual Help Parish in Glenview, Illinois, until 1978. Although the congregation there was primarily white, Sister Marie Knapp, a teacher at the church's school, remembers: "Father Gregory was really a sensitive person that he was able to accept each person as a person—that's why they accepted him." On October 31, 1983, Gregory was named auxiliary bishop for the Archdiocese of Chicago, which, with 2.5 million people, is one of the world's largest.

### Attorney

## Robert M. Hayes

New York, New York

Born November 12, 1952

When Hayes was beginning a promising career as a Wall Street attorney he found himself increasingly called as the number of homeless people on the streets of Manhattan. In 1979 he filed a class action suit against the city and state, and after the New York State Supreme Court accepted the "right to shelter"—a claim that, regardless of race, and adequate food—the city opened its first shelter for men in 1981 years. In 1980 Hayes founded the New York Coalition for the Homeless and in 1983 the National Coalition for the Homeless. Hayes, affectionately known as "Mr. Homeless Litigation," says that the coalition "didn't do straightforward lobbying work, we do public education. People in government respond to pressure. We create pressure by doing a very grassroots organization over homeless men." (See page 242.)

### Community planner

## Jorge N. Hernandez

Boston, Massachusetts

Born January 18, 1964

As executive director of Inquilino Boston, an Acquire (Public Housing Tenants in Action), Hernandez heads the largest Hispanic organization in Boston and does what Marshall Susskind of the Local Initiatives Support Corporation calls "the best job of housing and community development in the country." Not only has ILSA rehabilitated 180 apartments in thirty-one Victorian row houses in the heavily Hispanic South End of Boston, but since Hernandez took it over in 1977, it has also helped stimulate the growth and emergence of such local institutions as the Acquire, the only community-based Hispanic arts program in Boston, the first Hispanic credit union in Boston, and the first Hispanic day-care center in eastern Massachusetts. Hernandez earned his master's degree in city planning from Harvard, where he became special assistant to the executive director of ILSA, returning four years later to head the organization. ILSA's latest project is a shopping center/community center located on and around a place surrounded by new and ILSA-rehabilitated housing.

### Human-rights activist

## David Hinkley

Los Angeles, California

Born November 20, 1940

Thirteen years after leaving the BUTC and five years after first hearing of the work of Amnesty International, David Hinkley joined with Jane Bosley Hinkley because one of the highest-ranking American officials of the London-based organization and life is now chairman of Amnesty's International Council and director of its western regional office. Early as Hinkley began to organize in his work that he spent up to forty hours a week on, in addition to his job as a teacher, and he was asked to head the western



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negotial office, his work was all solitary. He began fighting in 1974 for political prisoners in Indonesia, whose government tried thirty-five thousand prisoners by the end of 1979. "He's not usually dedicated," says James U.S. attorney general Ramsey Clark, now a New York attorney and a former AUSA board member. "He's sacrificed tremendously and made a superb contribution. As he became aware of the violation of human rights, he just couldn't stand it. He sees the enormity of the problem and feels some of the pain."

**Social worker**  
**Robin Jackson**  
San Francisco, California  
Born February 5, 1954  
Jackson is the driving force behind the Fatherhood Project at the Teenage Pregnancy and Parenting Project in San Francisco, the model for the many other fatherhood programs that have started operating since. Teenage fathers who go through the program learn how to become better parents and stay in school. Jackson, who lost his father at an early age, is himself a devoted father. (See page 284.)

**Physician**  
**Dennis Jahnigen**  
Denver, Colorado  
Born July 25, 1947

As chief of geriatrics at the VA Medical Center in Denver, Jahnigen is one of only a handful of doctors in this country who work exclusively with the health problems of the elderly, specifically patients over eighty years old. Since he took over the geriatrics program in 1979, he has expanded the department—which had no staff and consisted of one consulting room—to include a lounge unit, an evaluation unit, a geriatric researcher, and a home-care department of a medical nurse, a dietitian, and a social worker. He also operates some fifty educational programs a year for health professionals on the care of the elderly and trains medical students at the University of Colorado Health Sciences Center in dealing with and treating an increasingly elderly population. (See page 239.)

**Child-care specialist**  
**James A. Levine**  
New York, New York  
Born April 20, 1940

Levine has always had an acute interest in the way America takes care of its kids. "Today, as founder and director of the Fatherhood Project at Baruch College of Education in New York, he is a nationally renowned expert on fatherhood, child care, and the changing American family. "He has taught and lectured when it comes to family policy, day care, and parenting," says Susan Berkowitz, vice-president of the Ford Foundation, which helps fund the Fatherhood Project. "Five years ago he wrote a book for fathers on adopted children—long before fatherhood was in fashion." The Project, which investigates programs and policies for "increasing men's roles in child rearing" and is a national and international clearinghouse for information on fatherhood, has just published *Fatherhood U.S.A.* and has a second book, *The Future of Fatherhood*, under review. Outside the Project, Levine was a geriatrician in California, director of a day care center at a public housing project in Massachusetts, and educational director of a laboratory nursery school at Wellesley College.

**Philosopher**  
**David Lovell**  
Seattle, Washington  
Born March 28, 1947

For one year, between 1982 and 1983, David Lovell was America's first and only philosopher in residence in a state prison system. Now, as he writes a book on the subject, the Connecticut Department of Corrections is processing his discoveries. What Lovell found in his research was that correctional systems are "failing it impossible to believe they're in the rehabilitation business. They're too busy processing bodies in the front end of the system and getting them out the other end to make room for those

coming in the front end. People working inside the system see only those people who come back, and it reinforces their sense of failure." Robert Brinkley, chief of program development for the Corrections Department, says it is now working to "affirm the dignity" of prisoners as individuals responsible for their actions and to organize punishment to enable inmates to "reenter the community, instead of full membership in society."

**Environmentalist**  
**Amory Lovins**  
Old Snowmass, Colorado  
Born November 13, 1947

**Environmentalist**  
**Hunter Lovins**  
Old Snowmass, Colorado  
Born February 26, 1950

The Lovins are a husband-and-wife team who together founded the Rocky Mountain Institute, a nonprofit educational and research foundation that seeks to build global security and foster the efficient use of energy, water, and other natural resources. They met sometime after Amory Lovins, at age twenty-nine, published an article in *Foreign Affairs* that would make him famous. Called "Energy Strategy: The Road Not Taken," it was the pioneering force in the energy conservation movement.

**Environmentalist**  
**Martha West Lyman**  
Concord, New Hampshire  
Born August 10, 1952

Lyman, director of policy for the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, has spent the past four years getting her state's cities and towns to pass a resolution to cut emissions of sulfur dioxide—the main ingredients in acid rain—by 50 percent by 1995 and to agree to a treaty on acid rain with Canada. Thus far all of the state's thirteen cities and 303 of its 238 towns have passed the resolution. Besides battling acid rain, Lyman's job includes researching the effects of air pollution on the decline in forest growth and protecting streams from excessive hydroelectric development. J. William Brown, the organizer and now chairman of the Acid Rain Coordinating Committee and a member of the state's Water Supply and Pollution Control Commission, says of Lyman, "She's unusually imaginative, resourceful, and persistent. Getting almost everyone in this state full of fire threatens to agree to anything is no minor feat. But she did it, and it's a significant achievement."

**Police detective**  
**Greg MacAleave**  
Austin, Texas  
Born January 23, 1947

In 1976 MacAleave, a sports writer-turned-police-detective working in Albuquerque, New Mexico, founded Crime Stoppers, a citizen-action volunteer program. Crime Stoppers has allowed people to report crimes anonymously over the phone and has offered rewards of up to \$1,000 for information that leads to an arrest or indictment. Since the program began, the Albuquerque police have solved more than two thousand crimes and recovered more than \$4.5 million in stolen property and narcotics. They've taken more than four hundred people into court and have a 98-percent conviction rate. Today there are programs in five hundred cities, the idea is spreading to Canada and Europe, and MacAleave has left the directorship of the New Mexico Crime Stoppers Commission to take a similar post in Texas. John Ditz, executive assistant director of the FBI, says "Greggie is one of the pioneers in crime reduction and in the forefront of those getting outside groups to assist the criminal-justice system."

**Music director**  
**Norman MacKenzie**  
Atlanta, Georgia  
Born July 12, 1954

MacKenzie is both director of music at Trinity Presbyterian Church, one of Atlanta's largest churches, and a guest solo organist with the Atlanta Symphony. His cassette of organ re-

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FOLEY'S

colleges was read out of the first best interview of 1983 by *Forbes* magazine. "He is a prodigious technical consultant with wonderful improvisation," says Robert Shaw, conductor of the Atlanta Symphony. *Middlesex* made his point about with the Philadelphia Orchestra at age twelve, and his organ debut with the same orchestra at age twenty. In his current position at Trinity Trinity Center, he is director of eight church groups. Says Shaw, "I don't know his equal."

#### **Historian/professor Berkeley, California**

**Walter McDougall**  
Born December 3, 1946  
McDougall is a rising star in the History Department at the University of California at Berkeley. He is also the author of the soon-to-be-published *The Monks and the Earth: A Political History of the Space Age*, a sweeping work on the development of space technology that is sure to have a major impact on the study of technology in America. A fellow at the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars at age thirty-four, McDougall spent his undergraduate years at *Amherst*, served in Vietnam, then went to graduate school at the University of Chicago. As a junior professor at Berkeley, he turned his dissertation into a well-received book, *Frederick's American Diplomacy, 1814-24: The Last Days for a Balance of Power in Europe*.

#### **Social-services director Rodger McFarlane**

New York, New York  
Born February 25, 1905  
An executive director of New York's Gay Men's Health Clinic Inc., McFarlane runs America's first and largest mental health center for gay men. Since 1981 he has taken nearly three thousand lives and shaken over five thousand in all. GMMHC offers the affected housing and food-stamp assistance, one-on-one peer counseling, volunteers who will cook, clean, and pay bills, group therapy, and heterosexual groups for family and friends. It is one of the most successful and best social-service agencies in recent history, and McFarlane's energy is largely responsible for its success. (See page 270.)

#### **Health services director W. Tom Mihekovich**

Minneapolis, Minnesota  
Born June 12, 1940  
Mihekovich was a drink nearly half his life. He's been in more five times and in drunk tanks and overnight cells more times than he can remember. One day Mihekovich checked into the mental health unit of a local hospital, and within two months he was training as a chemical dependency counselor. By 1979 he was a senior counselor, and three years later he was named director of the Chemical Dependency Program at the Metropolitan Medical Center in Minneapolis. Recently he set up one of the first units of outpatient programs in the country—a cost-effective, less stigmatizing, and less threatening means of treatment. Mihekovich quickly won the idea of the health insurance companies, raising him when Minnesota president Frank LaFollette called him "one of the first six new heads of hospital administrators," a clinician/caregiver. Mihekovich also created the Employee Assistance Program, which trains supervisors and managers as how to deal with employees who have alcohol or drug problems.

#### **Newspaper publisher Assunta Ng**

Seattle, Washington  
Born October 5, 1951  
When Ng, a Chinese-born, American-educated woman, approached business owners and community leaders in Seattle's Chinatown in 1981 about starting a Chinese newspaper, she was regarded with suspicion. Recall that "Everybody used to tell me, 'If I didn't live in Chinatown, I would be considered an outsider.' Second, I was a woman, and there was only one other female business owner in all of Chinatown. Finally, I was very Westernized—I had learned about marketing strategies in business

school—and they didn't like that." In spite of the opposition, Ng forced friends she recruited as editors, talked people into a printing, and with \$50,000 from her own savings started *Ng's* in Chinatown's International District, where she imported some Chinese typewriters from Taiwan. The first editions of the *Seattle Chinese Post* were laid twelve pages and were put out by a staff of seven. Today the *Post* has expanded to twenty pages, including a four-page tabloid in English, and boasts a staff of fourteen and two thousand subscribers. She decided to start the newspaper because of what she calls "a lack of communication within the Chinese community." According to Ken Q. Chen, president of the Seattle Chinese Chamber of Commerce, the *Seattle Chinese Post* has not only succeeded in bringing the Chinese people together but "serves as a bridge between English-speakers and Chinese as well."

#### **Physician Gregory O'Keefe**

Vinalhaven Island, Maine  
Born December 13, 1946  
In 1975 O'Keefe became the sole physician to three hundred families—mostly lobster fishermen and Social Security pensioners—on a rocky island off the coast of Maine. He received medical education in 1963 when his federal employer, the National Health Service Corps, ordered him to report to Washington, D.C., as chief medical officer for its 1,400 doctors. He realized O'Keefe had found a home on Vinalhaven Island, and his neighbors liked and needed him. "I'm making plans to divorce myself from the Corps by the spring of 1985 and set up a private practice here," he says. "I don't like to answer to anybody except God. I don't want to know my neighbors in the back." The National Health Service Corps—which sends doctors to underserved or isolated regions of the country—gave O'Keefe a year to think about his decision but took back nearly 25 percent of his \$28,000 salary. One resident said of O'Keefe, "He's not only a doctor, but an old-fashioned family doctor who makes all home calls. He's come in the middle of the night and stayed all daylong divided. He's filled, physically and socially, a very real spot in the life of this community. We'd be lost without him."

#### **Minister David L. Ostendorf**

Des Moines, Iowa  
Born February 26, 1947  
Ostendorf was first elected preaching in rural Iowa churches. An ordained minister in the United Church of Christ, Ostendorf has also been the associate director of *Rural America*—a rural advocacy organization—and director of its Midwest regional office at Des Moines since 1981. "We help and support farms and rural people who take their identity seriously as citizens," says Ostendorf. "Rural people have a lot of political influence. If they're organized, it's a renaissance of a grass-roots, populist movement." Congressman Tom Blanton, an Iowa Democrat, says, "Ostendorf has played a key role in organizing rural citizens to deal with the economic crisis in the agricultural community that has resulted from high interest rates, overproduction, low prices, and rising energy costs. He's organized groups to contact and support lawlessly troubled lenders. Rural America has gotten state legislatures to set up farm credit counseling programs. And if it's dealt with the transfer trauma caused by a declining agricultural economy that caused many farmers to leave the land."

#### **Philanthropist George Pillsbury**

Boston, Massachusetts  
Born June 21, 1949  
The Funding Exchange is a philanthropic institution that gives money to socially and politically conscious organizations. Pillsbury, whose great-grandfather founded the banking company, made his. A Yale graduate with an M.A. in working-class history, his first forays into giving were minor—he gave his dad a co-op and to the old Rembrandt magazine. Soon Pillsbury was finding opportunities on social issues (including the Academy Award ceremony),

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and setting up the Exchange, which is one of the most effective foundations of its kind. Once dismissed as a dilly "four child" "he is now known—at age thirty-five—as the grand old man of alternative philanthropy.

**Robert A. Roth**  
**Newspaper publisher**  
**Chicago, Illinois**  
**Born March 10, 1947**

In fifth grade Roth turned out a newspaper on a micrograph. Today he is editor and publisher of what is arguably the most successful alternative weekly in the country: the *Chicago Reader*, with a circulation of 122,000. *Reader* magazine reported that in 1991 the *Reader* and its affiliate publications in Washington and Los Angeles had revenues of \$5.4 million. It all began when Roth and two friends pooled \$12,000 and started the weekly in their apartment in late 1971. Larry Green, Midwest brew-chef for the Los Angeles *Times*, says, "The *Reader* seemed to us just logical, and it's had rather powerful effects on both journalism and life in Chicago. It covers the North Side and Uptown better than the metropolitan, and it's a voice for the disenfranchised. It takes up crusades for people who deserve to be noticed by the press and aren't."

**Robert D. Ruhlman**  
**Physician's assistant**  
**Salisbury, North Carolina**  
**Born June 18, 1936**

Since the late Sixties, physician's assistants, under the supervision of their doctor-superiors, have been performing many of the traditional duties of a physician. Ruhlman is one of the approximately 17,000 PAs working in this country. While many aspire to the glamorous and high pay of big-city hospitals and medical centers, Ruhlman, after his two-year training program at the Medical University of South Carolina, decided to return to his hometown of Salisbury, North Carolina. Like other PAs, Ruhlman is authorized to take medical histories, examine patients, and diagnose problems. Ruhlman notices fewer medical mistakes the doctor to care for their patients more quickly than he could on his own. Says former classmate and professional associate Eugene Goldberg, "This commitment to taking care of his patients is exemplary. To me, Bob embodies the concept of the friendly and kind small-town doctor much more than most physicians."

He stands out from and above the masses eyes of his M.D. colleagues.

**Theresa Saldana**  
**Support-group founder**  
**Brooklyn, New York**  
**Born August 20, 1957**

Saldana was just letting her uncle in her acting career—planning like La Motta's sister-in-law in *Runaway Bride*—when, on March 15, 1983, she was attacked by a crazed fan outside her apartment and stabbed repeatedly. Her wounds paralyze her for three and a half months. "I knew though I had lots of support from my family and friends," remembers Saldana, "I felt very alone and I met another woman on the hospital who had been victimized the same way. We came from different backgrounds, but we could communicate about our experience." On the day her attacker's verdict (guilty of first-degree attempted murder, since reduced to second-degree) was announced, Saldana held a press conference to announce the formation of Victims for Victims, a support group to help women survive their traumatic experiences. Today fifty active members work one-on-one as supportive peer advisers for victims of rape, stabbing, robbery and other forms of assault, as well as working for changes in the criminal justice system.

**Michael Stratton**  
**Teacher**  
**Lincoln, Massachusetts**  
**Born December 10, 1946**

In 1971 Stratton came to the Carmel School in Lincoln, Massachusetts, to join the first Outward Bound program designed specifically for dyslexic children, ages nine to fifteen, a program

that has become a model for schools all across the country. Stratton, who was himself one of the first students to join with Outward Bound, reasoned that the outdoor learning experience—steering from boatholding to rock-climbing—would be of particular help to these children, developing their imaginations and self-esteem while relieving them of the stigma of being handicapped. Today, more than one thousand children have gone through the rigorous program, and the results have been dramatically positive. (See page 228.)

**Angelica Thieriot**  
**Health-care advocate**  
**San Francisco, California**  
**Born December 15, 1947**

In 1978 Thieriot set up *Placemore*, an alternative health advocacy group that encourages women to take responsibility for health care. In 1983 *Placemore* took over a whole unit in San Francisco's Pacific Medical Center Freephysician Hospital and began training nurses to be more sensitive to their encounters with patients, removing physical barriers between nurses and patients, and encouraging family and friends to spend nights or weekends with patients, varying diets to accommodate ethnic practices, and improving the quality of food. *Placemore* has also started a Health Resource Center with a student-run-and-student-run library and an extensive clipping file on health-care matters. Though now an American citizen, Thieriot was born in Argentina, where she started that country's only animal conservation group. Stewart Brand, who is on *Placemore*'s board of directors, says of Thieriot, "You seldom see somebody so focused on accomplishing one good thing. Her goal management is so intense that it's counter-intuitive that she simply can't oversee for a year or two and try to change things. She's been persisting on this for five years now."

**John Walsh**  
**Children's rights activist**  
**Washington, D.C.**  
**Born December 26, 1945**

In July 1982 six-year-old Adam Walsh was abducted in a shopping mall in Hollywood, Florida. When his parents contacted the police, they came up against a bureaucratic nightmare: "There were no local, state, or federal agencies to help," recalls Walsh. In frustration and grief, Walsh started a campaign to heighten public awareness of the problem of missing children. Two weeks after the abduction Adam's head was found in a canal, but Walsh will not take time off to lobby for child protection legislation at both the state and federal levels. As a result, in 1982 the federal Missing Children Act became law and provided for national computer file for missing children. In 1984 President Reagan named Walsh special adviser to the National Center for Missing and Exploited Children, an organization Walsh was responsible for creating.

**Michael Winter**  
**Advocate for disabled**  
**Berkeley, California**  
**Born September 2, 1954**

When Winter took over as executive director in 1985, the Center for Independent Living, the nation's first and foremost center for the disabled, was practically bankrupt: only \$600,000 in the red. Today the Center's \$25,000 in the black and once more is becoming active in getting the disabled out of institutions and into homes and the workplace. In least independent living, Winter, who is himself disabled, came to CIL in 1977 and a year later a year had become its deputy director. At the request of the government of Hawaii, he left the Center to set up similar organizations there. A year and a half later he returned to CIL to rescue the organization he'd left behind by adopting new conservative fiscal measures that threatened operations and thereby improved the Center's early loss. Recently Winter was one of ten U.S. delegates elected to the Disabled People's International, an advisory group to the U.N. Says Bob Stratton, an associate director of the Department of Rehabilitation at the University of San Francisco, who is on CIL's board of directors, "Winter's worked countless. He's done it with hard work, dedication, and tough decisions."

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**Educational  
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The dynamic children the world is disappointed into a barrage of kids and places that when we return, better on a page, inside and out, and have words left cannot be disappointed from right, double backfired with West confusion, these young people are trapped and suffering from their years. At the Carroll School in Massachusetts, Michael Stratton leads his dynamic kids through the rigors of an Outward Bound program. By challenging their limits, he helps their confidence and freedom.

**BY DOUGLAS BAUER**

**Michael Stratton  
gives dyslexic  
kids one hell of an  
experience**

# Big Strats!

As a boy growing up in Denver in the 1940s, Michael Stratton was so devoted to the New York Yankees that he devoted the bed each night with his team's travel schedule in mind. If the Yankees were heading to the Stadium in the Bronx, Stratton went to bed in Denver wearing white pajamas, the home-team color. If they were on the road, he slept in gray ones—the shade of traveling uniforms—for the duration of their trip. He'd begin his attachment to many of the players during their minor-league days with the Denver Bears, a Yankee farm club in the old American Association. Most of all he loved Mickey Vernon. Turning off the lights in his room and standing in the path of a flashlight beamed at a wall, he would shape his silhouette into Mickey's batting stance until he'd memorized the gestures.

Among the posters on the walls of Stratton's tiny office—stacked on the campus of the Carroll School for dyslexic students in Lenox, Massachusetts, there's a photograph of a somewhat extraordinary-looking man named Kurt Hahn. He's entirely hairless, gain as an egghead. His eyes stare out, dilated dark, as if he had lived in scrupulous avoidance of any daylight. In fact, this is true: Kurt Hahn's skin could not take the sun. So in dimly lit rooms, as an exiled German Jew living in England, Hahn contributed to the defeat of the homefront that had betrayed him by devising an extraordinary endurance program that trained British sailors to withstand the horrific conditions of the sea war. "Your disability is your opportunity," Kurt Hahn, given to aphorisms, said. Ultimately Hahn's model was adapted to a program of voluntary rigor and became, fundamentally, the cornerstone of Outward Bound wilderness expeditions.

As a high school quarterback in Denver in the 1950s, Stratton attended one of the first Outward Bound programs in this country, held in the Rockies, seven hours from his home. He was sent by his coach to refine his qualities of leadership and to work his body into unprecedented shape. Harassed, Stratton walked the miles of hills, learned much about leadership,

*Stratton leads students on a trip to Vermont. At 5'6", he's already working on a new record.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES. STYLING BY JANE BROWN. HAIR BY JANE BROWN. MAKEUP BY JANE BROWN.



**STRATTON helps his  
Bounders take a  
leap toward confidence.**





your new, glow-in-the-dark, distinctly modern system with blacked-out bellows.

Away from the school, also, his way of life has become increasingly contemporary. He lives with his wife, Nancy, who also teaches at Carroll, and their two children in a conventional and tastefully equipped house located in a residential neighborhood in the town of Lincoln. Though they heat the house with wood stoves and grow a considerable garden, there's a way of life in a many ways extremely forward looking. "I even have an automatic garage door opener," Stratton acknowledges.

**S**trutton ducks his head as he pees through the doorway out into the sunlight and says, "It's 2:45." He has not looked at a watch, he explains. "I hear them up the hill, getting out of school. I think I hear the sound before it starts. Every day, 2:45."

A moment later the shrill of boys' voices becomes loud enough for anyone to hear. Although Bowdler's widowed girls as well, there are none in this group of twelve, just starting their six-week program. A Bowdler must be at least nine years old, and most of them fall between that age and fourteen.

From up above, "Whoo-shik!" "Hey, Strats!"

Along with the freedom whoops comes the muffled thumping of heads striking the soft spring ground.

"Strats!"

Crawling down the steep, wooded hillside, cowering past the trees, gravity almost toppling some, the spring group of Bowdler heads for Stratton's shack.

"Yes?"

"Hey, Strats!"

Stratton studies and nods. "Ready or not," he says. "They're super keyed-up today. They're spending their first overnight here. Some in the tent, some in the igloo, some in the yurt." (The yurt, modeled after a Moslemian tribal hut, sits, with a large wooden capsule with a red-covered roof, a hundred yards or so over the hill. It was built by Carroll students.)

They cluster around Stratton on the steps of the shack, twelve small boys wearing jeans and sneakers or hiking boots. A few wear fringe pants or flannel cowboys' pants. They jump up and down, make little speed-burst sprints of ten yards, zigzag on the grass, and throw clumps of seed at one another. They vary exuberantly in size and shape. The smallest among them looks as if they could easily make the dubbel bags of the largest. They are all exuberantly, cacophonously loud.

"Listen up, now," Stratton says. His voice, in contrast, is mellifluous. Though it's a forced overstatement, it seems obvious that his boys, among men nearly as old as one of two undated personalities—

regard-on measure, an unreciprocated affection. As boys, such men were either terrifying bullies or compensable bears. It's as if they understood early on that their size alone allows them to get away unchallenged with other men.

Stratton, with the apparent confidence of a body not merely enriched but almost raptly defined, emanates only confidence.

The boys quiet down for instruction. This afternoon, at the first week of the course, they will rappel the smooth face of a bark shelter on the property. It's the second exercise, culminating the week later with a ripped down the side of a cliff a few hundred feet high.

"Now, remember, you guys. Tonight's a big night, so I want you to be thinking where you want to sleep. In the igloo, the tent, or the yurt. Okay, let's get going."

**B**owdler stands on the top edge of the bark shelter, back turned to the ground some thirty feet below. He wears a bright-yellow helmet known among Bowdler girls as a "horn bucket." He looks like a telephone repairman hanging from a pole. He's crouched on a harness, attached to ropes secured with a "Bowdler knot" is a new that most boys when "believe" here in these woods. "As sleep, at the other end of the rope that will let him down the wall is Stratton. Momentarily, Bowdler will ease himself, unhooked, over the edge and proceed to walk backward down the face of the shelter.

"I don't think I want to do this," Bowdler says, clutching the rope.

"You're totally safe," Stratton assures him. He lets rope out slowly, telling Bowdler where to place his hands. "Use the one closer to the wall, Bowdler. Let the other one at the feet. When you're in it," (Stratton has said, "They often can't let it down right, so you have to give them instructions with that in mind. I had to learn that myself when I started here. I was diving a kid home one night and I said, 'Okay, him's your anchor. Let him let it down.' And he said, 'I don't know.' They put my mittens on. He always wore a Band-Aid on one hand to keep him and right straight.")

Bowdler's feet, on the other, scuffle frantically, throwing loose dirt like spinning tops in a parking lot.

"This is one hell of an experience," Bowdler says.

"Just lean back, I've got you."

"I don't think I can do this."

"There's nothing to do. Just relax and lean back."

"This is one hell of an experience," his body desperately grips the rope, and he coils onto a parashutist to keep from falling back.

"Look, Bowdler," Stratton says, all patience in his voice, "there's no way you can let it."

Just then, Bowdler leans abruptly back in jerking steps and drops through and

beyond that internal point of full income. His face radiates with sudden, unadorned joy. He yanks down the wall. At the bottom he steps free of the harness, his legs spontaneously shaking, a hoot. Those Bowdler's help him.

"How was it?"

"I wasn't sure I could do that," Bowdler says.

"Was it scary? It looks scary!"

"It was one hell of an experience."

**I**n the school van, driving a few miles to a store with a climb.

"I'm gonna sleep in the tent tonight."

"You said you were in the igloo with me."

"Yeah. That's what I mean. A tape's a tent."

"Just don't sleep with Gilbert. Last week he tried to snub a kid with a pickaxe."

"Where's Strats gonna sleep?"

"Probably outside. Nothing gets Strats."

"What if it rains?"

"He'll just sleep it."

In the middle of an enormous field stands a giant white tent. As if set exactly at the intersection of lines drawn to find the field's midpoint, Bowdler's tent, tentatively linked, braced in the last days of April, the first of summer and winter beyond its natural one.

"Every Bowdler who's gone before you has jumped from this tent," Stratton tells the bubble. He looks up at the lowest limb, which he can reach when he crinkles his reach fully.

"Oh, yes," says one, catching immediately what's coming.

"It's up to us to keep the history short."

Stratton continues, "So everybody's going to jump from the tent."

"This is going to be scary."

"How we gonna get up there, Strats?" asks Andy, the smallest Bowdler.

"We're all going to lift each other up. We're a team. We work together."

One by one, they get hoisted up. There's much grunting, lifting, neck-and-neck straining, a load of best-intentioned mayhem. Above it, Stratton continues to repeat. Above it, Stratton continues to repeat. "Let's get 'em out. Everybody helps his buddy. Now, no, Gilbert. Put the pickaxe away, Gilbert."

Everyone leaps, landing and rolling to break his fall, as Stratton has demonstrated, which is the point of the exercise. And then he says, "Okay. Now you lift me."

"You weigh four hundred pounds, Strats!"

"That's gonna be one hell of an experience."

Stratton reaches up and grabs the limb and yanks down on it, lifting them before they're lifting him. Bowdler's, if at all, he waits for them to count—"...right, now,

# IN THE 1890'S FOLKS WHO LIVED OUTDOORS DEPENDED ON WOOLRICH.



# IN THE 1980'S THEY STILL DO.



lup"—and dogs, then lets out a moan and reaches for his beer. "OK, it's broken!" he says, clearly perturbed.

"The door that every time," a Boulder answers the others. "Another kid told me he'd do that."

Andy says, "It's not really odd break his ankle, it's odd because to pull him."

Over the past few days the Bounders have rattled greater heights, climbed jagged walls, and now are gathered at the yard to celebrate its eleventh birthday. Stratton remembers a classmate's celebration doughnuts "Eleven years ago today, before any of you were here, before most of you were even born, every student at Carroll took the day to build the yurt. Some sowed seeds, some carried things, everybody helped. The whole school went insane. And now these light candles stuck into the roof."

"Today's a very special day in our ways too," he continues. "It's May Day. Our year, which you planted in the garden, was up."

"Let's go see," says Andy, three feet high, barely up himself.

"We will. But today we're going to meet a man named Sumner Smith, and he's going to tell us part his garden. And this is special because it's his last garden. Sumner's moving next year. He's one of the oldest men in Lincoln, ninety-five years old, and he helped build your school. You might want to ask him about that. He's a very sweet man, and he's been here. No Boulder has ever had the chance to meet Sumner and plant his garden."

In the van on the short trip, Stratton glues down to point out the house where Smith was born, a curvilinear, rambling, barn-like house painted gray, with red shutters on what seems its several hundred windows.

"He owned the first car in Lincoln," Stratton tells them. "Sumner went to look him when it was like, to live here before there were cars."

They peer out the van windows at Sumner Smith's birthplace, an tattered ad-bureau sign at landmark cottages or, only a few miles away, paste to read the standard-graphic signs identifying Wadley Pond.

The house Smith will leave is huge, white with green shutters. Stratton looks, and moments later a small man, dressed in a plaid shirt and gray pants, walks out to say hello. His white hair is full. He smiles and waves slightly, steps into the Boulder cluster, and shakes hands all around.

"I want you to plant my sweet corn," he says. His voice fades in and out like a radio with static reception "After years. Best corn there is." His kernels are a full. "I'm down with your foot. Four feet between him."

"We brought some special Boulder bread, Sumner," Stratton says. "We brought the corn you brought."

Sumner Smith nods. He may have heard, he may not have. It doesn't matter to Stratton. He's beaming, an expression on his wide, red face that looks more than anything like the flashcubes on Andy's as he full past his hair and begin his first ripple.

After that day, after dinner, Stratton sits in his living room in a straight-backed chair, somewhat rigid but a relaxed back. His day had been at seven o'clock, when he'd reported to Sumner Smith's to help him spray his first trees.

"I don't know what he told me about today, planting his corn, but maybe years from now it'll mean something to them."

He's asked a question that has recently come to his mind over the past few days. It dawns then to most those who suffer from it socially minded, physically timid, how does Stratton—who's an opposite to that as could be imagined—find a source of empathy with his students? For clearly it is that, a bond that goes beyond a simple sense of concern to something stronger, empathic.

"A few seasons, actually," he says. He shifts in his chair, wheels a bit. "For one thing, I was raised with stepbrothers, and not much money. My father sort of abandoned me when I was three. So there some sense of disliking from that, although my stepbrother was wonderful and I try to model myself as a parent after him." He continues. "Also, I have a brother who was a slow learner, so I grew up seeing his struggle. Crying about not being able to learn certain things. Not being able to do some things for himself. That's probably the most important reason of empathy I have with the kids."

His face softens. "And the other thing is, I'm close to these kids because I don't want to sleep here a lot myself. I'm not ready yet to give up the idea that I can be Mickey Mouse." He's pleased to admit that, and he adds "There are two things I've never done. I've never applied for a job. And whenever I've worked I've never had to worry about my resignation. I guess I want to postpone having to think about what I'm going to do when I grow up as far as long as I can." He laughs. "Thomas said, after all, 'Because the job that requires new clothes.'"

At the end of a Boulder afternoon a week or so later, they gather to take a turn swinging on a rope across a deep ravine and, at the other end of their swinging, heart-leaping leap, a long a wide: we'd rope hanging in trees. As one of them reaches the web and climbs across in it another swings over,

and so on until each has had his chance. "This looks awesome."

"Scary."

"Anxiously scary."

As they wait, drenching their jumpers and stripping on their brown buckles, they quickly shift to one another that they are afraid. Over the past few days, while waiting across ropes or scaling the insides of chimneys, some Bounders have cried, wet their pants, and if themselves, a "Gua! I'm such a chicken!" But not one of them has hesitated to get mucked up and, when his turn came, to try to let or climb. And so one has said, since the first day or so, that he doesn't think he can do it.

Stratton stands, again, below them, gripping the thick rope of rope from the support with one hand and the rope back down.

"Dang, Tim," he calls to a waiting Boulder.

Tim takes off, swings across, and catches his arm at the web. Bounders on the ground cheer his passing.

"Look," Stratton says, pointing up at Tim and sending "Tim's got sewing machine legs. He's really got that sewing machine going." As Tim swings in the net his legs shake uncontrollably.

Everyone laughs. Tim most of all, because they all know each other has sewing machine legs, in one form or another. If their legs don't leap, their stomachs do.

Understandably, parents of a dyslexic child, accustomed to his clumsiness, might resent the idea of his scaling cliffs and swinging precariously from a hillside onto a net strong high in treetops, and indeed, some parents and teachers at Carroll initially worried about the Bounders grasping a good deal. But it's clear that these children are safe. What Stratton creates for them is a dancing sense of risk—a highly beautiful and persuasive sense, to be sure. His students continually confront honest challenges, essential to seeing their self-confidence. That there's a safety net beneath the challenges—Stratton himself, symbolically, straggling, surely holding them in his net.

At first this seems the obvious reason that Stratton, embracing himself, is seen as one by his students. And the notion of a protected innocence in that is appealing: knowing this place to be seen in their own right have the vision to see beyond one's self. But after watching those kids swoop through the sky, the explosion of Stratton's status among them seems off-course, and more appealing still. It comes not so much from the anchored risk he shows them how to meet, but from the moments of extraordinary freedom he lets them feel. As they tear across the ravine it makes no difference that they see the world in kaleidoscope form. What they see, all they see, is the glow of an arc. Fragmented or whole, the arc is the arc. For the length of the swing, left and right doesn't matter. ☐





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DR. DENNIS  
JAHNIGEN  
ministers  
to the souls,  
as well as to  
the bodies,  
of the aging

by David Gelman

# The Care-taker

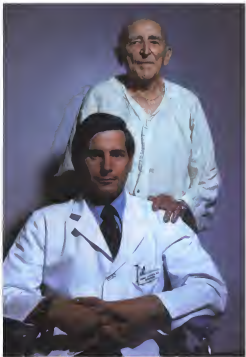
Breidenstein waited about ten minutes before anyone spoke to him. He had somehow become separated from his wife, and I saw him standing there, at the feeding crossroads on the transfer floor of the Veterans Administration Hospital in Denver, Colorado, a small insect figure in a sea of crutches and coats and wheelchairs, flailing his defiance in a nervous grin, now and then raising a hand through his thin, crumpled hair. Finally, perhaps because he was the only stationary object in all that tumultuous human traffic, the receptionist

David Gilmartin, a senior writer at Newsweek magazine, has been a journalist for 40 years.

noticed her. "Can I help you?" she asked. James (father of patients) here has been changed) greeted her and she called out again, louder this time. "Can I help you, sir? Stop over here, please." But he simply kept looking around, and that set everyone laughing, not necessarily as a malicious way but because there was something funny about his total self-absorption.

That's the way it looked. Actually, Jones is quite hard of hearing. He has trouble with his eyes as well, and as he searched the crowd for the face he still recognizes as his wife's he may have been feeling a touch of panic. It took a few minutes more for the receptionist to get things straightened out and lead him to the gynecologic clinic just down the hall, where his wife, a large, exhausted-looking woman with some serious medical problems of her own, was already on with her bur-

OUR 50 YEARS-DELAWARENIGHTS THE GENERAL CITIZENS ASKED



Journal of Management Inquiry 23(1) 3-14

It's odd how we would, most of us, like to reach old age and yet we manage to avert our eyes from it. Even as it looms before us, the old are somehow less visible, their problems less compelling than everyone else's. Remember that the former head of the National Institute on Aging took doctors to task once for refusing to older patients as "crotch" and "geriatric," and many doctors still use them as a drag on their livelier interests—supermarket sales or the drama of disease and recovery.

Fortunately, the elderly have a clinic of their own at Denver's VA Hospital, a place where they can count on being treated as if their lives still mattered enough to be treated over. That surprisingly new concern is largely due to Dr. Dennis Jahnigen, the last, wild-haired Docso who is the hospital's handwriting chief of geriatrics. At thirty-seven, Jahnigen, who dreads mountains, cross-country skis, and back-packs through natural parks on his vacations, looks almost as vibrant as he is to be devoted to his day-to-day people. In fact, he is one of the relative handful of medical doctors of any age giving serious attention to the narrow span of years after eighty, a slice of the life cycle often so fraught with fear that most other doctors know it is best to avoid it. In the five years since he took the assignment, he has built one of the most comprehensive and integrated geriatrics programs in the country. Still though it is, it includes a hospice unit, an emersion unit, a state-of-the-art day-care center, a visiting nurse, a dietitian, and a social worker who go out a couple of times a month to assist a patient's functioning, change dressings, and give a day's medicine. Jahnigen is married to a nurse, and the two must keep the patient out of a nursing home. When the hospital's current construction program is completed, the geriatrics department will also have an on-site, twenty-bed nursing home of its own. And it has plans for a kind of geriatric day-care center, where outpatients can be looked after while their spouses have some relief.

But what is his, especially, in the altered, muscular, commanding doctor of Denver Jahnigen. The VA hospital system was once the whole, the only source of continuity of aging veterans, is leagues ahead of other hospitals in care of the elderly. Even so, what Jahnigen has done at Denver is unique. When he was first brought in to head the hospital's outpatient service to head the clinic in the field, he found he had no secretary, no office, no staff. It was little more than an empty room. Month by month, year by year, fighting the "myriad inertia" of a large bureaucracy and pushing always for a little more than he had, he has built a clinic with the idea of a three-bed "model" hospice unit with its own TV sets and inter-

view area. He got funding for another doctor and the two-bed evaluation unit, secured an outside grant for a nurse practitioner-research chair, and instituted interdisciplinary team meetings to review the status of patients. "They said no, they knew I was going to lose it," he says with a jocular smile. "I've tried to push just hard enough not to be obnoxious."

At the adjacent University of Colorado

## JAHNIGEN gives the last years of life the sort of attention that a pediatrician addresses to the first years.

School of Medicine, where he is a professor of geriatrics and an assistant professor of medicine, Jahnigen has applied the same direct but relentless pressure to expanding his departmental teaching staff and winning student converts. It is all part of the consciousness-raising effort he carries to make it both his—his has become a kind of obsession for his discipline. In the hospital he never appears without his trademark name tag prominently displayed on his lapel coat. "It's geriatrics curiosity," he explains. "There are still so few people who know about it." His weekly class of students in geriatric problems are generally packed with attentive doctors and nurses, brow-beating their benches to brow him. During one such session, an acquaintance in the elderly, Dr. Robert Bretick, a specialist in internal medicine, leaned forward and said, "We're all puzzled by the work Dennis is doing. The rest of us are stretched in too many different directions to focus on geriatrics."

In truth, not many doctors choose to focus on geriatrics. As little as ten years ago, most of them were in the field. The industry was so far advanced age as to be inconceivable without it itself. Beyond that, Jahnigen remembers, the attitude was much like that toward the dog: "It'd be clear the dog," The doctor has just changed several times since this number and visibility of old people have grown. According to Census Bureau projections, the number of Americans over

sixty will have doubled, to something over five million, by the turn of the century. That generally the geriatric specialty is still seen as a one-way street, with no backsliding along the way—no job for consultants rather than hospitalists.

Jahnigen not only welcomes the role of consultant, but he also gives the last years of life the sort of painstaking attention that a pediatrician addresses to the first years. In the heart of his connection as a doctor that it is a worthwhile goal, as much as any dramatic cure is a permanent patient, to get the extra mile or two of patient stress or less independent functioning even from a sixty-year-old with a combination of ailments. "It's not a Polioidea about it," he says. "If you can't make someone better (without pills), with his family, his familiar surroundings, that's a success."

Gathering up with Jahnigen on an average morning is a bit like hopping aboard a speeding express train. By 9 A.M., a respectable starting time for a conscientious porter, he has already been up and out for several hours, jogging seven or eight miles with his wife, Jacqui (one of the few times they get a chance to talk), coming to the office by seven or so to make quick rounds of the intensive-care patients, about calls and paper work till eight, clinic and regular rounds with the house staff till ten, and so on, through team meetings, slide talks, nursing-home visits, and more paper work (he is often busy applying for grants), and 7, sometimes 8 P.M.

When he arrived at the clinic on the morning of Rebecca James's visit, Jahnigen had already been examined by a nurse practitioner, who had also gotten a quick rundown from Mrs. James of what the patient had been doing since his last visit. At the end of Jahnigen's checkup, he took the room and checked James lightly on the back, exclaiming, "How are ya, young lady?" James seemed to perk up at once, but he stared at Jahnigen curiously, without answering. "Did I disturb you?" Jahnigen asked, raising his voice. "She didn't have time—you walked in!" James took back, he looked pleased with himself, he seemed to be chiding the doctor as he "how'd your throat, Mr. Jahnigen?" Jahnigen nodded. "Are you swallowing any better?" James took a choked swallow. "That bad," he reported. "Folies pretty good." "They're crying your throat, didn't they?" A brief pause. "Nope." "Didn't they like you down for X rays?" No answer. Jahnigen tried another shot. "How long have you been married?" Too long, he said. "Another pause." "How old are you?" Another pause. "Old enough to know better." "How old do you see?" For the first time James seemed distracted, his eyes seemed to wander. "Seventy-six," he said. "Thirteen, eighty-six." His wife spoke up weakly. "It's eighty-seven."

Jahnigen knew that James wasn't just being playful, he was being evasive. It is a

typical pattern in senile dementia—a patient can conduct himself with perfect poise in all the "well-learned" arenas ("How me you feeling?" Fine and dandy. How's your throat?" Well, he may be thinking. "Do I know this man? Why he's asking me these questions?" Dementia can be caused by heavy drinking, by a series of strokes, sometimes undetected strokes, or by Alzheimer's disease, a degenerative brain disorder of still uncertain origin that accounts for about 60 percent of the cases. It is also overdiagnosed: its most obvious symptoms, confusion and loss of memory, may be the result of a temporary disorientation—where a patient in first hospitalization for long-term dementia—of medications, or of depression, probably the most underdiagnosed affliction of aging. Jahnigen is always cautious about the diagnosis. It is one of the two principal reasons for admission to nursing homes—the other being senility—and it is far too easy to slip on a elderly patient to one of the first signs of confusion.

In James's case, it was not enough. He had already forgotten his examination by Barbara Grinn, and his visit to the X-ray room a few days earlier. As time he was experiencing a chronic, day-long confusion. He would start rattling around the kitchen, looking for breakfast, in the middle of the night, and then was placing an added strain on his wife, who had had a string of heart attacks. One midnight last winter he had wandered out for a stroll, and before police found him about a mile away after a frantic hour or so, his toes had almost frozen. The immediate concern was that Mrs. James was due to be hospitalized for the removal of cataracts on both eyes and would have to leave him alone. Jahnigen talked to her about the possibility of facing a hospital bed for her husband while she was in surgery. He wasn't too hopeful, both were scarce.

As the discussion proceeded, a leading nurse for the elderly was another possibility—the patient himself seemed almost forgotten. Yet all the while he talked to Mrs. James, Jahnigen kept a hand on her husband's shoulder, murmuring a steady back and forth, a state that I saw again and again during the week that I followed him on his rounds.

Beneath the bustling style, Jahnigen seems always sensitive to what he is gathering in the "precious" minutes of a patient's life. A debilitated elderly couple like the Jameses, for example, may go along just managing on their own, until one of them gets sick or needs an operation, and then the whole "top-down structure" threatens to collapse. It is very much a matter of keeping things in a kind of delicate balance, rather than relying on mere interventions. "You're dealing with diseases that you can't cure," says Jahnigen, "but by their very nature you decline." About a third of his patients have some

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degree of dementia, but must have more problems than that—deafness, blindness, loss of hearing and visual difficulties, in order treatment for a hostis hernia, a bleeding ulcer, aneurysm, arthritis, and coronary artery disease. It is not an unusual job for the geriatric department. On the day I went to see Jahngagen, he had a fifty-five-year-old veteran, Mr. Coleman, who was suffering from renal insufficiency, hypothyroidism, congestive heart failure, degenerative arthritis, peripheral neuropathy (a loss of sensation in the extremities), and aneurysm, and to manage the acute diarrhea brought on by one of the medications he was taking. With such a patient there are often critical decisions to be made: Is he responding well, or is he a downward spiral? How aggressively should he be treated? In what point does aggressive medical care merely prolong an intolerable life, as opposed to extending his capacity to function acceptably?

Jahngagen had been amazed that week he had had the country, apparently by word of mouth, by Governor Richard Lamm of Colorado implying that aging old people have an obligation to get out of the way and make room for the young, instead of clinging to life-support devices and making unreasonable demands on the medical system. What particularly annoyed him was the typical banger tagline of all the ads, as if there weren't wide differences in their "quality." The late of diseases often don't tell the story, Jahngagen explained. "You could have a single disease, a metastatic cancer, and still have your quality of life could be reasonable. On the other hand, when Mr. Coleman is in good balance, when his medications are adjusted, his quality is quite good."

During the week, as we moved about around some geriatric patients, I asked Jahngagen if he didn't find it depressing at times to be working so much in the shadow of decline and death. It reached later that the question reflected the very bias against the elderly we had been discussing, but he seemed used to it. "You know," he said, "I could do this same sort of thing in cardiology and have no impact. Here it makes an enormous difference just to get a flu shot into an eighty-year-old, say—that's the geriatric revolution in the Third World. Everything you do is so enormous effort."

Jahngagen had mentioned once that one of his favorite books was Seneca Lewis's medical bible, *Arrowsmith*, a novel he re-reads about every four years. I hadn't read it since high school, and when I looked it up again, I was surprised to find that Seneca Arrowsmith's principles seemed the opposite of Doctor Jahngagen's. Arrowsmith didn't have much enthusiasm for bedside doctoring, he was "wired" for the romance of the laboratory, for finding ultimate truth among the test tubes. For Jahngagen, the real romance of medicine was to wipe out disease, not to "just fiddle at a lot of voun-

out old bodies, but make a new world." Yet I came to see that Jahngagen's bantering at all those worn-out old bodies, in his lecture as much as in his own work. It took a certain single-mindedness, after all, to choose a branch of medicine that many of his contemporaries view as undignified drudgery. At the time Jahngagen started advanced training in primary-care medicine, after

a hospital and medical school. It was a dream of an assignment for a fellow specific. For a year he took care of Rowberg's patients, lived in his house, and on his own terms. Then he took two more years of training at the University of Washington before he was accepted by Denver's V.A. Hospital, where (as it always seems in retrospect) his destiny as a doctor lay.

Jahngagen is OPTIMISTIC ABOUT WHAT he sees in the growth of biogeriatric voices in medicine. In the past few years or so, he says, there has been a trend here to primary care among graduating students. Last year, for the first time, he had a student whose declared specialty was geriatrics; this year, he notes with satisfaction, there are four or five. "They're the critical element," he said. "You never change anything, you change the student."

At dinner one night Jahngagen talked about his father, who worked his way up from pole climber to telephone company manager, who did beautiful cabinetwork as a hobby and had looked forward to retirement, when he would be able to give full time to it, and who was now, at sixty-four, a big, powerful man of six feet two inches, as disabled by rheumatoid arthritis that he couldn't even handle a screwdriver. Jahngagen's answer is geriatrics provided his father's disability, so there was only a casual connection there. But with obvious pride, he told me something else: his father had been involved with the Boy Scouts all his life, and that was his son to be recognized for fifty years of dedicated service. I was accustomed to hear that, because in the early Sixties, when I worked for the Peace Corps as an evaluator of overseas programs, I had got the impression that the best volunteers, the ones who worked most effectively and even happily, at what they were supposed to do, were those who grew up in families with some tradition of church or community service. That's where I had seen it before, the sort of clean, selfless energy that kept Jahngagen going around the clock, helping people and thinking constantly about how he could help them more. It occurred to me that he would have made a terrific Peace Corps volunteer.

But he has found his own underdeveloped country to work in. Martin Arrowsmith and his fellow noble heroes helped make a new world of very old people who were then left in it to fend for themselves. Doctor Jahngagen's achievement is the geriatric revolution, in a more effective way, of the idea that attention should be paid to the elderly but not the loss of our brethren. As he summed it up himself, "Basically, we've made the elderly special here. And everybody who's involved with them is to treat them as a special, or recognize that they deserve a little extra attention." **D**

## BENEATH the bantering style, Jahngagen seems always sensitive to the precarious situations of advanced age.

graduating from the Ohio State University School of Medicine, most of the young doctors he knew were going to be the high-tech glaucoma specialists—cardiology, oncology, immunology, and the various surgical specialties. But he had found a role model, and a real-life hero, in the person of Dr. Bernard Rowberg, director of medical education at Sacred Heart Hospital in Spokane, where he had signed up for a one-year internship (later a three-month oncology-clinical experience in the Yukon). Jahngagen says he chose the "more humanistic" setting of a private hospital because he felt the academic teaching centers were overemphasizing science and technology and neglecting the basic business of caring for people. Rowberg, he says, was the finest physician he had met to that point in his training, a doctor who could bury up sensitivity and yet never lose sight of his primary responsibility to patients. He was also the first doctor in Jahngagen's experience who accepted to care primarily about old people, while to many others seemed all too willing to consign them to nursing homes. "He tried to alter medicine to serve old people and not warehouse them," Jahngagen reverently recalls. "He showed me that just because they're old doesn't mean they can't benefit from good medical care. I would say he was a gentleman before there were any."

When Jahngagen finished his internship, Rowberg asked him to take over his practice while he went off to Tennessee to found



# ABSOLUT GENEROSITY.



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Hello?

*I hope you're on a date!  
Ah, the sweet song of the morning  
grouches!*

*You didn't say goodbye  
I didn't want to wake you*

*Who could sleep when there's a knock  
with no clothes on wondering around  
at five in the morning, knowing  
I could end knocking over fences?*

*You have an ear of tin. It was Bruck.  
And I'm playing it this afternoon  
up in Boston for the Ladies of the  
Noble Order of Sweetest-and-Pearls  
What are you doing?*

*Lying here, thinking of you. You  
know, I can smell your Paco Rabanne.  
It's like you were still here.*

I wish I were.

*I couldn't go back to sleep, remem-  
bering everything. I wanted to hear  
your voice. It has the most interesting  
effect on me...*

*Maybe I should run over and read you  
a bedtime story or something*

*Or something*



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**Editorial note:** **Robert Hayes** is a lawyer. There are 10 million lawyers in America—they're everywhere. He spent his entire career from 1965-2001 in New York City. This article is the longest, taking time when they had it, writing about where they are. Additionally we are here to inform you as a responsible part of the law, and it could be found in all with a good eye. Attorney Robert Hayes was the biggest and best lawyer as he worked to work on his death—but he couldn't help that. Finally after 36 years of this business, he spent the day and, almost single-handedly, won for its national constitution the legal right to defend himself. And his health has been better.

## Attorney for the Defenseless

**Robert  
Hayes** is taking the  
problems of the homeless  
out of the flophouse  
and into the courthouse

by Steven Brill

He is the Walter White-Mother Teresa of American lawyers. Almost completely alone, he has fought, and won, the battle of cities all of us who graduated from top law schools in the last two decades probably dream of fighting. And he has given us a sign of what may be Wall Street's most important law firm, so that, instead of representing clients like Exxon and Goldman Sachs, he now practices as a flophouse and does his research out of a seedy old office—all in the cause of protecting America's thousands of defenseless, penniless beggars and drug addicts.

Robert Hayes is, in fact, a "let's show we care about the poor" candidate for the kind of honorary degrees and medals that law schools and bar associations love to give out on ceremonial days, when they're not consumed with making sure lawyers are fit for more commercial pursuits.

Which is why, at an age—fifty-two—when most lawyers with his experience and initial inclination to do big-case Wall Street law are still willing to handle their first trial, he already has a handful of doctorates of humane letters and distinguished service awards.

Not what's so impressive about Hayes, a cheerful but intense, not-bearded, thin six-footer, is that he's so damn self-righteous about it all. He's usually about the fact that in the six years since he first "got serious" and then got angry, "in his pain it, about the people he kept seeing on his way to work sleeping in night over frozen bricks, a roller and professor of The American Lawyer

hanted subway grungies and in doorways and begging doors and quarters and "putting their shoes under their heads when they slept in the tiny little doorways he was trying to steal them." He has tossed away a six-figure career of big-time litigation with later protracted bench and client-pole lanes and Cantorales and eating clubs, and almost single-handedly won for this hapless, conventional, highly paid, and decent client. He has also been grinding them a night to medical care and even a right to vote (you usually have to have an address in "residence"). He has used to challenge the "refugees" in mental-health care centers, deinstitutionalized, which often means putting the crazy poor out on the street to eat and rave as well as beg and scrounge. And he has even started to spread the word and the legal light to places as unimpressive as bachelors in Mississippi, Montana, with a tedious exclusion for the homeless.

"I live decently and hypocritically," Blyes says calmly when asked about his Upper East Side bachelor apartment. "The organization [the Coalition for the Homeless, which he founded in 1984] pays me more than I need, \$30,000—42% less than half the minimum he'd be making at his old law firm—to eat well, and I eat more than I need to, while some people starve. But what I think I have accomplished," he adds, "is that I've taken the work away from being exclusively for the courts and the Mother Teresa types and shows that it is something average people can care about and do something about."

After graduating from college at Georgetown in 1973, Blyes, who grew up on Long Island, spent a year as a reporter for the newspaper of the Long Island Catholic Diocese. "I'd been the editor of the college newspaper," he recalls, "and so I was a good reporter. But I almost got fired for doing a piece on the night club that was on Long Island, spent a year as a reporter for the newspaper of the Long Island Catholic Diocese. "I'd been the editor of the college newspaper," he recalls, "and so I was a good reporter. But I almost got fired for doing a piece on the night club that was on Long Island, spent a year as a reporter for the newspaper of the Long Island Catholic Diocese. "I'd been the editor of the college newspaper," he recalls, "and so I was a good reporter. But I almost got fired for doing a piece on the night club that was on Long Island, spent a year as a reporter for the newspaper of the Long Island Catholic Diocese."

In 1975, when after Blyes entered New York University School of Law, he began working part time for a city commission, setting up hearings and drafting reports on health-insurance fraud and managing home care. Yet by the summer of 1976 Blyes—who by then was on the law service, a student at the school's elite moot-court competition, and on his way to being in the top 5 percent of the class—was working professionally on issues widely away from the mundanity of law. He had landed a \$500-a-week summer job at Sullivan & Cromwell. Encompassed at the foot of Broad Street, Sullivan & Cromwell is not simply a prestigious Wall Street law firm. A fresh-baked house of messengers and bustling secret

printings, S & C would probably win if a poll were taken among lawyers asking them to name the richest and whitest-out, white-shoe old-line firm. Its clients include General Foods, Kodak, Peabody, Goldman, Sachs, General Electric, Riley Martin, and Exxon, and Blyes, according to two S & C partners, made an excellent impression that summer, doing excellent and accurate research—along research, that is, when he wasn't being invited and dined at partners' homes, country-club outings, boat cruises, and other events firm like S & C got in to have their summer associates' jobs accepting future jobs after graduation.

So it was all part of the natural order of things that when the NYU star graduated in June 1977, he took and passed his bar exam and reported for duty at S & C.

But about fourteen months after he began work, in November or December 1978, something began to dislodge Blyes a bit. It is here that our story begins to read like a movie script. Blyes often walked to the subway from his Chelsea apartment, and he began to notice "the homeless" began sleeping in doorways and begging for handouts. "Gradually, as the days grew colder, he began to talk to them about why they were out on the street. He was told about the City Men's Shelter, a sponsoring center for the Bowery, which he visited one morning, where men could apply for food and board. When he visited the shelter, he was told that even who came there were sent to one of two places, nearly foghouses or a 'cage' as the Catholics about fifty miles from the city were housed there every day, that had been been a women's prison."

Blyes found the foghouses to be "incredibly filthy and dangerous," men slept on crumpled newspapers and in cubicles supervised by drunken men. Grunties and the others, said, was violently dangerous to talk to. The Catholics place, he heard, was not much better, and the duty had rule was miserable. Moreover, Blyes discovered, the total capacity of the foghouses was about 1,000 men, and several times that many men were coming to the processing center seeking shelter during the winter months. The overflow, he learned, were told that they could sleep on the floor of the processing center, and when the floor filled up, as it inevitably did, they were simply turned away.

Blyes did more research, visiting religious and other charitable organizations, where he learned that the gap between the numbers of men and the available beds for them, such as they were, was growing rapidly. By midwinter 1979 he had approached Roy Storer, a partner at S & C, and he and he might need to do some kind of private law to lawyer's terms for "charitable" case to help these people. Storer recalls

that he was initially puzzled over how Blyes had come to take an interest in this issue, but he told him that he had no objection. S & C, like many Wall Street firms, has a long, if muted, tradition of paying back a small portion of what its partners get from their license to operate our legal system by taking on pro bono matters.

Actually, Blyes didn't really have much of a mind in terms of a formal business. He couldn't think of a legal way to compel anyone to take care of the homeless. Rather, he hoped that "by talking to city officials about what was going on, they would be moved to do something," he recalls. Using his S & C calling cards, he met one day with the city official who ran the processing center. According to Blyes, he was told in a conversation that this official does not now deny that the conditions were deliberately kept "horrible" in order to "encourage them to seek out other arrangements for themselves." A city commissioner told him much the same thing. "It was then that I got angry," Blyes says. "And when lawyers get angry, they can only think of one thing."

Blyes got Storer to agree to let him do legal research on the firm's time. The firm also allowed him to recruit another associate and a paralegal.

But what was their case? Blyes found a provision in the New York state constitution providing that "the aid, care and support of the needy are public concerns and shall be provided by the state...as the legislature may from time to time determine. Yet later decisions by judges made the chances for a suit to compel the state for use of its responsibility to provide any specific care seem grim.

But then, while researching the history of that constitutional provision in the basement of the NYU law library one night, Blyes found a speech by the man who had introduced the provision to the 1846 constitutional convention, which said, in part: "These are words which set forth a definite policy of government, a concrete social obligation which no court may ever make light of. By this section, the executive power is placed in the hands of the legislature, to remove from the state of constitutional doubt the responsibility of the State to those who must look to society for the bare necessities of life...."

Using this bit of what is called legislative history, Blyes kicked a state constitutional clause into claims before a provisions he'd found in the New York City municipal code and based on what is known as the Equal Protection Clause of the federal Constitution. (Who should the poor who don't have the money to get a lawyer? Blyes had the facts checked and other benefits that those with money do get, he argued.) In October 1979 he went to New York State Supreme Court with a class-action suit. It was the first case in which he had ever had to stand up in court as the lead lawyer.

PHOTO: JAMES HARRIS FOR NY MAG



In class actions a lawyer finds out plaintiffs who can claim to represent the legal needs and rights of a defined class of people, in this case the homeless. Blyes's plaintiff was Robert Callahan, a 34-year-old, three-year-old Irish-born, short-order cook who had lost his job about four years before, been evicted once thereafter, plunged into alcoholism, and ended up on the Bowery. Callahan was a good class representative, for he accurately guaranteed the myth of the homeless as being shiftless, lazy men and women who preferred to live on the streets. Callahan had gone to the Brooklyn welfare office after his eviction and after returning to a woman, who had told him he was a "stunt."

He said Blyes (who had befriended him at the course of doing his initial field research), had suggested he go to the men's shelter on the Bowery.

Callahan not only readily agreed to be Blyes's plaintiff, he helped him research the facts he'd need for his suit about

how people were treated on the Bowery. For a while, just after the suit was filed and research for evidence in a possible trial continued, Callahan stayed Blyes's apartment.

Callahan's Governor Hugh-Corwain (Mayor Edward Koch was tied on October 1, 1979, on December 5, 1979, Syracuse Court Justice Andrew Tipton issued a preliminary injunction in December pending a final decision, which would follow a full trial ordering the city to provide shelter to all who needed it during the coming winter.

"We were shocked to get the injunction," recalls William Adkins, the S & C associate who worked with Blyes on the case. "It was an incredible landmark win."

Immediately city officials accepted a view of extra shelters. Blyes repeatedly took them back to court, claiming that the new places were as inadequate as the old ones, and he usually won new, larger orders from Fairplay. By the time the case came

to trial for an unconstitutional final decision in January 1981, the city was ready for a settlement, and in August the city and state signed a consent decree agreeing to the conditions under which men and women would be housed and fed. Within six weeks Blyes was back to court, where he has repeatedly been since, pressing for the decrees to live up to their side of the agreement by providing decent meals, lodging, and health care. Things are hardly perfect, but as the first part of 1984 approached there were eighteen thousand city-financed warm beds for the homeless in New York, compared with about 1,500 mostly made-quap "beds" in 1979 (including the newspaper-consistent floor of the processing center).

Through the beginning of winter 1982 Blyes stayed at S & C, allowed by the firm to devote considerable time to his cause. "Wearing the case gave the firm great publicity, and they loved it," says one associate—but also leading to paying clients.

"I think it just became too jarring for him to go to 5 & C by day and the hospital by night," says one 5 & C colleague. "I don't mean that he felt guilty about it or that he proselytized the rest of us, because he never did, but just that it wasn't his life."

"I realized what I wanted to do in life," Hayes explains more simply. "So I did it." In February 1982 he resigned his law firm to become counsel to the New York Coalition for the Homeless.

He had founded the coalition in the winter of 1980. "We discovered that the police were preparing to clean up the area around Madison Square Garden and Penn Station at the time for the Democratic Convention," Hayes recalls. "They were going to move all the homeless out of the area."

So a bunch of us met in my apartment to decide what to do about it. We thought about spending time on the convention floor at organizing a breakfast there at noon or so in the evening. But we realized that raising the question of these homeless people there just wasn't our fight. So we got a loud church to open up for them and then invited the media in on the condition that they only take pictures of those who consented. We ended up on the Today show, and when they asked us to show them and asked where they could send contributions, we had to have an organization, so we formed the coalition.

"I called myself counsel," Hayes confesses. "I think it's good for me to present myself as a lawyer. It makes me seem more responsible, more mainstream."

Hayes continually looked to the mainstream for help for the coalition. He has gotten modest grants from places such as the McManis Group, Travel Company, and Ecolife, and he has solicited one legal help for new rights (such as a pending case to prohibit the state from turning homeless mental patients out into the world without taking transitional care and services to live) from a group of 5 & C-like firms as well as from the firm itself. "I try to get these people as a member of the establishment who believes in the free-market system looking for help from the free market," he explains.

With that help, he has recently organized a national coalition of groups from California to Arizona to Mountain to Missouri to Washington, D.C., centered with the sister's 350,000 to 3 million homeless, for whom he provides backup legal, public-relations, and lobbying advice. The past summer he also ran a campaign for the children of homeless families (an increasing phenomenon, he says), and he has helped to secure special groups to worry about the aged and handicapped homeless.

"How could we not find Jim Sullivan a homeless lawyer who was taking care of the most underprivileged of people in society?" recalls one grant dispenser. "He was accessible."

Not everyone views Hayes quite so be-

ingly. He has gotten into frequent sermons with more-established charities, such as the Red Cross (which runs one of the shelters he has studied in abundance), and with the city and state officials where he has peddled and used, and perhaps some more. "I think he has just given the city credit when it's deserved it and has sometimes gone out of his way to make unfair attacks on us when we were trying to help as he went to help these people," says Nathan Lernerfeld, who was Mayor Koch's deputy mayor for operations when Hayes filed his first suit. "But I have to say," he adds, "that he took on the job of being an advocate for people who before him had absolutely no advocate, and you have to admire him for that."

Lernerfeld has since become the president of Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, but he has not lost touch completely of Hayes's goal. Recently one member of Hayes's staff wrote to Lincoln Center to express about a program that allowed various charitable organizations to obtain leftover tickets to concerts and plays. A center official wrote back refusing tickets "for sale by any homeless people" because "I sincerely doubt the presentation[s] offered by Lincoln Center would be of interest to your clients." Hayes's staffer wrote back that among her "clients" was a former ballet dancer, a professional painter, a former madrigal-choir singer, and a classically trained pianist. When Hayes wrote with a copy of that letter to Lernerfeld, noting in a cover letter, "I suspect you hoped we wouldn't be bringing you to Lincoln Center," but not before the letters appeared in *The Village Voice*. Lernerfeld subsequently arranged for what he calls "a more sensitive, responsive answer" to the coalition's request.

Hayes does, indeed, have a third identity. For example, last winter when New York State Republican leader George Clark criticized Governor Mario Cuomo for being too sympathetic to the plight of the homeless (Hayes has occasionally criticized the governor on opposite grounds, though his favorite target is Mayor Koch), Clark's complaint was that setting up shelters for the homeless would hurt legitimate business by bringing too many dollars pouring around. Hayes responded by setting up a job site at Clark's lovely real estate business in Brooklyn with signs reading: **UNEMPLOYED DOES NOT DRIVE JACK**. "We got some great out of it, but no TV," Hayes admits, adding, like a media pro, "we made a mistake all that. I should have known you can't get careers in Brooklyn in the afternoon."

But he is not, it seems, trying to build an empire as what he calls "the charity-industrial complex." "I'm not a for-profit person at all as much as you and self-regarding in the business world," he says, by which one story about the Red Cross's "bureaucratic insensitivity" and another about the

French Air Force's being "obsessed with raising money and getting into *The New York Times*," and comments that places for the Ford Foundation are "overvalued" known for "people who couldn't get paid that way that much in the world."

In fact, Hayes, who by all accounts was well on his way to an 5 & C partnership that would have guaranteed him \$300,000 to \$500,000 a year for life, seems content with his staff of four and his small office, with the framed portrait (in his name) on the desk for the homeless-children's camp, and the recipient who keeps a visitor waiting for ten minutes while she explains to a caller that "yes, the problem of the homeless handicapped are very special, but we can help you if you tell us where you are," and the flickering fluorescent lights, and the gummy photocopying machine, and the power on the wall that is a subway ad for the coalition, reminding the rest of us, if you're on VOICE RAY ROAD, that Hayes is not a media pro.

If he caused more money, he says, he'd "probably get a lobbyist in Albany and Washington"—to attack President Reagan's "crust policies" and to push for the new housing legislation and better health and medical programs that, as a result, however, he sees as the long-term solution to his constituency's plight. But he'd "killed the most important to provide food and beds. I don't believe in big organizations or new types of government policies or complicated structures." Wouldn't he like money to have more money? "No," he replies. "I'd rather use pro bono people from 5 & C or Davis Polk [another top Wall Street firm]. They'll be more effective and have more respect resources."

Wouldn't he like to go back to that kind of firm, maybe do some pro-bono work but also make good money again and make a family for him all of this? "I suppose I couldn't do this forever," he says, "without giving up income. Because what you see always makes you so angry that I am getting better at not getting so angry. Today we get a completely dumb decision from a judge. After three thousand pages of submissions, he has to make a decision. Three years ago I wouldn't have been able to talk to you about this," he explains, not so casually. "So maybe I will live with it."

Either way, he wants to come out what he calls a life "with the right balance"—which should make him an either/or anyone or spending figure for a long time.

"The speech I gave to lawyers when I'm asking to be dismissed and do pro bono work," he explains, "is that you achieve a balance in life that is usually terrible by knowing that you have limitations—that you like nice clothing or good food or a nice other life." "I'm not a for-profit person at all as much as you and self-regarding in the business world," he says, by which one story about the Red Cross's "bureaucratic insensitivity" and another about the

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It seems that as long as there have been teachers there have been grammar exercises. And for what? Years of research have shown that learning the parts of speech and other traditional skills has nothing to do with how well we speak or write. Nancie Atwell is part of a revolution: she started a journal program in which kids learn through writing. Now Atwell's students could think it's not a whole lot of fun, but they end up with something more valuable: they learn to use literature in their own lives.

# The Prime of Ms. Nancie Atwell

She's the textbook example of a great teacher by Tom Quinn

**A**t the end of Maine's Boothbay Region peninsula, 150 miles north and east of Boston, the boys and girls of Ms. Nancie Atwell's eighth-grade classes meet Robert Frost by way of S. E. Hinton: Ponyboy Curtis, the fourteen-year-old narrator and principal character of Hinton's now-classic adolescent novel *The Outsiders*, is in hiding with his friend Johnny, who has killed another boy in a fight. It is their first time in the country, and they are living in an abandoned church, on a hill overlooking a valley. One morning Ponyboy rises early enough to watch the dawn light spilling out across the mist-filled valley, turning it to gold. Johnny wakes up and sits beside him. "Too bad it couldn't stay like that all the time," Johnny says.

But Quinn has spent most of his life in New York, where he has taught writing at New York University and in the city's public and private high schools.

"Nothing gold can stay," Ponyboy tells him, and then he recites Robert Frost's eight-line poem for his less literary friend. The poem plays its own special part as the rest of Hinton's novel (which these students regard with a kind of biblically reverent awe). And the great part of rural New England captures their hearts and minds because he is a part of that book.

Nancie Atwell, intent on flooding her young students' lives with literature and on helping them to see the literature in their own lives, follows up with more Frost. They read "The Road Not Taken" together. But not before she tells them a story of choice, diverging paths, and chance.

It is about a girl, not much older than they are, Ms. Atwell tells them, in a faraway place—Babine, New York. And it is faraway time—the late 1930s. And it is about her simple dream: she would carry away from her high school class. After they finished high school, she'd find work as a waitress and the boy would find work as a mechanic. They'd buy a trailer home first, make the ones set internationally along Boothbay's Route 27, among the oaks, gracefully mature railroad houses. And they'd have a lot of babies and live happily ever after. But then the girl won a scholarship to college. No one in her family had ever gone to college before, and she had no great ambition to be the first. Her mother combed her "just go for one year," she told her daughter. "It can't hurt you."



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES GAYNE

**Z**

and innovation under Nancie Atwell, the most committed of teachers.

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveler, long I stood,  
To where it bent in the undergrowth.

"Oh, but just for a year," the girl agreed finally. She went to the state college and took art courses, mostly, and at the end of the year she decided to stay and declare her major—just a little longer. The second year, she enrolled in course called *Survey of World Literatures*, because that always lived to read. The young professor—only a decade older than most of his students—was regarded as a radicality

**N**ancie's such an incredible risk taker," her husband says. "That's why she's such an innovative teacher."

most of the other members of the English faculty.

His course was the least predictable, most exciting literature course the girl had ever taken. She found his love for language infectious, and she followed as he led, cheering over what seemed like the whole of the world's words. First they read Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, then Brecht's *Hamlet*, then *Hamlet* by someone named Ernest Jones—he was always doing things like that. And soon the girl found that she was in love with words, too. She switched her major to English and forgot all about the boy, the teacher, and the job. And soon after that she found that she'd fallen in love with the young professor who'd done such a passionate job of leading her to words, and he'd fall in love with her, and they married. Only then did the girl see where the path of her life had spun and how by choice or chance she'd turned one way and not another—and how the turn she'd taken had made all the difference.

By now all the Irish children your old lady are staring at us. Nancie Atwell with the look of one who has been told that for a moment like might have made a first-rate actress! And then, in a lowered voice, she shares her secret with them. "And do you know who that young girl was?" They shake their heads. "That was me. And Today [they all know Nancie's husband's name is] Today McLeod was that young professor."

"That was you, Miss Atwell?" they shout in disbelief, finding it hard to picture: three thirty-three-year-old women in a teenage longing for boys and love and masculine teachers in Buffalo, New York.

Then they read the poem, seeing it through the prism of the latest tale. Was, this First man leaves his staff.

at 10:00 AM (his ATWELL's room) at the Buffalo Junior-Senior High School (JSHS) the kids and what they want to read, write what they want to write.

It sounds simple enough—too simple, perhaps. But it was the farthest thing from simple. Nancie Atwell will anxiously tell you as she chews her decade-long journey of trying, testing, and discovering. It began with her questioning her own assumptions and attitudes about her students' creativity and cultural inequities, progressed as she learned to believe in them enough to let chaos be teachers before her ever led, and continued in the experiments and struggles that are a daily and, she believes, essential part of the life of her classroom. Along the way to adapting this "simple" program she founded the 100th Street Writing Project and—with a small group of teachers at her remote elementary school—created a revolutionary model for teaching, or, as she would characterize it, "helping kids to learn," the uses of language.

"After I graduated from BUFFALO STATE College in 1973, I taught for two years in a middle school in Tonawanda, which is a Chevy-chase town outside of Buffalo," Nancie says. "We came to Buffalo Harbor one summer on vacation. We came back the next summer too. Today was working on his dissertation and hated the whole game, and we were both pretty used of Buffalo. There was this old candy store at Buffalo Harbor that was kind of our hangout and headquarters when we were up here; the proprietress was very friendly and talked to everyone who came in. We were at there one afternoon when we heard that there was an opening for a teacher at the local elementary school just for the lack of it, I decided to apply for the job."

When Nancie was interviewed by the superintendent, one of the first questions he asked her was, "Where do you stand on grammar?" It was already fairly common to write," she says, "and I was proud of the writing curriculum I'd helped design at the Tonawanda Middle School. I told him that a hundred years of research had shown that teaching people the parts of speech and all the other traditional skills and skills had nothing to do with how well people spoke and wrote. That's when he said, 'Thanks for applying.'"

They went back to Buffalo, and about a week later Nancie got a letter saying that a "local candidate" had gotten the job. She wasn't surprised. "In fact, on the Saturday of that Labor Day weekend," she remembers, "I got a phone call informing me that the 'local candidate' had backed out and the job was mine if I still wanted it. Today left a

to me." Two roads diverged . . . "Nancie's such an incredible risk taker," Today says. "That's why she's such an innovative teacher. We rented a truck, and all our friends helped us load it up, and we drove up here on Labor Day, and Nancie started teaching the next day. The kids saw Nancie as an 'outsider,' and they really got her through the girl that first year."

"When I saw the setup, I knew why the 'local candidate' had backed out," Nancie says. "The new school hadn't been built yet, and I taught in this old brick building just off the back end of the harbor. There weren't enough books, or desks, or supplies, or enough of anything else—except kids. There seemed to be a surplus of them."

These first years, Nancie and Today rented an old sea captain's Gothic-looking stone house on the crest of a hill in East Buffalo, which the prominent candidate proprietress had helped them find. Nancie soon led pretty much to herself in the quiet, sparsely windowed back building she unashamedly christened the Bunker. As the sole member of the English faculty, she ambitiously embarked on getting the eighth-graders at Buffalo Harbor to write—and write—and write. She was certain, even then, that writing, not endless rounds of grammar exercises, was the way to lead kids to language. She believed deeply in an English program based on writing—where kids would encounter words in a context in which all the rules would have meaning for them. But it rarely crossed her mind in those early years to consider with them about just what they ought to be writing. She crafted one wonderful writing assignment after another, conjuring up topics she felt they'd consider worth writing about. But even with all her clever coaxing, she realizes as she looks back now that she still regarded writing as an activity her kids had to be seduced into doing.

Her students "wrote a composition a week on the good, creative topics their good, creative teacher suggested," she continued in a recent article. "I assigned papers that I assumed my students could bring to—would not—write about. Since I wrote as my big drive, creating new assignments and evaluating their results, I remained happily oblivious to my students' interests, ideas, experiences, and expertise."

In the early part of 1979 Nancie submitted an application to the Rural Low School of English Program in Writing at Middlebury College in Vermont. The graduate program there stressed the need for teachers to be writers themselves and learn the process their students used when they wrote. "Initially, I guess I was asking, 'Who can show me how kids acquire language?'" she says.

She began to correspond with Donald



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Graves, a professor at the University of New Hampshire who had conducted a two-year study of children's writing development. That spring Graves sent one of his research associates, Susan Somers, to observe her writing classes. "Susan just sat in the back of the classroom with a notepad under her chin," Nancy says. "Afterward she said to me that it was of very nice, but what I was teaching wasn't writing. It was just a more sophisticated brand of teacher-antecedent exercises. We had a real go-around, but she was absolutely right. I was still teaching what kind of writing it should be doing. I was performing, and I

**We told the kids it was up to them to decide what they wanted to write, why, and for whom."**

wasn't really good at it, but a classroom isn't a theater."

Teacher-initiated writing is a painful of writing, Nancy believes now. "If you want kids to really write," she says, "to really feel themselves as writers, not in people, you have to say, 'You're in charge. It's up to you. I'll even push you. But finally, you're in charge of your writing, because it's got to be about how you see your life and the things around you.'"

Staying at that level had that first summer, Nancy started writing in extensive her own process. "I still could better understand what was going on with my kids when they wrote," she says. "I realized I couldn't teach anyone else about writing unless I was writing, too."

In the summer of 1980 she returned to Boothby and wrote and submitted the proposal for the Boothby Writing Project's program design. The first state grant was for \$17,000. That first year fourteen Boothby teachers from the first through eighth grades joined the project. Their initial goal was to learn how to function as teacher-writers and teacher-as-coaches and become familiar enough with their own writing processes to understand what it was like for their students. As the project's director, Nancy conducted a month-hour training course for the other teachers. They all wrote regularly, choosing their own topics and assessing portfolios of their writing. They kept close studies of their own development as writers, observing what they did when they wrote and how they learned to write. And each of them cherished the progress of a couple of their student writers in their classrooms.

"Donald Graves's research was the seminal influence in the project's developing stages," Nancy says. "Fogge Day is what we call this. But he'd be the first one to say that our project succeeded because we didn't have a 'hard' come-in and show us how to do it. We had no formal university connections, and we were so casual. It's a real nice model: a bunch of teachers in a small school believing they could change the way language skills were traditionally taught. Of all the places for this early model program to get started, I guess Boothby Elementary School was one of the best. But we didn't let that stop us."

By the end of that year they felt they had learned enough to organize the methods they would use to carry out their quietly determined revolution during the next school year. "The first thing we did that following year was to put past assignments on writing topics," Nancy says. "We told the kids it was up to them to decide what they wanted to write, why, and for whom."

A regular daily period for writing was established, in which all the stages of the writing process—from generating ideas to writing a first draft, revising, editing, and proofreading—were given careful attention. The students were encouraged to confer with their classmates and teachers at any stage of the composing process. "It was in the individual conferences that most of the teaching happened," Nancy says.

And finally, the students were given greatly expanded opportunities to publish their writing—in classroom magazines and anthologies and schoolwide publications. "We treated the kids' writing as literature," Nancy says. "No different than if we were studying Frost."

Bob Dyer is BRHS's principal. He is short, stout, and very friendly and very at the same time—unusually down-to-earth. "Right now 75 percent of the students are model the writing project doesn't put," he says. "I still let the teachers who are really uncomfortable with a continue to use their methods, but it's just a matter of time before it's the only way of doing and writing will be taught here." He has worked with Nancy for the last eight years. "When I first came here, we went on the tail end of the late-1970s era," he says. "This is a pretty conservative community, and during Nancy's first years in Boothby she was regarded by a lot of people as a wild-eyed liberal and extremist, something she never really was. In some corners this prejudice still lingers. There's still a real conflict here over the question of teaching formal grammar. Some teachers just have a lot of difficulty with the idea that they ought to be writing."

Since the project began, reading scores at the school have gone from the fifth percentile to the seventy-seventh. "Obviously, it's wrapped around a perfect score," Nancy says. "It's simply how most of the teachers at BRHS teach."

There is the gold-lit air of this sunny morning, looking in the twilight old white house on Southport Island (just to the south of the Boothby peninsula), Nancy Amell seems charged with the out-reach intimacy of the crusades—the revolutionary at twilight. It is 7 A.M., and both Nancy and Toby are gazing down coffee and searching for an understated New expression. As Toby glances at The Boston Globe, Boobie, their spryger spayed chow's cubular piece of white plastic that has the words THE ONLY CANINE, UNPUNISHED, is on it.

Toby works in a community-action program in Beth "I can employment-training workshops for folks who are out of work and economically disadvantaged," he explains. "It was formerly a CETA program—that was before President Reagan."

Toby is forty-three years old. He has a leuciscent, neatly trimmed brown beard and charming brown hair that he wears long. There is something of the Victorian gentleman about him—a period formality, an earnest idealism, and there is an air of the Victorian lady about Nancy—although as a decidedly uptight way. She manages at the same time to seem grim and folksy, scribbled and serious. Today she is wearing a gray skirt, a broad jacket of muted gray and brown, a gray turtleneck, a station cardigan, maroon stockings, and maroon leather shoes. Her long, dark brown hair is parted in the middle and gathered at the top of her neck with a single hairnet, and from there a braid to the middle of her back. She has high cheekbones. Her eyes are a pale, ethereal blue.

There is something Victorian about their marriage too. They are both personable people, but their preferences are in an antique way. Their doing, quiet love for each other is founded on their shared idealism on serving other people, as their love for words, for the silence of the Maine woods, for the solace of the world of letters.

Nancy leaves Toby to their driveway, by his silver-colored Honda, as she gets into her green Volvo and heads out fast. She races along the winding, wooded, top-of-the-world roads of Southport Island and over the sea of blue brackish that connects it to the Boothby peninsula. "I think my drive to school every morning is probably the greatest drive in the world," she says. "In the winter there are only four thousand people on the end of the peninsula. You get to where you know just about everybody, and I like that. I think about doing other things, but I don't think I could ever leave here."

As she drives through Boothby Harbor, flocks of gulls are squalling at the back of the harbor and the sky has begun to turn dramatically into the twilight hours. "I've had about three hundred teachers

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cramp through my classroom," she says. "What a lot of them are, or thought they are, was a bunch of kids just talking and moving around. Unless you know how to watch kids as they learn, you might not see how powerful it is."

The classroom clock says 7:44 when the lights go on in Room 233. The walls are pale yellow and covered with posters—mostly enlarged photographs, each with a brief reason or fragment of poetry in one of its corners. The most striking is a two-line message: any piece of plain white posterboard that says, in Nance Atwell's cursive, is Nance Atwell's classroom getting

## Atwell seems charged with a taut, nervous intensity: the revolutionary as rural schoolmarm.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO SUFFER TO BE A POET. AMBIGUITY IS ENOUGH. SUFFERING FOR ARTISTS.  
—ROSE CLARK (A POET)

There are twenty-five or so desks arranged haphazardly about the room. Dozens of paperback books are lined against the window wall, each with ATWELL printed across its top. "Every year I have the kids rate the books they've read," she says. "Then I go down to a place in First and buy all the books that have been rated one or two." Her kids read, by her estimate, a total of nearly a thousand different book titles over the course of the school year; of that number, she has usually read about half. "I have book reports," she says. "I refuse to let the kids do any. With a book report, what the kids write becomes a test for what they've read. I think it scans a lot of kids on reading."

Instead, she has developed a program, over its second year, in which they correspond with her and with one another about what they're reading. The letters are kept in "reading logs," along with a list of the books they've read. After these school quarters, each student has read an average of twenty-two books and written an average of thirty-four pages of letters, and there are now four other teachers at the school who have started corresponding with their students.

THE EIGHTH-GRADE ENGLISH PROGRAM AT BATES is divided into two biweekly forty-eight-minute periods—one for reading and one for writing. Nance teaches reading to all three of the eighth-grade classes and writ-

ing to two. Her first class begins at 8:17. Today she starts 8B with writing. She opens with a "madhouse"—something she introduced only this year. Each student has a packet of manila-graphed papers with the words *see* *now* on the cover. This week's commissioned wild-idea job for the summer. She tells them about introductory letters and assurances.

"Let's look at the letter Luanne Bradley sent to Robbison's Wharf," she says. "She's never had a job before, but she lists a whole lot of tasks she's performed in the last two years. For instance, two summers ago she acted as the sterman on her father's lobster boat." After that Nance takes a business card high school, places it in the front of the classroom, and mounts it, building a clipboard and student roster, to begin what she calls her "Status-of-the-class conference"—the central ritual of every writing class.

"Alyce?"

"Self-writing," Alyce calls back as she turns to her work.

"Robbie, you've got a writing conference with me and then a soccer ... Tom?"

"I'm gonna work on a second draft of my poems." Tom says with exaggerated confidence.

"B.J.?"

"I'm working on a new lead to my short story."

"Alyce?"

"I'm gonna finish reading that letter to Woody Allen, and then start the first draft of a poem."

"Self-writing that narrative story?"

By the time Nance is finished, all but young women are already hard at their work. Betsy's piece is called "A Day in the Life of a Lobsterman." "This is my third draft," he says. "After I'm done, I'll need, and it'll be ready to give to Mr. Atwell. I worked on a lobster boat for a while, but I don't think I'll go back to it. It was pretty boring."

As Nance moves around the room she carries a hand-propagator's-sized yellow plastic chair. She places it in front of the desk of whoever she is turning a conference with, looking up at the writer with her chin propped on her balled arms. She is crisp and efficient as she conducts each conference—but she is also gentle and sympathetic.

"Would you be willing to play with some other student to your poem?" she asks Robbie. "Think about it. The poem is funny, but the ending is silly. Do you see the difference?"

Robbie nods tentatively and agrees to have another go at it. He is a big boy, and his handwriting is bold and somewhat illegible. He has big hands and a good, fleshy drawn mouth. He chews on his pen as he works at his writing. "The poem's about a kid who looks a case of apoplexy

which happens to have a worm in it who can talk, which is kinda weird, I guess," Robbie says. "The end kinda drops off. I write more fiction than poetry, but I wanted to get a piece of writing in the notebook, and you gotta write a poem for that. I never did much writing before this year. I used to go to school in Ohio. It was just English class, don't regular English stuff out of a book. Then I lived in upstate New York, where my grandfather worked a hard at Alhambra. The first story I ever wrote was about how I used to chase them with a bat. It's called 'Chasing Cows.' Then I moved here with my dad. Now that Mr. Atwell's got me started, I wanna keep writing, because when I get something that the way I want it, I feel real good about it."

Robbie has added twenty-four more completed pages to his writing folder since he finished "Chasing Cows" in September.

"I've decided to change my poem to a story," Judy, who has finished moving her letter to Woody Allen (and who looks remarkably like a down-east version of the comedienne, tells Nance. "I'm gonna call it 'Dary of a Statue.'"

"And what's the point of it going to be?" Nance asks.

"I don't know. That's the problem."

"Yeah, that is a problem," Nance says. She turns to another of her writers, whom she starts off at the woods beyond the classroom's sun-spattered window. "When you're stuck," she says softly, "it helps sometimes to read your work out loud."

The class ends, as does every writing class, with "Group Share." For the period's last ten minutes everyone sits on the floor in a circle in the front of the room. It is a time when anyone who wants to can try his writing out on classmates.

"Okay," Nance says. "B.J., tell everybody what you've been reading and what you want to write."

B.J. says he's been reading the Mick Fleetwood adventure stories and wants to write something along the same gory, gruesome lines. The title of his piece is "Male War Machine." He reads what he has written so far and then says, "What I need to know is if the last is my group."

"Would that last make you want to read the story?" Nance asks the group.

"Yeah." "I think so." "Probably." "It's excellent," they answer in a ragged chorus. The bell rings, and the circle breaks up as they go back to their desks to collect their papers and books and move on to the next class.

Now Nance has 8C for writing. She gets on with her monotonous, reading Luanne's job-seeking letter again. Luanne is seated toward the front of the room—a tall, pretty girl wearing white, high-cut Nike basketball sneakers with VAN HALEN printed along the sides of the soles. She seems simultaneously proud and embarrassed as Nance reads the letter.

# Where you're going, it's Michelob.



The way you work, the way you play, make on your way to the top. Where you're going, it's exceptionally smooth Michelob.



Her poem, "The Tomorrow," appeared in the March issue of the *BIGS Reporter*.

I was going for a lay-up  
as I remember it,  
the brown leather ball  
under my hands,  
through half court  
and down toward the middle.  
When suddenly the rhythm  
stopped.

A loud noise down  
a place of mine—  
like a bird doing  
a mid dive.  
Just empty space  
between my hands  
and the floor.  
I stood there  
wondering where I'd gone wrong,  
when I looked up to see  
two men points  
aimed to the other side's score.

"Tomorrow" will talk about interview strategies," Nance says and then takes up her clipboard and notes to begin her next class.

"Bounded?"  
"Second draft of a poem."  
"Ernie, editing conference with me and a rewrite." (Ernie reads gently.)  
"Bored?" (She and first name is Adams.)  
"Second draft of a short story."

"John?"  
"First draft of a short story, which I'm calling 'The Night the Goats Ate Christmas.'"

Nance continues her jagged jokes, which are small and lively, appears to be in pain as he sits at a table over his paper. "The kids start right now," he says. "And this is, like, the third time. I've try'n to make that story funny but real. Those guys I've created talk to each other and to the Parsons—they're the family whose Christmas tree they're threatening to cut. I haven't got in today yet. I just don't know why the Parsons got scared of three old guys. Right now I'd have to say that is a totally a terrible attempt to fix it."

Parsons is working on a short story about a young person who is in an accident. "It's depressing," she says. "But I usually write about depressing things, so it doesn't bother me." She is a beautiful, dark-haired, and-eyed girl. He's as only child he lives with his mother, whose death he likes it. It starts with a flashback of him remembering the accident. The boy's name is Dean. He's probably kids slapping, and he has dark hair and a real nice face. My stomach really stop pieces like the one in this story—with Dean sitting alone in the big room by the water, just staring out at the ocean, not knowing whether his life is going to be happy or not."

Breanne and Boon are off in a corner of the room discussing their second drafts. "I'm taking a stab at a poem," Breanne

says. "But I'm no natural poet. It's about when the room moves and it's all wrong, and the sound it puts up is just some of these in the middle sky."

"The story I'm writing is about me," Boon says. "I'm the main character. It's about one day when I couldn't think of anything to write and how busy I felt. I'm going to begin it and end it with the same line, which is a technique I got from *The Gables*."

When there are only ten minutes left, Nance calls for everyone to sit at their traditional circle at the front of the room. A forward Nance has a ten-minute break. "Okay," she says, moving off to the faculty lounge, "read loud. Have fun. Go to the bathroom. Have a cigarette." Later in the month she must attend a meeting conference in Halifax, Canada for three days. Sooner she'll be in the traveling Columbia. She is a member of the National Council of Teachers of English. The following month she'll be talking at another conference in Atlanta.

"It makes me sick to be away from the kids all the time," she says. "Even with all the traveling and teaching I do on behalf of the model the project developed, I still really think of myself as an eighth-grade teacher. I wouldn't let me have the right to talk about kids if they weren't a part of my everyday life."

In her eleventh year of teaching, her salary is \$33,500. "I think about working at a university, about teaching other teachers, about a graduate program at Harvard," she says. "But the two years I was director of the research project I was out of the classroom. I felt like I lost touch with the kids. I missed that."

After her break she has 88 for reading. The period starts begins with a minute noon. "I remember being told and disapproved of a lot of the time when I was in the eighth grade," she tells them. "I used to think that I'd never be happy, but in I got older I found out that a lot of my friends had felt the same way. That feeling belongs to your age for me reason that you know, except that you know things are changing. That feeling can lead me out of it or I can be controlled—by writing about it. That's just what justifies old my writing poem we're going to read."

Nance reads the poem with great care.

Never before in an upstate down way  
Did anyone explain to me  
What to do when all the happiness  
goes  
and stops  
away.  
When the merry-go-round inside my  
marble starts to spin around,  
The horses they gallop  
looking for something  
the center can be found.  
The pencil-nails their sad little

Full of all and capable song.  
The horses they look  
And start to bellow.  
Sometimes it seems the horses go  
round  
And round, and round, and round  
They won't go away—just stay  
stuck in the ground.

An she reads, her pace quickens, until by the last stanza she is speaking at double the speed of the first.

Never before in an upstate down way  
Did anyone explain to me  
What to do when all the happiness  
goes  
and stops  
away.

Nance reads two more poems by students about the confusion and dark feelings of early adolescence. They talk about their, and when she seems satisfied that they've written of the meaning out of their being's going to on the many end-points, she tells the class, "All right, you've got 558 [Sustained Silent Reading] for the rest of the period."

"It's important," Nance says over lunch in raspberry paper, a can of red tea, a pizza, and two cigarettes. "For them to be able to see their own writing as literature, put as much as Robert Frost or any other writer."

The rain continues through the afternoon, washing the patches of snow from the woods and lawns. Nance has 88 and for reading and writing the same three poems and posters them with her kids. The school day ends with Bob Dyer's announcements over the public-address system. "Thank you all have a good weekend," he says, reading the day down.

Some of the kids from Nance's basement class run to the door, others linger. After the room is empty, Nance collapses into the chair behind her desk. "I don't know what I'm going to do next week," she says. "I'll probably come in on Sunday to do my lesson plans." She looks at her desk in an hour or so, then takes it packs a bundle of reading logs and children into her briefcase, and heads downstairs to the general office. The plump, plump, gray-haired school secretary thins. "Last one out brings out the letters," as the passive Nance, who will, as usual, be the last one out.

By the time Nance leaves the building, the rain has stopped. The last traces of snow have disappeared from the surrounding countryside. "Look! The first crocuses are up," she says, pointing to the small flowers sprouting on a nearby slope.

Nance's first green is gold  
Her heart has to hold.

"They'll be in full bloom by Sunday," Nance says.  
She will be the first to see them. ☐

MICHAEL R. RORER

## GUNS ARE NOT THE PROBLEM.

There is a general assumption that urban intellectuals are "anti-gun." I suppose it's true, up to a point—but there are exceptions, and I'm one of them. Actually, I think there are probably a lot more exceptions than most people realize. The problem is one of hypocrisy.

I know plenty of people in the liberal media who take a strong anti-gun position professionally—but still vote consciously for the politicians who support the gun lobby. I've even known them to vote for a candidate who is pro-gun.

That is hardly surprising. People come to the city to succeed, to "make it" in the "big-time," but they bring with them the memories and the pleasures of growing up elsewhere, where life is simpler, and those memories and pleasures, for many include guns. They discover very quickly that self-defense (with a license, I hasten to add).

In fact, in New York City, when a recent court order made the nation's largest handgun owners a matter of public record, it was enlightening to see the way in which some of the more disgraced members of the media and the business class tried to present their owners from behind closed in the newspapers as private owners—naysay, frankly, among them.

Those with a taste for the law may be amazed to note that the Chairman of the Board of a major newspaper, perhaps the loudest and most powerful voice against ownership in the United States, was also revealed to be a gun owner, as were several of the TV news celebrities of the recent networks, which take a surprising anti-gun position on the air. It's tough to write against the law. I know one media superstar who hasn't and has even taken a combat patrol course, but wouldn't admit to it in public any more than he would confess to a case of herpes. In the years since that Kennedy assassination, gun ownership, among the urban elite, has come to be regarded with a certain degree of fear and loathing.

There are of us who are gun owners have to stand up and be counted. But we also have to explain—patiently and with due regard for the fact that guns are a childhood rite to many people—that certain disarmament is not the answer to crime, that the shooting opportunity of the elite of American bookshelves and that there is nothing necessarily wrong in gun ownership.



MICHAEL R. RORER, CHAIRMAN OF THE NEW YORK TIMES

A few generations ago, most Americans grew up second class, and learned something about crime at some point in their lives. This is no longer true. Most people live in the big cities that contain them, and their only exposure to guns may be in crime situations. At the same time, our youngsters no longer perform military service. The rise of women to positions of power and influence has further complicated the issue. Since women in general are less "interested" in guns and hunting than men.

Thus, while the gunowners of America are portrayed as a monolithic giant by the press, we increasingly represent in fact something of an embattled minority group. Not are we stereotyped. I know plenty of people in New York City who are NRA members—including a famous model, a journalist, a lawyer renowned for his work for human rights causes, a talk show host, and an internationally collected doctor.

For myself, I confess my own interest in guns without apology. I was educated in Switzerland, where we were taught to shoot in school, and where our officers are armed. I had ample opportunity in World War II and in the Hungarian Revolution to observe what happens to people who are not able to defend themselves from tyranny because they're disarmed, or have never been armed. I learned in the hunting field both the pleasures and the awesome responsibility of shooting guns, and thanks to a long and close friendship with R. L. Wilson, the distinguished author of *THE COST OF HUNTING*, I have also learned the quiet, contemplative pleasure of gun collecting—far right or wrong, in the manufacture and embellishment of firearms you can find the finest expression of American industrial skill and invention, just as you can find an insight shooting a sport which combines a life-like discipline with a lot of excitement and action.

Given, as I believe, are not America's Number One Problem, or even America's Number Two Number One Problem. Cars, cancer, accidents in the kitchen or bathroom, all of the more people than guns do it is not guns we should be frightened of, but the effects of poverty, lack of education, a cultural system that sends criminals and psychopaths back out into the streets for less than fifty dollars sentences, a political system that seems unable to rebuild the declining cities, or restore full employment, or train people for the new jobs of a post-industrial society.

Guns are not a solution—we all know that. But there's not the problem, either.

PHOTO BY MICHAEL RORER

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**It's his attitude, Maxwell says, that's the problem.**

Teenage fathers are angry. This country's greatest lesson, passed with a reverence more common than anything they could have prepared for, they frequently see—in a life of comfort or, worse, of crime, social welfare agencies generally spread down until when critical people like Robin Jackson, himself the son of an alcoholic mother and a father who died at an early age, started one of Maxwell's first parenting programs for these fathers. Every day in a hospital basement in San Francisco, Jackson trains new children in other children of their race.

# The Sins of Our Fathers

*Robin Jackson turns angry young men into proud parents*

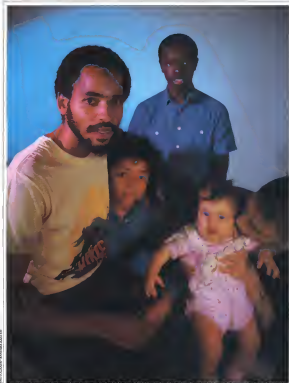
They all have terrible memories of beatings—but nearly every one of them wants to say these are times when you just have to hit a woman. The one who can't stop talking is Maxwell, a boy who is living on his nerve and his speed. "You have to let them know you mean business. Not a beating—just a slap." But this group of teenage boys doesn't buy it. Maxwell looks up, explains that he likes his girl to hit him too—it shows "inequality in power." The boys laugh him down, but Maxwell is driven on. "She makes me do something stupid—and I hit her. She doesn't know—and I hit her." And what if Maxwell's woman took up with another man? Maxwell answers shyly. "I would walk away, go on the road... and then come back and tell her."

Maxwell tells his story with such perfect timing that he has his listeners clapping hands in sympathy—but no matter how he tries, these laughter and says no, you're a fool. That a white hospital every week when Robin Jackson convenes his support group of teenage fathers in the basement of San Francisco General Hospital, violence gets brought up and laughed down.

Away from the group Maxwell says, "I am crazy so no one will mess with me"—but he wants to suspect he really is crazy. He closes himself, and when he's alone, he gets depressed. He makes drawings of superheroes blaming the heads of monsters. He talks about becoming a lawyer but gets himself kicked out of schoolrooms because he can't shut up. He's arrogant

**by Jeremy Larner**

Journalist Larner, former speech writer for Eugene McCarthy, coauthor of *Private Vices, Public Sins*, the Left, and *Andersson*, coauthor of *The Candidate*, is doing a new screenplay.



PHOTOGRAPH BY NATHAN LARNER

ROBIN JACKSON SHOWS TEENAGE FATHERS YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE MACHO TO BE A MAN.



# "We asked for an encore."



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**Ed's caption as  
Rocky Horror**

It seemed to come out of nowhere. Around 1983, homosexual men realized that their community was facing a deadly, untreatable disease of epidemic proportions. It was called Gay Men's Health Crisis (GMHC) and it was there that Philip McFarlane took the helm, and under his direction it has become a source of hope and support. Out of the 3,721 people who, as of last summer, were reported to have AIDS, almost half have died. There's no known cure for the disease, but McFarlane and GMHC have helped the victims confront its agonies and horrors.

In the grim battle zone of AIDS, Rodger McFarlane provides the spark of hope

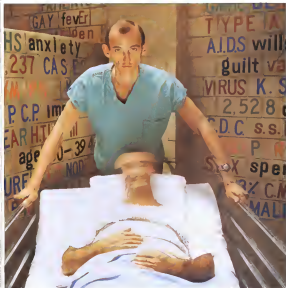
# The Warrior

Rodger McFarlane is talking about Philip, his sociology professor boyfriend. Philip, a forty-one, is "an older gentleman, but my youngest one yet." ("I've made it clear, haven't I?") McFarlane says with a smile, "that I've slept my way to where I am?") McFarlane's associate at GMHC, of which he has been executive director since July 1983, tell him that Philip is too good for him. "They go, 'You don't deserve him,'" he says. Anyway, Philip, it seems, was complaining the other day about the disorder in McFarlane's apartment, and "I was like, 'Look, I know that the place is a mess, but I'm twenty-one years old and I've got 80 percent of it together, and what weekend was I supposed to clean it up?'"

Not, sorry, this one. This weekend McFarlane and Philip and a couple of dozen other people, most of them in their thirties and fourties and of their women, are taking part in a cross-intervention workshop sponsored by GMHC. New York City's Gay Men's Health Crisis Inc. is a private nonprofit social-service, educational, and fundraising agency founded in 1981 in response to the epidemic of AIDS (acquired immune deficiency syndrome). (This epidemic, again in the news since the discovery in April of a virus called HTLV-3, is—contrary to common public belief—not over.) It is increasing by about ten confirmed new cases a day, and the blood test that says identify potential victims is by no means a cure. The syndrome encompasses a group of opportunistic infections, frequently fatal, apparently transmitted either sexually or through hypodermic needles. Some of its ten thousand known

by Jane Howard

Jane Howard is the author of four books.  
The most recent is *Macpans*.  
About AIDS (Simon and Schuster)



PHOTOGRAPH BY JANE HOWARD

THE EDUCATION OF A WARRIOR

McFARLANE FIGHTS TO GET AIDS VICTIMS QUALITY HEALTH CARE

"It's our task to manage the madness," he said, "not to be sucked into it."

ectives have been attraverso drug users, Hustons, and their sexual partners, but many have been local homosexuals in these cities.

The AIDS incubation period may be anywhere from six months to more than five years. Only homosexuals who have had a mutually monogamous relationship or who have been celibate are spared "AIDS anxiety," a chronic state of mind at which any cough, any bruise, any sore can trigger images of abandonment, unemployment, isolation, and yet another medical service. (Gay men's address books are filled with names crossed out because of death; gay men have remained in touch of their companions, it seems to them, as we veterans do.)

AIDS anxiety prompts wild questions: What if I get too weak to walk my dog? If I dip my taco into greasy guacamole, or catch an infection from someone's sneeze on the subway, will I get pneumocystis carinii? Is that strange spot on my hand a Kaposi's sarcoma lesion? Must I make a will, even if all I own is a framed Italian poster and a collection of record albums? How can this be happening? Am I going to die?

"The residents," says McFarlane, "is ridiculous." They come in the door and across the telephone, and it's our task to manage the madness, not to be sucked into it. As soon as someone calls to say, 'My doctor says I have AIDS,' we send a licensed mental health care professional to talk to him, to do complete needs assessment in—medical, psychological, social legal, financial. Each case is then assigned to a volunteer crisis-intervention case manager, all of whom are trained. The case manager, supervised in terms of ten by volunteer clinicians, help GMHC's 850 clients in any way they can think of. "The patients," says McFarlane, "are a wreck—we talk to their doctors, their families, their partners—we've referred them to. We hand-held,

we troubleshoot, we act as their buddies."

The exercises in this workshop, which call on men and women to act as the early days of Easter, are a drill out of sorrow, guilt, and humor. "What?" this session's leader is exclaiming. "Twenty-five queens and no one good at flower arranging?" Thus prodded, the Lutes, Danes, Goodells, Laves, and Haines—in the workshop members have either identified themselves—group themselves into circles, seated on the floor, and follow the leader's instructions. One person in each group is to start off by telling their life story to himself.

"I am rich," one says.  
"Have too many friends," says another.  
"My love life," says a third, "is perfect."  
"I am as thin as I wish to be," someone else says.

Trust is generated, McFarlane, though he is not fool sure, managers to stay in company. He lets others take charge as he hangs back on the sidelines in his T-shirt and Levi's, wearing a sign that says so. Sometimes, in this or any other circle, says McFarlane, "I have to be rich," he says, "but some the time." His only role in these proceedings is to pass around a cookie tin of crayons, which the workshop members are to use to draw images of death.

The crayon images of death lead to more exercises and questions. Close your eyes, take a deep breath, breathe in something good and out something bad. Picture yourself in a bouquet of flowers at some place having to do with AIDS, a bouquet of roses, a funeral garden, a wreath, a casket, a shroud. What that you value most could you not take with you if you died. A phone call? An embrace? What if you were a homosexual with three kids, whose first husband has been diagnosed as having AIDS?

Most dying people like to have their hands held, trances are told, some like their feet rubbed. Some are resigned by the time death is near, some are still furious. "You'll find a lot of anger in your death," the workshop members are warned. "You'll probably use you as a dark board. But the dying can be teachers. It's a privilege to learn how someone wishes to terminate his life. Dignity alone is what we can give them, then that's worth doing. And give yourself permission not to be so damn perfect."

"Hospitals," someone in the workshop says, "are an environment that make one feel so awkward."

"That's okay," says McFarlane, "That's real story."

ROGER MCFARLANE MOVES IN MANY circles and speaks many dialects. Taunting before the city council, or being interviewed on television as one of the chief spokespersons of the New York City gay community, he can talk like a young banker who never heard of Theodora, Alabama,

the place where he grew up as the second of four brothers. His closest ties were with his next younger brother, David, who also is gay, and their farcical schoolteacher brother, Betty Giese, who was "a demanding bitch—what people often hated with a passion or worshiped blindly," says Rodgers.

Usually Rodgers' speech sounds arational, but "if I've had a couple of drinks, or if you get me really angry, I'll sound southern again. It's not useful sometimes to be able to change accents. Sometimes if you insert in the vernacular, especially when southern accent, their ears will perk up." Is McFarlane's business to perk up ears, to maintain his place, which he refers to, ironically, as "one of the top gay fund-raisers—oh wow—in New York City." It is his mission to spread the word about the growth of the epidemic and the need for research and education.

"I have 250 people to take care of," he says, "and an endless nation to educate"—a nation pervaded with what is GMHC or, else is called "internalized homophobia." Right, right, says one, this is a time of what would seem heartwarming tolerance of ambiguity. Many among us evidence the puzzling idea of Roy George and Michael Jackson and Jon Morris. "Life's not worth a damn," the song has it, till I can about me ("I am what I am"), there being no return and no deposit, it's time to come out of the closet. Fine. But a lot of Americans would flinch at advertisements in the gay press for sex by telephone and reports of the new AIDS-mingled popularity of masturbation parties. Many would prefer not to think about how AIDS is internalized. Many, says McFarlane, have "internal ideas of what gay sex is, they think that it's a continuous round of anal intercourse sex with multiple anonymous partners in back-room bars. It's true that this is a high-risk group, but it's also true that there are a lot of guys who are straight-acting accountants in places like Des Moines. To say otherwise is like saying all blacks have racism."

All this is beside the point, the point being that young men in large numbers have been dying, and will continue to die, of a disease that, for all the recent medical advances, remains mysterious. McFarlane could say much more than he usually chooses to about his own experiences at deathbeds. He could tell of hundreds of encounters he has had with "terrified people whose families didn't even know they were gay, whose friends couldn't or wouldn't find them, who he is concerned, with incredible dignity and the little parade, their hospital rooms whispering, 'AIDS! AIDS!'" He could tell of one dying man whom he reunited with his family, from which he had been estranged for years, just before it was too late. He could tell of an AIDS patient at one New York hospital whose room was set on fire.

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He can talk authoritatively of blood tests and T cells and viruses, and he knows a lot about hospitals. He has worked as a respiratory therapist in the emergency rooms of a major trauma center—"my first taste of working under fire, and I loved it, things couldn't move fast enough to suit me." Meditation must be his style. "The shrink and a few yogis have told me that the last thing I should ever do is stare at the wall. They're right. On the fifth day of a vacation, when things get quiet, I always sit up some special."

McPhee took pre-med courses at the University of South Alabama, but he never really planned to be a doctor. "That was a line you led to the guidance counselor—it's not a career I ever coveted." Between 1970 and 1982 he worked at Medical Decisions, a New York management firm "openminded," he remarks now, "in development of cost-effective, quality-assured clinical services in inner-city hospitals and clinics." It was then that he became "very disillusioned with the health-care delivery system in this country. I've seen it from every angle by now, and

know why it sucks. Working in extremely exclusive private hospitals, seeing every level of management and clinical care, I don't suffer any illusions about who gets what kind of care in this country and why. AIDS is a metaphor for who gets what kind of care in this country."

Until AIDS came along, says Michaels, "I was about as political as a potato [if I never left bed] of the gay movement or large GMHC." For me, it was at first an avocation; track a few thousands yearly. "But he is not a saint, and he doesn't pretend to be. Not, though a speck of his own moved us along, enough to transform a non-emergency institution, is he by nature a showman? What he is, is the best example of the word, is a bumbler." Painted on the wall in his office is the 1986 slogan for the Committee of the New York Medical Society, "Challenging the Stigma," and the Society for Public Administration's recognition of GMHC's "Distinguished Achievements, Standards of Excellence and Contributions to the Public Good."

SMALL KIDS ASKED YOU WHY to read the daily newspapers—a collage of clips arranged by themes McFarlane should see about medicine, politics, science, and business—let alone fiction. The only novel he has read in the past year concerned his mother-in-law. But he knows about a lot of other things. McFarlane has spent a year and a half, for example, as a husband and three years and nine months in the United States Navy, operating radar for aircraft on a submarine dispatched to the North Pole, leading a totally technological life with other robots and working part in "special operations" that would cause your worst evil. James Bond could borrow your worst imaginings. He joined the Navy for the same reason he got married, "not the

bell out of town." Both decisions, he explains, resulted from "busted imaginations." He and Debra, secretary and president, respectively, of their high school class, were "two of the brightest kids in the county, and we were all each other had. Getting married—we did the whole gigamale—was the only social here we knew to escape together."

Not really together, though. When McParlane most wanted to do was see the world, in 1974 it did not occur to him to begin by taking a train to New York City. Instead he "emissioned a steamer, whelphing around the world with a bunch of young men to exotic places, but fifteen minutes into boat camp I realized I made a critical mistake. Thirty minutes later I was a platoon leader, at which job no one is better than a lugger from a farm. In the absolute course I was truly vicious, I was, ble, 'Get out of my way.' Those people were into healthful authority."

Obtaining an honorable administrative discharge, "after an intense security debriefing," on grounds of homosexuality, he returned to Alabama to study biology and

chemistry and, to the surprise of both sets of in-laws, to the great divorce. "Dadrick stuck with us through high school and played den mother to all my single friends — went out of her way to be the life of the party, which was surprising for a southern woman. She's intelligent and educated and I would have fallen apart without her. We stayed married even after the Navy, my GI benefits were so much higher as a married man. But after a year and a half we realized we were supposed to be friends not lovers. We still are: to this day we sincerely adore each other."

After a while, it became "my expectation was in better shape," and he did what he thought he should have done in the first place: headed for New York City to seek his fortune. He took a few classes at the American Ballet Theatre, where he was considered generous, but "it was like, I needed to find a real job," which was why he accepted a position as a program coordinator at Mendel's Theatricals. There he met one of the other lastingly important women in his life, Susan Richardson, a black co-worker. "Susan and I are in close we don't buy a pair of pants or put a comb in our hair without consulting with each other."

"We became friends almost instantly," says Richardson. "We discovered we could talk without a lot of crap. He by no means flaunts his sexuality, but I got very early signs that he was gay—since he and I were walking down Fifth Avenue and we both stared at the same person, the very attractive man, and we couldn't tell which of us he was staring back at. Of course, people look at Rodger and me anyway as an odd couple. One of the great things about Rodger is that he doesn't see color, doesn't see sex."

She's right, he doesn't "Philosophically and aesthetically," says McFarlane. "It's opposed to being exclusively gay, and ideally I would not be. I don't have a problem with women. On the contrary, some of the best bonds I have are with heterosexual women."

"Dante, Rodgers," says the sociology professor, Philip Kopp, "has given me a better sociological understanding of how whites must feel. I have to be the nurturing one. Rodgers has to allow himself to be taken care of. It doesn't come easily for him." Virginia Aguayo of the National Gay Task Force, who points out that McPherson is far from the only hero in the battle against AIDS, agrees: "The more sensitivity and intelligence you bring to a position like his, the more devastating it can be. He needs support and nurturing and guidance—not just for the bureaucracy, but for Rodgers."

What McFarlane calls "the nightmare" began in the spring of 1981, when he was still at Medical Devices. "I kept getting all these phone calls from friends in Houston and Los Angeles and San Fran-

caso who were horrified about AIDS and who'd heard I knew something about medicine. Nobody knew what the hell was going on, so one was doing anything. I thought surely in New York City there must be some little social service agency that would be delighted to deal with primarily gay people who had gonorrhea, syphilis, amebic dysentery, anisakiasis, herpes—all those things that are passed as hell-ness—but all I could say was, 'C'mon, man, you go to the doctor.'

Trained Arthur Bail at The Village Voice, the only openly gay person I could readily identify, and he referred me to [writer and film producer] Larry Kramer and a bunch of his friends who had lost lovers and friends to AIDS, and who were doing what they could to attract some attention. Shortly after that Larry and I became lovers. We got to a level of trust that urban gay men rarely reach."

Kramer's new play, *The Normal Heart*, concerns the AIDS epidemic. McFarlane, and GMEC, which was founded in his apartment "We all worked together to get something off the ground," says McFarlane. "First a benefit at a West Village disco that raised \$60,000 in one night—which seemed a fortune to us—and the next year we took over Madison Square Garden for one night during the Ringling Bros. circus and sold eighteen thousand tickets." It was billed

as "the greatest gay event of all time."

McFarlane, meanwhile, had opened a hat line, a twenty-four-hour answering service, taking names and numbers of people who called from around the country with questions about AIDS. "I'd call every one of them back personally, explain everything," Al told the while he was still on the staff of Medical Division, where Richardson covered for him. "I started accruing for help from every social agency I could think of, and I was very happy with medical information about AIDS. I grabbed a few-armed and a few social workers and laid the groundwork for cross intervention, for the badly supported group spokes for patients, lawyers, family, women in their lives, the government action."

In the fall of 1982 McFarlane, who was "completely emotionally drained by the [home] search," resigned from the GMMHC board of directors and went to New Orleans, where he planned to enroll in law school. He lived in "a Greek cottage with seven-thirty-cubic feet, twelve-thirty doors, and twenty-five ceilings," he recalls. "The entire back of the house was glass, the [kitchen] end of floor had a swimming pool and they built a gate just for me, so I could swim there; wherever I lived, I paid \$250 a month for this house, and had some servants." Instead of going to law school, though, he "looked for a girlfriend, got some good offers, but didn't want to get be-

New York legend with management talent. I wasn't comfortable with that. Eventually I landed a job as research assistant at the Louisiana State University medical school, learning protocols, working in the chronic hypertension clinic, dealing with middle-aged obese black grandmothers who were just dears." In his lecture, McPartland says, he took to heart the influence of Larry Kravitz and "read all of Dostoevsky and

Susan Richardson went here as *ad* she had seen in *The New York Times* for GMHC executive director, with a goal, saying, "Listen, you can't do nothing, what are you going to make of your life?" That, it struck McFarlane, was a valid question. "I thought, Go ahead and search, don't hire a nerd if you don't have to, don't hire a less than me." And they didn't. "The organization had gone through so many traumas and reversals, such a revolution," says Dr. Roger Enloe, former director of the New York City office of Gay and Lesbian Health Services. "They needed a strong administrator with creative vision—*esprit de corps* plus professional expertise."

According to McFarlane, GMHC has become "the largest and richest gay agency in history—we don't do Koolhaas in church basements, we keep almost half a million dollars in the money market." And his own life has become at least in dis-

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# McFarlane says, "AIDS is a metaphor for who gets what kind of health care."

matic and intense as it ever was at the North Pole. Everywhere he goes a beeper in his belt connects him with "the office, the monitor."

ALTHOUGH RODGER MCFARLANE, 30, will be in his twenties until February 25, he feels, and looks, "old far beyond my years." Still, once in a while he acts and talks like a kid. The two movies he went repeatedly to see over McFarlane Day weekend, when he kept up phoning his "put a sheet over his head as he dies sometimes," according to Susan Richardson, were *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* and *Dirty Harry*. He was depressed because Philip had suggested they just be friends, not "like this. What a minute, I'm the one who does the rejecting around here."

He also has a childlike wish to make his father proud. Robert A. McFarlane, an accountant by training who worked for a contracting firm when his boys were young and is now semi-retired, once heard from friends that his second son had been on television, talking about something vaguely medical and possibly controversial. "What anybody, Rodger called to ask, given him any gift? Had he the prize?" "Well, son," the father replied, "I don't reckon anybody around here would do that, but if they did, I wouldn't give a good opinion."

His parents, Rodger said, might disapprove of what their sons did, but, however, there was no question of their being loyal to us. "Robert's late wife, Betty Grace, my first second son, was an incredibly strong woman from a long line of strong people. At her funeral we were at in the back from supposed laughter, with tears running down our faces, listening to the pastor struggle for words to describe her as infinitely admired. The kids she taught at her middle school called her baby and called her General McFarlane, but later they realized how much they had

learned from her. She could pull things out of them that no other teacher could." Betty Grace's own late boys were not allowed to bring it's home as their sport cards.

"She and I had a very passionate relationship," says Rodger. "She made no bones about my being her heart child, and my brothers reacted to me that way." Rodger's brothers are Bob, four years his senior; David, two years his junior; and John, four years younger than David. Bob and John live with their wives and children and, says Rodger, are "completely straight and conventional." John is "a real nice, sweet thing who tested that he couldn't be with the girls in Geneva," and Bob "has incredibly bad grammar, but he writes letters like short stories, like a naive Dostoevsky."

Then there is David. David and Rodger both realized in early boyhood, "before there was even a word for it," that they were gay. David, like Rodger, now lives in New York City, where he works for a graphics company. David is uncommonly tall, like Rodger, but better looking: lean, tanned, with silver cheeks, more hair on his head, less of a stoic nose. "Out of three brothers I'm very fortunate to have one with whom I can bond so closely. It's like having a sister, if you will."

When their mother died suddenly of a heart attack in 1990, David said, "I dug from the witch to death." But then he realized, to his amazement, that "the witch" had bequeathed him many strengths. "Thank God Betty Grace was my mother," he says now. "Where it took they never knew what to expect from me." Articulate, confident in his McFarlane posture, he says Rodger, was Betty Grace's precept: "A job is a town you, you can't be afraid for your job."

Rodger has thought about becoming a parent himself. A child of his and David's he could not help reflecting, would have been "one hell of a tennis player, that's for sure." He seriously discussed "having a parenting relationship" with another close woman friend, a dancer. "But I'd want to take the kind of time so that the kid would speak seven languages and go to Europe three times a year. It's a wonderful fantasy but an investment I haven't got time for. I like. I can't even keep me together. I'm, like, 'Well a minute, you're a man, too, Blanche.'"

He is a man, and he is gay, and although it has been a long time since he has done the things that heighten the risk of AIDS, "those who have it never did anything any more than with some people than I did," and he has his own attitude of dignity. "I don't know how long one has been being can take so much pressure." Susan Richardson says "life's fun, he gets sick he has had bouts of cytomegalovirus and frequent colds. I've shown him. I worry about AIDS, and he does, too. Sometimes he says, 'Wouldn't it be ironic... I said I say,

"Don't even talk about it.""

But at other times McFarlane is more sanguine. "My AIDS anxiety doesn't need a blood test to validate itself," he says. "It's just real convenient to be very core of my soul I don't have AIDS and won't have AIDS, even if a test were to come back HTLV-3-positive." In the meantime he has other things to worry about. Work has been so draining that for several consecutive mornings he rose at 2 A.M., showered, and went off to his office, recalling that "sleep disorder is one of the symptoms of chronic depression." On bad days he loses his intuitive reactions. "I can't think, I have to list the places and names of every document, and God knows I don't do anything all day long but sit there and make decisions."

One week last summer he made "three huge mistakes, just from not having my eyes on a line going. 'Holy God, every project I do is blowing up in my face politically.' But then I hit breast at 10:30 one morning, when Diego [Lopez, clinical director of GMHC] and I, after the 11:00 a.m. meeting of the day, were walking down the street, such drama, and we talked about a very important letter Diego had written to the clinical volunteers."

"The letter was totally inappropriate, coming defensive, passive-aggressive—everything Diego at me—and as a secretary warning me I was able to say what was wrong, in a way he was able to hear. Diego went, 'Rodger, I used to think you were brilliant, and lately I've doubted it, but I don't doubt it now.'"

A while ago McFarlane was asked how he could have achieved so much in so short a time. "Part of it," he said, "is knowing when to quit. Billie Jean King quits when she has the Wimbledon trophy in her hands." Before terribly long, no doubt, he will hand in his beeper and leave the action at GMHC to one of his trusted colleagues. And then? In a theatrical moment, referring to his upcoming birthday, McFarlane said blackly, "Thirty, for me, will be more-black time." But let's envision him at thirty. At thirty, what to be put in, "my edge on," he could take as the New York City subway, or get appointed secretary of Health and Human Services, or almost anything.

His own situation, however, are more modest. After he quits the GMHC post and gets back to his therapy, he might run a hotel or a restaurant in the South Seas. Maybe he'll open a collection agency for hospitals, or even enough to buy himself a yacht. Maybe he'll overcome his fear of intimacy and companionship, maybe everything will work out with him and Philip Kaput, or him and somebody else, maybe he'll quit smoking. Or maybe he won't. Give him, as they say, a break. He's got 80 percent off in his life already, so he goes out, with luck he'll get to the other 20 percent pretty soon. ☐

## GIORGIO ARMANI

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# Business & Industry

1984 Register

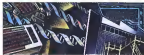
## Opportunity's Children

For much of its history the United States could justly think of itself as the land of business. Commerce was our most important product, thanks to a tireless labor force and our steadfast belief in the capitalist way. In the Sixties, however, business went sour. Our corporate culture was blamed by the young for just about everything, from shabby goods to tedious lives to exploitation of workers.

Had the soul gone out of American business? Says Andrew Grove, a Register adviser and president of Intel Corporation: "We had gotten sloppy, and it showed everywhere. The kind of competition the Japanese were to present was what was needed to shake us to our senses." Whatever the tonic, by the Eighties American business was wide-eyed and on the prowl. A new age of high technology and the service economy beckoned the same young people who'd previously scorned commerce.

These young entrepreneurs are brilliant and innovative dropouts, knockabouts, dreamers. The companies and industries they start reflect their dispositions. They are replacing the old corporate ways—rigid, hierarchical, worn—with corporate cultures that promote individuality and participation by all in decision making and profits.

Over the course of twenty years disaffection lost out to humanism. The definition of *profit* extends past the bottom line. It includes a workday meaningfully spent, in an atmosphere of enthusiasm and purpose. The present accounting is this: if there's a renaissance in any field of American life, then surely that field is business.



### HONOREES

#### Kyle Anderson

**Medical supplier**  
St. Paul, Minnesota  
Born November 10, 1949

#### Stephen Anderson

**Medical supplier**  
St. Paul, Minnesota  
Born March 8, 1947

The Andersons met in 1968, and today they're in charge of a successful medical-equipment company challenging much larger companies in the field. The firm, Medical Graphics, makes pulmonary function analyzers, which graphically measure lung capacity—allowing doctors and lab technicians to read a chest's portrait of a patient's condition—and the products they make have become essentials in the health-care field. Before founding their company, Kyle was a lab researcher and Steve sold desk-top computers for Tektronix. They worked nights to design the equipment and founded the firm in 1977. It went public in 1984. Kyle now handles the sales and marketing, while Steve "does

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everything else," from financing to research and development of new products. "We've been delighted with the financial success," says Kay, referring to the company's \$4.6 million revenue last year. "But if we weren't producing equipment that I think was truly beneficial to people, I wouldn't be satisfied."

**Frank J. Bondi Jr.**  
**Cable-TV executive**  
**New York, New York**  
**Born January 19, 1945**

In 1970 Bondi joined the staff of a top-500 service company, Home Box Office, as its director of entertainment program planning. From that spot he took the HBO Inc. subsidiary into the uncharted waters of cable—and prospered. He helped foster the firm's reputation as a tough negotiator for film properties, and he proved an adept financial planner in an industry where no standards had been set. Now he's playing a key role in HBO's move into movie production—through a limited partnership called Silver Screen Partners and through Tri-Star Pictures, the HBO-CBS-Columbia joint venture that expects to release about twenty movies next year. Industry observers credit Bondi with the ability to get HBO's patrons ahead of his own, not content as the criterion most want. "Frank may be the ultimate team player," says Edward River, a Warner Bros. executive. "He is the waterfink at HBO, but he doesn't dominate the people around him." That characteristic makes a man who comes from the world of finance, not show business—the first ranked as an investment analyst before switching to HBO.

**Geoffrey Boisi**  
**Investment banker**  
**New York, New York**  
**Born May 8, 1947**

Boisi grew up at the dinner table hearing his father—the recently retired vice chairman of Morgan Guaranty Trust—talk about business deals. "That's where I learned the golden rule," Boisi says. "He was like the gold, rules." Boisi has lived by that philosophy to become one of the top-deal-makers on Wall Street. From his birth at Goldens, Sachs' mergers and acquisitions department. Boisi has participated in some of the biggest and boldest mergers of the past five years—a big oil company (Exxon), a health-care giant (Hoechst), a pharmaceutical giant (Sandoz) and the merger of the insurance giants Connecticut General and INA. In 1994 his firm conducted eighty-one transactions, fifty of which were worth more than \$100 million. He went to Goldman Sachs straight from the Wharton business school, and at thirty-one he became the youngest partner in the firm's history. His reputation as one of the toughest negotiators around Goldman Sachs involves the story of one negotiation during which he locked the doors and refused to let anyone out of the room, lest they make a deal elsewhere. "Under extreme pressure he has the courage of his convictions," says Sidney R. Perlmutter, Grey Co's chairman and chief executive officer.

**William Budge**  
**Software writer**  
**Piedmont, California**  
**Born August 11, 1954**

Budge always thought he would be a writer, so he set off for the University of California at Santa Cruz to find out if college would suit up the struggle. But in 1974, when a friend showed him an Apple II computer, he immediately went out alone—and wrote a version of the Pong arcade game. He sold it to Apple, and since then Budge has been one of America's hottest software writers. He wrote the best-selling *Blaster*, a two-dimensional puzzle game. "Before that coming in on the current issues," says Andy Rosen, Apple's director of marketing, "most users and college-bound," he consistently tries to innovate." Apple has a Budge last year to adapt Microsoft's software to the smaller Apple II. Unlike most software writers, Budge prefers to work alone. He negotiates his own contracts and advises publishers on their marketing strategies. Last year, it is estimated, he earned more than \$500,000 from royalties and license. "Often I think

about the painters of the Renaissance," Budge says. "They were discovering new techniques of painting, much like I'm trying to find a new way of communicating."

**Brook Byers**  
**Venture capitalist**  
**San Francisco, California**  
**Born September 2, 1945**

Byers graduated from the Georgia Institute of Technology in 1968, worked for the Federal Communications Commission while still a student, and decided to switch careers. At Stanford Business School, where he headed a low-cost-capitalism capital firm, he found a group of students, he knew what he wanted. Fourteen years later, he is the youngest name partner in one of America's fastest-growing venture-capital companies, Kleiner Perkins Caufield & Byers. The firm helped start some of the major companies in the computer field, including Lotus and Tandem. He took a leave of absence in 1978 to study cybernetics, now a leading proponent of neurological approaches, which offer much promise for cancer treatment. "Brook is a master at blowing his idea into a company and protecting an entrepreneur's vision," says Gili Myers of Mayfield Fund, a competitor. "He sees the germ of an idea, then will take a creative leap of faith."

**Richard E. Cavanagh**  
**Management consultant**  
**Washington, DC**  
**Born June 15, 1946**

"The truth is that I couldn't figure out what I wanted to be," says Cavanagh of his decision to join the management consulting firm, McKinsey & Company in 1970 upon graduation from the Harvard Business School. Today he is one of McKinsey's most prominent public figures in the business community and an expert on how public policy affects business strategies. "The greatest skill," observes Robert Higgins, a friend who is a general partner in the Boston-based venture-capital firm Charles River Partnership, "is his ability to get people in all sides of the fence to work together." Cavanagh has served five Cabinet departments, the Executive Office of the President during four administrations, and six government-sponsored corporations. In 1975 he led the McKinsey team that advised the government on the establishment of Central—the first time the largest industrial corporation in U.S. history, General Electric, in 1979. Cavanagh now heads McKinsey's "public issues in private enterprise" practice.

**Al Checchi**  
**Investment negotiator**  
**Fort Worth, Texas**  
**Born June 6, 1948**

As a principal of the Bass Group, Checchi has helped broker for one of the country's richest family investment companies. He's proved pivotal to many of the deals the Bass family has made since he joined up in April 1982—including the sale of the Armada Corporation to the embattled Disney Company and the purchase and sale of Texaco stock that netted the company an estimated \$100 million. As a student at Harvard he worked for the first helicopter company owned by F. Lee Bailey, negotiating the company and writing its business plan. After business school he was hired by Merrill as a financial analyst, and he spearheaded a change in the company's investment and expansion, organizing large investment pools to pour into new property development. Checchi has since become a millionaire—the result, observers say, of his ability and confidence in the negotiating process. Characteristically, precise and successful enough for Checchi "I'd consider my life fulfilled," he says, "if I could negotiate a disarmament treaty with the Russians."

**Peter A. Cohen**  
**Securities executive**  
**New York, New York**  
**Born August 20, 1946**

Cohen is the youngest chairman and chief executive officer of a major brokerage house—Shearman Lehman American Express. This year Cohen managed the controversial acquisition of Lehman

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Brothers Rubin Loeb, a move that boosted the firm to its current position as the nation's second-largest brokerage firm. He has also engineered the acquisition of a number of status regional brokerage firms. In 1983, through the purchase of the Swiss-based Trade Development Bank, Cohen substantially increased American Express's influence in an international financial services company. Cohen attended Ohio State University and Columbia Business School, where he received an M.B.A. in 1969. "He was very much in the mold of the gentleman scholar," says Dr. Michael Heller, an international finance professor at Columbia who gave Cohen a C+ in his Corporate Finance class. "Everyone here respects him because he was so relaxed about his studies and very good with people." When he wasn't studying, Cohen said, he was managing an office account with his stockbroker. Cohen officially began his career in the financial services industry in 1949 with Reynolds Securities, as a research analyst. He joined Swiss Bank, a predecessor of Shearman, in 1971 and was named senior vice president and managing director in 1974. In 1975 he left Shearman to work for Republic National Bank and returned to the firm one year later. Wall Street observers say he was handpicked by Wells to be his successor.

**Venture capitalist**  
**Boston, Massachusetts**  
**Born April 14, 1940**

As a student in the late 1960s, Dugger pressed for social change and minority advancement through black activist organizations, as the Harvard campus. Today he lives in Boston, where he's working toward the same goals, with money as his primary tool for change. As president of UNIC Ventures, Dugger is head of one of the largest minority-owned financial institutions in the country. The venture-capital fund restricts its investments to businesses owned or managed by minorities, if a probably the only fund of its kind that works without government money. Dugger started out as an urban planner and got a master's degree in the field from Princeton in 1973. Shortly afterward he joined the staff of UNIC as an assistant vice-president, and he's remained there ever since. During his tenure he's changed the fund's investment strategy and made it profitable. Says Francisco Farmer, a college friend and former executive director of the Congressional Black Caucus Foundation: "UNIC's success refutes the mistaken barrier that minorities cannot engage in major economic activities in this country." (See page 134.)

**Marketing executive**  
**Prospect, Maine**  
**Born October 31, 1947**

Friends of L.L. Bean describe vice-president End as the "people around him." "Bill drove a station wagon and the dryer the people around him," says Wes Devereux, a Boston marketing consultant. Since 1975, when End left Gillette's personal care products division to join Bean, sales at the mail-order firm have increased tenfold, to \$225 million. End supervises the company's marketing and merchandising, which includes the development of its 175-page catalog and the mailing of its mail-order catalog. This year Bean will mail sixty million of them, making it one of the nation's ten largest mail-order catalog firms. It's been a long path from the days when End sold a encyclopedia door to door.

**Retailer**  
**Park City, Utah**  
**Born September 18, 1906**

**Investment adviser**  
**Park City, Utah**  
**Born May 23, 1947**

Born and raised in Oakland, California, Debbi Fields perfected the recipe for her cookies during her teenage years. Randy Fields, born and raised in Pasadena, California, began his investing career at age twelve with money from odd jobs and his allowance. Debbi

married Randy, who received a bachelor's and master's in political science from Stanford University, when she was nineteen. While Randy pursued his career as a financial consultant, Debbi dropped out of Palo Alto community college in 1977 to open her first Mrs. Fields Chocolate Company. Today the cookie brand the company, which generates approximately \$50 million a year, is a tribute to his academic role as chief financial officer of Mrs. Fields. Randy continues to run Mrs. Fields Investment Group, consulting for such companies as Mimi Corporation (paper) and Amco (steel) on strategic planning and investment issues. (See page 134.)

**Urban developer**  
**Denver, Colorado**  
**Born July 30, 1945**

Fleming wants to make the world look different, by putting money and developers together with ideas to alter the urban landscape. He's done so in Denver with great success. President of the Denver Partnership since 1981, Fleming acts as a coordinator, mediator, and extremely talented negotiator. Says Paul Goldberger, architect editor of *The New York Times*: "To make the downtown Denver shopping area more competitive with Chicago's malls, Fleming's group assumed management of the city's flagship Street Mall, starting by placing art in public spaces, and establishing a semi-regular calendar. He also introduced some low change that encourages open space. Fleming first started as deputy assistant secretary of Housing and Urban Development, where he supervised an innovative program designed to provide city governments with funding for joint public/private sector ventures such as Baltimore's Riverplace.

**Livestock farmer**  
**Shelton, Nebraska**  
**Born January 12, 1952**

"Those who don't look at farming as a business won't succeed today," says Gangwish, who co-owns—with his father and brother—the Double G Farms in Shelton, Nebraska. In 1977 Gangwish searched for a way to offset the seasonal corn, soybean, and cattle crops on the family's farm. His solution was a sheep business, which he designed and now co-manages. Up to twenty thousand lambs can be fed for as little as three dollars each year. Last year's sales totaled \$450,000. Gangwish works fifteen hours a day on everything from financial planning to improving animal health and nutrition. "For my parents, farming was a way of life," he says. "For my generation, it is a life-style. I choose to live this way."

**Software entrepreneur**  
**Bellevue, Washington**  
**Born October 28, 1955**

"When the history of the microcomputer industry is written, Bill Gates will be remembered as the guy who wrote the first successful program for the mass market," says *PC World* publisher David Huxford. Gates, the chairman of Microsoft Corporation, was born and raised in Seattle. In seventh grade he learned how to program a computer. By his senior year of high school Gates had moved to Vancouver, Washington, to work for a division of TRW—on the company's iteration. He attended Harvard University at age sixteen but dropped out and moved to Albuquerque, New Mexico, with Microsoft cofounder Paul Allen. The pair lived in a cheap motel room for months and adapted the popular BASIC language to the first microcomputer, which was being marketed in the city. In 1975 they began Microsoft, which moved to Bellevue, Washington, in 1979. Today the company has more than six hundred employees. Sales this year will exceed \$150 million. When IBM decided to enter the microcomputer market in 1986, the company asked Gates to write the system's retail software package. "He is incredibly knowledgeable about his business," says Andrew Wrona, a third and chairman of Evans & Wrona, a Bellevue-based stock brokerage company specializing in high-technology companies. "Bill can instantly grasp your situation. He acts as a catalyst for everyone around him."

**Investment banker**  
**Joshua Gotbaum**  
New York, New York  
Born September 18, 1951

In September 1983 the employees of the National Steel Corporation's Westin, West Virginia, plant saved their jobs and their own company for \$286 million—the largest employee buy-out in history. As one of the National Steel's most prominent advisers to the employees, Gotbaum helped negotiate the terms of the agreement and arrange the financing to complete the purchase. He also played a pivotal role in negotiating Enterra Airlines in its contract renewal with United States last year. The son of New York labor union leader Victor Gotbaum, he received degrees from the Harvard Law School and Kennedy School of Government in 1976. During the Carter administration he was an analyst on the White House's energy staff, a vice president to the deputy assistant for policy analysis at the Department of Energy, an executive assistant to Allan Kahn, and the associate director of the White House Domestic Policy Staff for Economics. Gotbaum joined Lazard Freres in 1981, where he is an associate. (See page 34.)

**Management consultant**  
**Ted Hall**  
San Francisco, California  
Born September 22, 1946

In a firm where many of the best and the brightest in American business begin their careers, Hall—the youngest office manager at McKinsey & Company—stands out. He is one of the youngest to be elected to a position of an executive and became director at age thirty-three. In his first year at the firm Hall began a study for the Federal Reserve system to reduce the operating costs of its twelve district banks. He analyzed the cost efficiencies of the Fed's mechanistic counting system and devised a method to more accurately weigh the money. Hall says his "most lasting contribution" to McKinsey has been a series of exercises in words and industry-cost curves that the firm implements throughout its work. Hall studied electrical engineering and economics at Princeton, where he managed the campus laundry service and played trombone at a seventeen-piece big band; at Stanford he edited the business school newspaper.

**Entrepreneur**  
**Paul Hawken**  
Mill Valley, California  
Born February 8, 1940

As chairman of Smith and Hawken, a catalog marketer of garden tools and planting instruments, Hawken has raised annual sales from \$60,000 in 1979, the year it was founded, to a projected \$4 million this year. He has also founded and managed his first business venture in 1990, Envision Trading Company, which grew to be the nation's largest natural-foods company. Today he supervises Smith and Hawken's move into retailing and lectures and consults on small business and strategic planning. He is the author of *The Magic of Mountains*, a study in the ecological value of the new natural foods movement. *The New Economics* examines the economic and cultural changes on small business. (See page 29.)

**Entrepreneur**  
**Neil Hirsch**  
New York, New York  
Born June 2, 1937

"I was an average kid. I was an average student. But when I was twenty-one, I realized I had always wanted to make something of myself," Hirsch once said. By then he had already dropped out of the University of Bridgeport (Connecticut). While taking business courses at New York's Pace University he conceived of the idea for TriLente Inc., which provides around-the-clock financial assistance in a wide range of financial matters, including debt restructuring. He borrowed money from his father to start the company—and came close to declaring bankruptcy in 1971. Since then TriLente has thrived, and Hirsch is credited with revolutionizing the way government securities are bought and sold around the world. (See page 34.)

**Computer executive**  
**Steven P. Jobs**  
Cupertino, California  
Born February 24, 1955

**Computer designer**  
**Stephen G. Wozniak**  
Cupertino, California  
Born August 18, 1950

Jobs and Wozniak, cofounders of Apple Computer, are modern-day business legends. In 1976 they sold the first fifty Apple computers, which were assembled in Jobs's father's garage in Los Altos, California, with the money they made from the sale of Jobs's used Volkswagen van and Wozniak's programmable calculator. With Jobs in charge of business and Wozniak an engineer, in 1980 Apple became the youngest company to be listed on the New York 500 index of U.S. industrial corporations, with sales of \$893 million. Both men were fascinated by electronics in their youth: Jobs worked one summer on a Hewlett-Packard production line, attended—and dropped out of—Reed College in Portland, Oregon, and became one of Atari's first fifty employees. Wozniak saved his lunch money at grade school to buy his first write-in and stacked computer science at the University of Colorado in Boulder and worked at Apple in 1977. The pair attracted venture-capital money to expand Apple in 1977. Its well-known product line now includes a broad range of microcomputers, including the Macintosh (introduced earlier this year) and the Apple IIx.

**Seafood purveyor**  
**Paul R. Johnson**  
San Francisco, California  
Born June 28, 1946

Johnson started delivering fresh fish from a truck in 1978. One of his first customers, Patricia Utomson of the Rique Street Grill, says that earlier than fish was a product. Johnson initially searched out new sources of supply for fresh fish. To this day, his company—the Monterey Fish Market—does not own a full-size freezer. The limits his business to forty top-quality restaurants in San Francisco's Fishermen's Wharf, where he works from 7 a.m. to anywhere from noon to 4 p.m. Says John A. Waters, an owner of Berkeley's Chez Panisse, "It is a perfect business, not for a serious, predictable. Paul has also got a lot of good river. He works very hard, but he'll take the time at the middle of the day to have a glass of wine." In his first year Johnson made less than \$5,000; for himself, last year the company generated more than \$1 million. "We were never advertised and never competed on the basis of price," Johnson says. "I started with the idea of providing the very best quality fresh fish and have stuck with it."

**Film exhibitor**  
**Kim Jorgensen**  
Los Angeles, California  
Born March 30, 1946

When he was thirteen, Jorgensen set up a movie theater in the basement of his family's house and showed 16mm prints of *Sherlock* to his friends for twenty-five cents. He has been in the movie business ever since. Jorgensen is the founder of the Landmark Theater Corporation (the nation's largest chain of repertory and art movie theaters), an art film distributor, and executive producer of the cult classic *Koyote* *Prand* *Jeune*. He was born in Copenhagen, his parents emigrated in 1956 to Milwaukee. Jorgensen worked at the dismaying Fox West Coast Theater in Westwood, California, where he developed a series of film festivals that became legendary for their creative programming of both popular classics and obscure films. Jorgensen bought the John Fox Theater and the New Art Theater in West Los Angeles in 1974 and with the new acquisitions, divided into three divisions: business. The Landmark books ten thousand films a year in thirty-two theaters with thirty-seven screens, and the company is credited with saving grand movie theaters such as San Francisco's Castro. Last year its sales were an estimated \$14 million.

**Can American business survive on a diet of instant gratification?**

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company with worldwide interests in chemicals, natural resources and specialized consumer services. A company with more than \$6 billion in sales.

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share of today's resources. Last year at GRACE, investment in new plant and equipment was at least 6 times what it was 10 years ago. Research and development expenditures were nearly 3 times what they were a decade ago.

Right now we believe all of us must work to correct a fundamental flaw in the way American business is operating. Short-term results cannot be allowed to become our only criterion for success. Investors must be willing to relax some of the pressure on managers to produce immediate results. Managers must be given more security to make long-term investment decisions.

In turn, those in management must be prepared to make long-term commitments to invest in innovation—in new products and new technologies. And at the same time, to make long-range plans to restore our oldest industries to full strength. American business cannot allow itself to over-invest in short-term rewards. Long-lasting results will take time to develop. But that's what makes them so gratifying.

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**Jonette Kahn****Comic-book publisher**

New York, New York  
Born May 10, 1947

Kahn, the daughter of a rabbi, began reading comic books at an early age. Her favorite character was Batman, she says, because "he was always his own person." I learned that "Today Kahn is the president and publisher of DC Comics, a subsidiary of Warner Communications, whose stable of comic-book heroes includes Superman. Wonder Woman, Captain Marvel—just to name a few. Since becoming publisher in 1976, and then president in 1981, Kahn is credited with turning around the lagging comics business by updating characters and dramatically expanding product licensing. She graduated from Radcliffe in 1968 and moved to Boston to do private work, but turned aside crowded fields, an incentive: children's magazines. It was sold in 1972, but, as a result of that effort, Scholastic hired her to start a new magazine for kids, *Dynasty*, which became the most successful magazine introduction in the company's history. At DC, Kahn has led the worlds of continuity and heroism. "She can go from talking about a comic character to the boardroom," says Marjorie Flaxman, a New York business consultant, whom Kahn hired to coordinate Lois Lane's wardrobe. "She gives creative people real dignity."

**Mitch Kapor****Software entrepreneur**

Cambridge, Massachusetts  
Born November 1, 1930

Lotus Development, the two-year-old company that Kapor founded, produces software products for IBM-compatible, Apple II, and other micro-management, and spreadsheet software. His first-year sales: \$23 million. Born and raised in Brooklyn, New York, Kapor attended Yale University. After college he moved to Boston and took an entry-level programming job. Kapor got a master's in psychology from Boston College in 1958, and in 1959 he enrolled in the Sloan School of Management at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He dropped out to work full time on software writing, and with the help of venture-capital money, he formed Lotus. The company recently introduced Symphony, which adds word processing and communications to the original 1-2-3 program. (See page 186.)

**Joseph P. Kennedy II****Oil company founder**

Boston, Massachusetts  
Born September 24, 1935

When Kennedy, the eldest son of Robert and Ethel Kennedy, and several friends conceived of Citizens Energy Corporation in 1978, the company's avowed purpose was to "always try to get the greatest economic benefit to the poor," he says. "To do that, Kennedy and his group set up a not-for-profit oil company. At first CEC, as it was called, was producing energy for the benefit of the poor and intended to share it, refine it, and then sell part of it to government agencies for the needy, the other part was sold at a profit to subsidize the company's operations. Five years after receiving their first shipment, CEC has provided Massachusetts with twenty-five million gallons of oil at 36 to 40 percent below market rates. In 1983 CEC's revenues were \$366 million, enough to recover its costs. In addition to buying and selling oil, Kennedy has directed CEC's push to finance Third World energy development projects and establish an energy conservation program for state bureaucracies. When asked who has had the greatest influence on his life, Kennedy says simply, "I think anybody's parents have the greatest influence. Both my mother and my father served as examples for me."

**Software entrepreneur**

Sandra L. Kurtzig Los Altos, California  
Born October 21, 1941

Kurtzig is fond of repeating a story about the fledgling days of her computer-software company, ASK Computer Systems: "I would

like to tell you we started in a garage—the Hewlett-Packard. But we didn't have a garage." Instead, she started her business in the second bedroom of a San Francisco apartment. Kurtzig's notion was to create part-time work while she raised a family. Today ASK is one of Silicon Valley's fastest-growing companies and a leader in software programs. Its customers include such large manufacturing companies as Hughes Aircraft and Convair and Technologies. After college she joined General Electric's information business systems division, where she says she learned how to sell. "It was a very good training ground. But I didn't want to be desk number 422." She incorporated ASK in 1974 and persuaded friends at Hewlett-Packard to let her use their computer equipment. "They let us in at 6 p.m. We came with sleeping bags and stayed until 6 a.m." By 1979 the company's revenues had grown to \$2.8 million, profits were \$337,000. This year ASK will earn \$6.1 million on \$45 million in revenues.

**Retailer****Fran LaBrecque**

Avon, Massachusetts  
Born April 28, 1940

LaBrecque has turned a lifelong love of cars—he has owned forty of them—into a thriving business. As founder and president of ADAP (American Discount Auto Parts), a New England retail chain that sells discounted auto parts to do-it-yourselfers, LaBrecque built a \$45-million, forty-store company. Born and raised in working-class Hyde Park, Massachusetts, LaBrecque worked as a mechanic after graduating from high school. Backed by a friend, LaBrecque opened his first warehouse-style store in 1972. In 1981, despite his business success, he left the store to return to school, bypassing his undergraduate work for an M.B.A. from Northeastern University. Last year he prepared a public offering of the company's stock, but disaster struck: the stock stopped at taking the company for \$38 million. (See page 138.)

**Magazine publisher****Michael Levy**

Austin, Texas  
Born May 12, 1940

Armed with an undergraduate degree, a law degree, and a loan from his father, Levy published the first issue of *Time Monthly* in February 1973 at the age of twenty-six. Today the magazine is considered to be among the best in the country, offering its readers a blend of investigative journalism, personality profiles, and event listings. *Time Monthly* is also a business success: from the first issue, which included no pages of paid ads, the magazine has grown to more than 1,000 ad pages per year and a circulation of 240,000. Of the magazine's early days, during which it regularly published controversial stories on politics and public servants in the state, Levy says, "I was in a position to drop the dice and take risks. I was also pretty naive and very lucky." Levy also spearheaded a drive to improve Austin's emergency health care delivery system, and subsequently he became a licensed emergency medical technician. Says Chanty Marshall, a senior editor at *Entrepreneur*, who has written about Levy: "He had a vision at a very young age and is still driven by it. Michael knew that Texas, more than anything else, is a state of mind, and in many ways he represents what it's all about with energy, enthusiasm, and ingenuity."

**Michael Machado**

Linden, California  
Born February 12, 1948

In San Joaquin County, California, one of America's most fertile and productive agricultural regions, Machado is regarded as a leader of a new breed of farmers. With a bachelor's degree in economics and a master's in agricultural economics, Machado returned to his family's farm in Linden, California, in 1974. Today the firm is four times larger than a decade ago. Such high-tech innovations as laser technology to level land and computers: engineering to develop better vegetable seedlings are now used on the farm. Active in state and local farm politics, Machado is an advocate of state land-use planning to preserve farmlands. "I'd

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like to see compatible industries in our community," he says. "A house on a piece of farmland does very little for the long term. I'd like to make sure we have something for tomorrow's children."

## Ira Magaziner

**Business consultant**  
Providence, Rhode Island  
Born November 8, 1947

"I still think of myself as a college student," says Magaziner, who as a commencement speaker at his Brown University graduation in the late Sixties signaled the student body to stand and turn their backs on guest speaker Henry Kissinger. Magaziner reportedly said to the audience, "These are the greatest respect for your scholarship. Dr. Kissinger, and the greatest disrespect for your attitude on Vietnam." Magaziner has successfully moved into the business world yet maintained his activism. From late 1982 to last June, Magaziner and members of his business consulting firm, Tolens, donated the materials for Rhode Island's controversial Greenhouse Compact study, an economic redevelopment plan that called for the state to spend \$250 million to encourage existing and new technology based companies. The voters turned down the proposal by a substantial majority, but Magaziner says,

"We had a shot at a grand slam and struck out. If you always try to play it safe, you live in a straitjacket." The firm, which now has more than 50 consultants and offices in Paris, Melbourne, and Munich, will bill \$10 million this year, according to Magaziner. Clients include General Electric, Volvo, the United Auto Workers, and the government of Sweden.

## David Marvin

**Tree farmer**  
Johnson, Vermont  
Born December 18, 1947

"From the time I was very young, my goal has been to make my living outdoors," says Marvin, one of the few people in New England making a full-time income from tree farming. "To do that, you combine a variety of businesses—growing Christmas trees, making maple syrup, and harvesting spruce for fuel, wood, furniture, and timber. Marvin was born and raised in Vermont, his father was chairman of the University of Vermont's botany department and a renowned expert on maple trees. Marvin worked for the U.S. Forest Service as a research technician until 1975, when he bought a timber's tract of land adjacent to his family's farm. To acquire adjacent land, Marvin convinced state banks, which rarely loan money to tree farmers, to finance him. Today Marvin, his wife, and two children live in a restored farmhouse on the seven-hundred-acre Baldroot Mountain Farm. On the land he has forty thousand Christmas trees, of which he sells more than two thousand per year. In addition, Marvin produces four thousand gallons of maple syrup and markets his own brand of syrup through catalog sales and retail stores.

## Lane Nemeth

**Toy-company founder**  
Pleasant Hill, California  
Born March 22, 1947

Throughout her twenties Nemeth worked as a social worker and day-care teacher. "I was not good at authority. And I burned out pretty soon," she says. At age thirty, after living room-fare, she dreamed up Discovery Toys, now one of the nation's fastest-growing direct-sales businesses. The company, which had sales of \$66 million last year, markets a variety of unusual educational toys and games for infants and young children. After moving with her husband to northern California in 1973, she took a job as an administrator of a day-care center in Concord, California. But she was unable to find quality toys for her daughter at toy stores. "I realized that if I was having this problem, other parents were having it, too," Nemeth remembers. She quit her job and sold the center and began her business in 1977. Today Discovery has about six thousand consultants—many of them teachers or former teachers—selling its products through in-home parties. Nemeth still buys the products, supervises marketing, and travels throughout the country to speak before the consultants.

## Franklin D. Raines

**Financial adviser**  
Washington, D.C./New York, New York  
Born January 1, 1940

As a senior vice-president at New York-based Lazard Freres, Raines is the key municipal investment adviser to the city governments of Chicago, Washington, D.C., Detroit, and Cleveland. Since joining the firm in 1975, he has been at the center of bond trading and offerings for a string of troubled cities, including Cleveland shortly after a collapsed. When Chicago's city schools were closed in 1988 during a funding crisis, Raines engineered a series of bond offerings totaling \$800 million that helped them reopen their doors. He was recruited by Harvard's Seattle alumni association to attend the university and, after a brief stint with a Seattle law firm, returned to Washington in 1977. In 1978 he was named associate director of the Office of Management and Budget, responsible for the fourth of the federal budget that involves economic agencies. "There are many satisfactions in my work," he says. "But I get the most personal satisfaction from helping my clients—many of whom are city governments headed by black mayors—save money or maneuver the financial markets."

## Doug Sholey

**Fast-food entrepreneur**  
Norcross, Georgia  
Born February 1, 1947

Six years ago Sholey developed the concept for D.Lite of America, now a \$50-million fast-food chain that is one of the fastest-growing restaurant companies in the U.S. Sholey personally oversaw the demolition of Atlanta "fast-food" fast-food stores, such as low-key hamburger or high-floor multinational banks, vegetarian sandwiches, salad bars with low-cholesterol drinks, and frozen yogurt desserts. "I came from a place where you ate twenty-pound steaks and had a twenty-two-inch neck," Sholey says of Middlebrook, Ohio, where he was born and raised. "But I saw how my eating habits were changing and how consumer life-styles were changing." In 1989 a local restaurant asked him to manage a health club, in which he later became a partner. Sholey subsequently opened health clubs in Racine, Wisconsin, and Grand Rapids, Michigan. Driving through southern Ohio one day in 1984, he ate at a fast restaurant, Wendy's, and recalls being so enthusiastic about its potential that he called his wife and sent her a postcard from a pay phone to say to her a franchise. While at Wendy's, Sholey created a business plan for D.Lites, sold his Wendy's franchises, and opened the first one in Atlanta in 1984. Today the twenty-unit chain's per-store sales of about \$1.2 million rival those of McDonald's, Burger King, and Wendy's.

## Martin A. Siegel

**Mergers executive**  
New York, New York  
Born April 16, 1948

In the past seven years Siegel, who is a director responsible for merger and acquisition activity at Kotler, Peabody & Company, has figured in the most visible high-stakes contests for control of companies. Based in Norick, Massachusetts, Siegel completed high school at seven years and entered Boston's Polytechnic Institute, where he received a bachelor's degree in chemical engineering in 1969. That year he entered Harvard Business School. "I felt like I was being a smart arse," he says, "and Harvard was the best place." In July 1971 he joined Kotler, Peabody's corporate finance department, and he has been there ever since, going from an assistant vice-president in 1973 to a vice-president in 1974 to a director in 1977. Siegel is credited with packaging products and services to attract new business to the firm, and with advising companies on how to find all relevant prospects. Today the mergers-and-acquisitions department is the firm's biggest profit contributor. Earlier this year Siegel represented the Stern Co. Getty Trust in the \$10.1-billion sale of Getty Oil to Tesco, and Cameron is an \$3-billion sale to Seattle, the largest acquisition ever made not involving oil or gas.

# "This is a Magnavox?!"

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**Morris J. Siegel****Entrepreneur**  
**Boulder, Colorado****Born November 21, 1940**

Celestial Seasonings was born of Siegel's avowed obsession with health and his entrepreneurial instincts. Growing up in the small town of Palmer Lake, Colorado, Siegel would hike in the surrounding mountains, pick mountain berries, and use them to brew tea for his friends. Later he and his wife traveled throughout the country selling tea with such exotic names as Red Zinger and Sleepytyme to health food stores and health food distributors. By the time he turned twenty-six, he was a millionaire. This year the company's sales will reach an estimated \$25 million. Siegel sold Celestial Seasonings to food giant Dart & Kraft earlier this year for an undisclosed sum. Siegel, who remains in charge, always attributes the company's success to its innovative policies on employee participation. Celestial Seasonings employees are encouraged to stop the production line if they spot a mistake.

**Mark B. Skaletsky****Biotechnology executive**  
**Cambridge, Massachusetts****Born June 23, 1948**

Twelve years ago Skaletsky was driving a vending-machine delivery truck. Today, as president of Biogen Inc., he is orchestrating the research, development, and commercialization of the company's cancer-fighting interferon products. After graduating from college in 1970, he joined Genzyme, a Boston bio-services company. "I quickly became unhappy and left—without another job," Skaletsky recalls. The Pfizer office was on his block, so he applied for the trade dress job and worked there for six months. In 1974 Skaletsky moved to Syracuse, New York, and landed a job in the accounting department of Bristol-Myers' research and development laboratory. He attracted the attention of the company's senior management by leading a cost-analysis study of R & D expenses. Before leaving Bristol-Myers for Biogen in 1980, Skaletsky held the positions of director of business research and director of new business development. The third U.S. employee of Biogen, he was named president in 1983. Biogen now employs four hundred people and has licensed drugs and beta interferon to large pharmaceutical companies in the U.S.

**Robert M. Sterling Jr.****Venture capitalist**  
**New York, New York****Born May 30, 1940**

Working out of a small office in New York's financial district, Sterling researches new high-technology markets, writes business plans, and then assembles management teams to form new companies. In the past three years he has founded and funded six companies through both private placements and public stock offerings—all obscure start-up ventures with promise. Says Dennis Teasdale, president of S. D. Cohn & Company, the underwriter for Sterling's Plastics-Gemstar Corporation, an artificial intelligence computer company: "There are many people in the business of starting companies who are merely promoters. Sterling manages to harness to the flesh and the facts." He received his M.B.A. and J.D. degrees from Columbia University in 1963. In 1970, after two years of teaching law, Sterling became associated with John Blair & Company, where he researched seventeen public offerings in a year and a half. When Blair went bankrupt in 1981, Sterling founded his own company, the Sterling Capital Group. He says he sleeps four or five hours a night, reads four books per week, and, hiring scientists as tutors, has taught himself computer science and geology.

**Robert Swanson****Biotechnology executive**  
**South San Francisco, California****Born November 28, 1947**

At age twenty-eight, Swanson co-founded Genentech, the pioneering biotechnology company. Its initial product, a synthetic human insulin, is the first genetically engineered clinical drug

approved for distribution by the Food and Drug Administration. A graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Swanson went to work for Glaxo in 1970, where he began his career in venture capital. In 1975 he joined a leading venture capital firm, Kleiner & Perkins. At the time, he was the youngest partner at the company. Swanson left the firm in 1978 after researching the potential for products that could be created by gene splicing. Working with molecular biologist Herbert Boyer, he wrote a business plan and found investors to start Genentech. Today Swanson is its chief executive officer and president. (See page 386.)

**John Tatum****Real estate developer****Dallas, Texas****Born July 15, 1950**

Nicknamed Johnny Appleseed by a Dallas city councilman, Tatum leads a small group of real-estate developers, investors, and artists who are trying to establish a new urban neighborhood in downtown Dallas. In 1970, having completed half of the requirements for a master's in architecture, Tatum decided "the best way to learn how to swim is to jump into the water." He moved back to Dallas in 1977 to work in real estate development for a friend's father. Since then he has been active in acquiring real estate in downtown neighborhoods, and he is now one of the largest property owners in Deep Ellum, a long-neglected downtown warehouse section of Dallas, where he hopes to erect art studios. Says Tatum, "We must remember that the world wasn't invented yesterday. We're not the greatest just because we're the latest."

**Barbara S. Thomas****Merchant banker****Hong Kong/New York, New York**  
**Born December 28, 1946**

When Jimmy Carter appointed New York attorney Thomas to the Securities and Exchange Commission in 1980, she was the youngest commissioner in the SEC's history and only its second female commissioner. During her three-year tenure at the SEC Thomas "took on the hot-button issues in the industry," says Donald Stone, the former vice-chairman of the New York Stock Exchange. "She had the courage to take a stand and stick by it." Before she left the SEC in November 1983, she fought efforts to cut the SEC's staff size and budget. In January 1984 she became the first female executive director of Samuel Montagu & Company, one of the United Kingdom's leading merchant banks. At the company Thomas splits her time between Hong Kong, where she is a regional director for Asia and the Pacific, and New York, where she is president of Samuel Montagu Holdings, the company's U.S. subsidiary.

**Tom Volpe****Venture capitalist**  
**San Francisco, California****Born April 15, 1951**

At the age of thirty-two Volpe was named chief operating officer of San Francisco's Harbinger & Quest, one of the nation's leading venture-capital firms. Volpe says he has dedicated his career to the belief that the country's economic future rests with entrepreneurial companies. After graduating from Harvard Business School in 1976, he joined Whitt, Wild Holdings in New York, where he specialized in public offerings of emerging growth companies. When the firm was sold to Merrill Lynch, he moved to Rhyt Enterprises Dallas to head its science-and-technology investment-banking group. Then in February 1981 Harbinger & Quest hired him to open a New York office. In mid 1982 he was named managing director for corporate finance, and by the end of the year he had moved to San Francisco, where he was promoted to his current position in July 1983. Says Volpe: "My attraction is toward the technology. I'd much rather be number six moving up than number one." His proudest personal achievement has been the launching of Apollo Computer, a company that started with two people and now employs nearly two thousand. "My personal goal is to help the entrepreneur flourish," he says. **Q**

**A Family Album**

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*Friends of the family*

that Hawken is fond of saying that Hawken spent some time as a newspaper reporter while having his famed economic philosophy. When he looks at Paul Hawken are written, they reflected that he learned what he knows of economics from the marketplace level of a particular. Today Hawken is a professor at the University of Colorado at Boulder, and he is the author of the book *The Sacred Economics*, which is published by the same publisher as the book *The Sacred Economics*. Hawken is also the author of the book *The Sacred Economics*, which is published by the same publisher as the book *The Sacred Economics*. Hawken is also the author of the book *The Sacred Economics*, which is published by the same publisher as the book *The Sacred Economics*.

# Paul Hawken's ideas, like those of Smith and Keynes before him, are road maps to our future

## Guru of the New Economy

BY DONALD R. KATZ

Two months after I met the celebrated young creator of small businesses, Paul Hawken, he was offered one of the best corporate jobs in the world by the far more celebrated house of oil-borne big business, Mr. J. Peter Grace.

Two miles farther toward opposite ends of the same business continuum may never have spoken before at the history of commerce: the seventy-one-year-old chairman of W.R. Grace, who craved, during forty years of perpetual

effort, one of the largest industrialized companies in the world, looking over his empire all the while with a royal, big power style that had gone out in most quarters with the soldier butler, and the thirty-eight-year-old former king of grocers, who created over the course of two decades more business small businesses since founding the Erewhon Trading Company—one of the first natural foods businesses—back in 1967. Hawken has also become the leading proponent philosopher of his generation's return to entrepreneurship, an entrepreneurially acclaimed author, and probably the hottest candidate about the alternative economies of the New South.

"Mr. Hawken," said Grace, "I'm told that you are the

brightest man around these days." Then he offered a young man who owns no high school diploma and only a few business units "anything"—any title, any division of the giant corporation any salary he thought reasonable. Hawken could be the company's strategic planner if he wanted, direct marketing, and he would work at the minimum wage-backed conservative chairman's right hand no matter what job he chose. He could recruit over some eighty thousand Grace employees—starting from his California mail-order business, which earns \$2 million a year, as much as W.R. Grace, with \$5.2 billion in revenues, earns in three minutes. "Our operation is huge, but it's no better than the breakfast in



PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

**SAVVY.**

The success with small business comes from some very big ideas.

it," Grace commented after the offer. "Despite having eighty thousand employees, we probably have only three independent thinkers in the company. Houston is a brilliant, independent thinker—one of the most creative I've seen—and he can enter a new space in his life."

SWEDEN LEADING A CROWD OF BATTERED skeptical-looking Swedes through the once-served Mill Valley, California, post office, which houses his birthplace of interest—he can never quite remember—place of business. The Swedes have traveled eight thousand miles to find out "what is happening inside American corporations today," and they appear disgruntled about being led through a time-honored County hardware outlet by a skinny kid in tight jeans, a sweat shirt, and thirty missing shoes who will look to be in his late twenties. The visitors don't quite grasp that they are in the presence of a young boss here.

At the age of twenty-two—when he looked off to Europe—Paul Gerard Hoenes was already considered by his elders an "outcast" because of his "unorthodox" and "revolutionary" New Age entrepreneurialism. More than a decade before anyone had conjured up the term, by twenty three he had helped found an entire industry based on the New Age, and three years later, since then, he, his business and his bouzouki, as he moved in by some force of blood toward places and endeavors not often brilliant new creations, had become a fixture in the New Age after he'd long gone. He has become less a trend setter, as current parlance would have it, than a trend maker, and to his credit, he's been able to do so in the New Age, a place where he's been a part of the scene since the beginning. Hoenes's history and ideas have become road maps of the future. His books and articles full of economic philosophy are thought to possess as much originality as the original New Age writers have taken to call him the new, the next.

It weighs heavily on him at times, but to the many people who now seek him out daily—corporate barons, academics, politicians, and even the occasional football star—Henderson is the wise, steady, and pragmatic voice of the young entrepreneur. He is the man who has helped business leaders now blundering the Republic—Paul Horvath is seen as the brother of the great stick of chalk. Each time he moves—and he's worn out more than 100 pairs of shoes—there is a new crowd of admirers. He is the man who has helped a chamber of commerce—a line is drawn across his trail that defines his generation—the difference between them and those before: between the tired old way things were done and perceived in the past and the new way in which things are done now. He is the man who has helped the Internet take part between the wrong and the right way to be. Henderson is a man who has pulled over to the side for a moment because it is time for what he calls a "naptime" from a life lived fast-to-the-finish.

Every day more young supplicants climb the hill to Smith and Hawken to ask him to bless a hot idea.

But, ruben told the visiting Swedes all this, so as Hawaiian brands up onto an empty site in the warehouse for waste and waste around the English garden space. The Japanese people, and other tourists, the garages through the mall, the Swedes are still looking perturbed. "You know," he says after one of his dramatic pauses, "but this is an artificial tool, still made by those who invented it more than 125 years ago. It is perfect. Its form and function are identical." He goes on over his visitors' heads now. "Its beauty is one with its utility. It will last between twenty and fifty years. It is simply the least expensive thing you can buy."

"It is the least expensive fork you can buy," Hasbun replies cryptically. "The economy is changing..."

"You know, you don't look like a normal businessperson to me!" barks one of the non-quack offended economists in the group.

"I'm not a... businessman," Howland answers, the smile fading away. "No, well, I'm not really a writer... and I'm not an economist." He shrugs. "Terms like *businessman* are difficult. You have to understand the American times I grew up in."

"Mr. Hawken," says Goren Wilford, the Stockholm-based management consultant who has organized some of the best clients into the four of the western cutting edge of American businesses. "Please, I have read your best book. This company we are in now—it is just a background for what you are really doing. I think. Please."

"In your book you write of the economy changing. Please speak of that," Willard persists.

Bushnell starts and begins to describe the two economies he believes create inter-side-by-side today. One, he contends, is the hard, once-a-year economy of the industrial era of mass production and consumption of ever more materials and goods. The other is a newer economy, in which people have figured out how to reduce the amount of expensive energy and labor needed to produce things by simply being smarter about how to do it. The products of what Bushnell calls the "soft" economy are information economy (like computers) and are full of intangible, instead of unworked steel. The difference between the two economies is the difference between the longer-lasting, computer-enhanced Honda automobile of today and the massive Chryslers that sit rusted out that company way.

But a perennially wrought 325-year-old garden does that is light, durable, and meticulously designed to work better and look better is also part of the newer economy and it will survive the shakeout that the transition from old to new has spawned. It is the mass-produced garden that runs the risk that needs to be replaced each year that won't survive the economic "chaos" Hawken sees over the ridge.

The salient result of Paul Hawken's intellectual efforts is a template that can be laid down over the economic turbulence of the last ten years. His theories help illuminate the profound transformation from the old economy to the new that he says has caused the violent reversion of life—transformation, Hawken contends, that is "no more a sign of failure than adolescence is a sign of the failure of childhood."

The dichotomy between old and new is just one aspect of the work in economic Hawthorn has produced in recent years. Much of it is collected in *The New Knowledge*, a book published last year that is full of technical curves and waves as well as a lot of humanistic language. With the publication of the book, Paul Hawthorn's reputation began to spread far beyond the new upstart small-business community. From *The Wall Street Journal* to *The New York Journal*, the brilliant "small-business gadfly" was elevated to the status of "new-age prophet."

SEVERAL OF THE SWEDISH ARE NOW SELLING furiously in little leather-bound note books: "Let's look at growth," Hawley says. "Growth was seen during the industrial era in terms of quantity. We all grow physically for a time, but then our physical development stops. From that time onward our growth and development is intellectual—qualitative instead of quantitative. For a century the machines we made externalized our muscles, for the next century our machines will externalize

For another hour, the self-taught former street operator stands there lecturing with all his oratorical charm to the group of experienced experts. He tells them that the economy "acted" this way or that at certain moments, according to its situation, his, and even personality, and a group of middle-aged, Ph.D.-laden businessmen nod a bit with reverential respect.

The fact that Housen approaches economics as a streetwise young man, rather than as a student, is one of the reasons that his book is so successful. The economic problems—business people stopped spending all about the large-scale closing of the economy with any possibility of recovery—were not new in the eighteenth century. There were simply too much money to be made all as capitalists understood of what makes things tick. The business people in the eighteenth century were not the same kind of business practitioners that in America for a long time. Housen has been approached by congressional committees and invited to give the kinds of directions for the future of the economy. Even so, his applicants claim the bill to South as *Business Ltd.* is not his to blow a hot air.

Some character sketching from Seneca and the Greek philosophers is included in the bill, with an intricate social energy device and a fully toilet-paper toilet holder he mentioned. Housen goes far into the past, but the guy to stick with the toilet paper

"This man," says one banker to another: "Do you see? He lives on ideas! His business is an expression of his thoughts. This is amazing."

Hawken just stands there grinning. He really doesn't mind a bunch of Swedes moved in the conversations of the past day going in for a quick conversation and leaving thinking he is a bit of a pro, but even he close friends and people who invest in his business seem to think Smith and Hawken is just a laboratory for Paul Hawken's hyperactive whimsy.

What if you don't see it as that Smith or Hawken is Paul Hawken's refuge, a place to step back from the whirl of personal life he's created during a new-age fair life of his life. Like so many others of his age, he seems keen to have developed that third mode wary by traditional, bootstrap (bopping enthusiastically by the time they've achieved success—maybe because he never stuck around anywhere long enough, and maybe because of other things that happened along the road). But the same sensitivity to the right place to do that bird work. Hawken the most gifted of modern-day new-wave of the modern.

Hawken became a guru at the very moment his generation's obsession with money created a need.

has also left him with a fragility. He is protected now by the closeness of his family and the generosity of his hands-to-perfect tools.

FROM THE VESTIBLE IN FRONT OF GARDEN AND Hawken, you can look across the vast green bowl of Mill Valley and see Marin Township, the youthfulness of the Socratic Many of Hawken's early notions about American commerce grew organically—chemically, if the truth be known—from his group experience of the Bay Area weeks of around eighteen years ago, where it was no honest-to-God, there at the very first observance of Blighty Ashbury, with cartoon in Tom Wolfe's *Electric Cool* A

The early psychedelic world was interlaced with massive misperceptions from the outside. There were two distinct groups going on: one, the "do-gooders" who wanted to help humanity to those too metaphysical to do for themselves, and numerous impressionists organizing dances and highly colorful and happenings throughout the Bay Area. Paul Shanken created one of the earliest multimedia light shows and presented them at his work at twenty-five dollars for a four-hour night's work at a rented farmhouse. He frequently booked a band called the "Grateful Dead," changed its name to the Grateful Dead, making them "the dead" to do with the effort. However, just those second things are organized.

Even as a child, Hawken prepared for life of enterprise by watching the old television show *The Millionaire* and fantasizing that it was he who received the million.

dollars each week. Before going into business he was a teenage runaway, a hipster/dropout (for brief), a bohemian, but later that his education would only begin when he left school, which he did at fifteen and a vagabond in Moscow, where he watched the local street artists. He says he's never forgotten how those children survived through learning. They could handle any language and play any scene.

He was also a Grand Prix motorcycle racer, a gold miner, and the staff photographer in 1965 for the Congress on Race Equality during that violent year of protest in the South. He then enrolled in San Francisco State University, under a program that awarded no high school diploma.

On weekends that year the kids used to cross the Golden Gate and hike up the mossy sides of Mount "Taro," and then they would fly and consider the nature the world. Since the very last thing a humanitarian cinema explorer wanted to ponder was a wisp of gut pain, the conversation at these times often turned to the mysteries of the human gastrointestinal system. Hawken had already read wide about soil and vegetation, and his early life as a sickly lad had made him aware of some of the effect of certain beautiful foods on his already weak body.

Use of raw cod skins as the health food dietary aid of record. While from its roots the open and genuine sustenance of it. Thirteen. Health food stores were studied by older women in support but and men's outlets who dispensed state sustenance. Thereafter observed a parallel within all this—a service to the people something between the health food store and a Salsbury, where the converted here could learn to eat right and feel at home.

He was twenty where he moved to Boston to create the Ezeron Trade Company, the natural foods empire that became a brook mutation of the cod terephene if there ever was one.

**URING THE EARLY DAYS** of his career, Moskow realized that it was impossible to sell truly natural foods from his late Boston storefront, because no truly natural food was produced in America at the time. He decided to create an entirely new food supply based on the organic and sustainable techniques he'd read about, and he soon began to travel throughout America in search of farmers who would agree to raise crops of higher quality

The international specialists of the city *Seawater* brought Krawchen to the several times, but Hawken always agreed to junk it back. At the end of 1973 the company had realized a quarter of a million dollars in annual profit. It had its own manufacturing facilities, forty thousand acres of land planted, and a seed source network that literally spanned the globe. Hawken owned nurseries, stores, and warehouses in both Canada and the United States on page

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had several hundred employees. Revenues had risen from fifty dollars to \$50,000 a day, and at the age of twenty-seven Paul Hawken had become a wealthy but very eccentric young entrepreneur, who had never wanted and always denied any who had somehow lost touch with the real life days when the business was getting off the ground. Hawken needed a change.

He'd heard tales of an utopian wilderness place called Fruithaven in the north of Scotland, where people were said to have casual conversations with vegetables and grow forty-pound cabbages in soil that shouldn't have yielded a single tooth. He went there only out of interest in the culture, but in with his utopian attitude of doing with the psychedelic scene, the hippie days at San Francisco State, the civil rights marches, and the rise of the macrobiotic food movement in Boston, Hawken made a name out of the colonial world of Fruithaven during the year that it most closely approached its utopian purposes. Hawken designed his knowledge of gardening at Fruithaven, studied Buddhism, and fell in love with a lovely Australian woman of an eclectic lifestyle named Anna, who'd also be the road early in life.

After a year he and Anna moved back to California, where entrepreneurial life has it that Hawken told Fruithaven and involved many millions of the earliest sewage collectors, but that is far from the way it passed out. His divorce from his first wife did cause him to sell Fruithaven and the other business he was involved with, but for a fraction of their value. By the end of 1975 he had no business, no friends, and \$500 to his name.

One evening around this time Anna whispered to him, "You know, Paul, when I first met you, I thought you were a salesman."

"I was," he said. "I really was."

They lived in a trailer with Anna's daughter in southern California. There Hawken worked as a caretaker and herb grower for a rich woman's first and second husbands leading some top-tier herb garden, a type and lot such as only happens in books—it was as if Henry Ford had ended up a genius farmer using Model T's in Goodhue Allen.

They spent the summer of 1975 in a gated colony in central Texas near San Francisco. Anna was pregnant, and Paul spent his days poring through what his wife confirmed daily that there was nothing he was fit to do.

Two days before the baby was born, an editor in New York called to say that the paperback rights to Hawken's book *The Magnificent Frithaven* had been sold for \$50,000.

Hawken was still a day laborer waiting for a publisher's check to arrive in the mail when he began to be approached by young people seeking help with their small busi-

ness projects. Somehow, within a week of the baby-boom shock troops of the mid-Seventies returning to entrepreneurial businesses a veritable mythology had developed concerning "William of Baskerville," the figure who'd built a natural-foods empire from scratch. A peak from the streets, it was said, who'd just made millions.

After a year of his astounding struggling companies out of the Lane for the Trust Restaurant in Mexico Park, south of San Francisco, the tag line on Hawken was applied: "William of Baskerville, the turn-around genius." A long list of business coups were redefining Hawken's position in Bay Area business circles. He was seen to be leading a more pragmatic wing of the burgeoning new age, a school of realism and those of hard work.

Hawken even started hanging out at society S&I International, the movement that took and gave secular spirituality of the late sixties, economics, and public policy meditation. Most of this circle at S&I owned multiple electronics, but Hawken had "been there." He also had a truck around as an author, and there was something weirdly charismatic about the kid. The people, almost apocryphal delivery was full of wisdom.

By now Hawken could place at a professional table statement and see the vision in a business in an instant. He could spot a trend with such accuracy that it wasn't even a challenge anymore. Without formal education, he'd learned how businesses rise and fall in time, just as he'd taught himself how plants grow, houses are built, and business is spoken.

By the late Seventies the varied, often dogmatic of Paul Hawken—geographic, spiritual, psychological, and economic—had already taken him from early failure to early success to early failure and back again. He'd lived in the underworld of the streets and the otherworld of a utopian community. His long, strange trip had made of him a walking encyclopedia of his generation's spectrum of experience, a polymath of the modern Techno-classic who had begun to spin the strands of his past into a new vision at the present.

Hawken had actively suppressed his natural instinct for the cadences of commercial life and the smells and political currents with reminders of Adam Smith, Marx, Schumpeter, Keynes. As he continued to study the problems of one business after another as a consultant, he began to see the patterns and cycles he'd only felt through abstract failure.

It seemed reasonable that the radically contrasting economy of the late Seventies should have conspired with the cultural turmoil it loosed and the baby boomers to produce a moral philosopher or an economist of the past as the great rupture of the past generated new theories of virtue. And it further seemed to reason that this economist should percolate with the

voice of the streets, with a sense of the underground.

Hawken began to spend off his ideas wherever he went, and soon the gaps at the chalk mark and people like former governor Jerry Brown began to listen to his characteristic rap.

As his reputation spread it became clear that a new life of speaking, teaching, consulting, writing, performing, and generally coming in was available to Hawken. Jerry Brown offered him the job of corporate strategist for his 1980 presidential run and then another one as an administrator for the state of California. But he said no. He had become a business and economics guru at the private moment that the generation's new obsession with the mysticism of business created a cultural need, but Hawken was uncomfortable with the full-time guru's life.

So, in the moment of the post-industrial economy that had come to see Hawken in their brightest public light, he decided it was time to take a step back and create another tiny business. He would throw in his last once as twice a week to tell the "business and economics America" which way the wind blows, and he would get up early to write more articles and books. But he would concentrate on writing in the loose ends of his life into a more visionary writing beautiful words, and eventually he would buy a big house just a quarter mile up the macrobiotic from Smith and Hawken—just across from the bald green peak of Mount Tam—where he could start in a balcony and look down on the valley of San Francisco and across to the mountains of his past, just like the latter-day nobleman he'd become.

It was, or only seemed to him, someone barely halfway in a last bid with such what-ifs that had died in the north sea and one of the deepest winds to blow through Marin County in ages. The air had chased the fog out of the valley, so that in a breath between two green peaks across the way all of the silence of San Francisco and Point of the Mount, was framed perfectly in the distance.

The converted fire lookout station the family inhabits was replete of one of the variety of third mans that always seem to take the place, the surreal secret shifting with the course of the wind.

Anna's beautiful little girl was playing "For Elise" on a grand piano with preoccupied ease while her equally sophisticated brother, Adam, spun a shortbread in circles on a large disk. Anna was walking up from the chicken coops and the huge vegetable garden that descended along a terraced path from the deck. She was downing flowers along the way with one of the forty-five-dollar-potted watering canister her husband sells through the mail.

Even the golden retriever seemed pretty and healthy and pleased to be alive.



David Sholl Paul Hawken Anna Sebastian





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Audio Apart.

is like someone with a ticket to Seattle finding he's on a plane to Kansas City." His brother, who now lives in a small cottage in the family garden, endorsed an old scribblebook name. It contained pictures of Hawken in an early Soches Garsity Street group and then in his happy days, and there were also pictures of a first looking boy wearing the most beautiful of looks in his eyes, just as he had said. There was also a composition in the scribblebook Hawken wrote when he was a primary school. In it he rages against his classroom describing the various of "labeled people" that cluttered his preadolescent world, all of them apparently defining themselves in ways that looked everyone but young Paul. His mother says his grade school teachers used to tell her that and a lot of it repeatedly.

HAWKEN RECORDED ON TO ONE OF THE computer screens and began to tap up customer accounts with that single leonine pecking away by many languages who consider computers a byword. He was trying to show us how he could call up accounts anywhere with the machine, but it wasn't working. Hawken kept trying over and over, becoming more frustrated as he went. In the glow of the screen I noticed the wings beat at Hawken's head and the harsh bass sound revealed that the deep leers that so often form his huge grin remained those after the grin faded away.

I had already been struck by how Hawken seemed to work. He wasn't charged like others as easy by his darker episodes, his childhood in a splinted family, his divorce from his first wife, his loss of Hawken, and his recent falling out with the director of the San Francisco Zen Center, which persecuted the family's move to the hilltop in Mill Valley.

While others use him as someone who managed to rise out of a cultural import for two and a half decades now, Hawken worships consistently to himself if it might be better if he'd gone through high school and college. He was terrified that The Next Economy would be seen as threeless or foolish. "I had this image of some Wharton School M.B.A. looking just boring if it pains," he said. "I was so scared they would laugh."

And why had someone with the opportunity to teach through his words on paper many more people than could ever face and with his given looks opened, after such success as an economist, for the last business? The word in the same-age community was that it had to do with his commitment to purity and economic quality, but Hawken had consistently denied that the business was a laboratory.

The disease really seemed to derive from childhood. Hawken's father, who taught Pete Seeger and other old letters around to the house of night when Paul was little, and who had encouraged his son to

leave school at such a young age to pursue the life of the mind, regulated Paul when he chose a career that included business. He was never there for his son again, and he died in the not-unlikely local cemetery in a small town.

"We never knew how to do anything with his hands," Hawken said after giving up on the computer for the night. "And I sensed my son will never think that I can't do real things." Thus when the life of the intellectual presented itself, Hawken saw only "the life of an intellectual crutch. I went back to business because writing and thinking isn't the real work I have to do."

"Let's clear it," he said. "The last entrepreneur is short or Jewish or gay. Why? Because they are people who feel themselves on the outside. The myth of my omnipotence is the result of my inactivity. My sense of being an outsider has always expressed itself in starting things up. I always remember having an impulse to start things, and then I was always accused again by the impulse to move on and to start after a while things the last well, sleeping and out of substance."

"You know," he said, "I was so locked up," and he had been gravitating to these so-called intellectual communities like Planners and the Zen Center for a long time, and now I found the last, the last thing I can create in my family. Now I can't leave. My mother works here. My brother, who I haven't seen in twenty years, is working here, too, and living in the suite room up at the house. Something is happening here."

Smith and Hawken's track more than a laboratory for transcendentalist writing, it's the home and family Hawken has been looking for during a life of restless movement from one customized world to another.

Hawken said he wanted to show me something before we headed back up the hill. He pointed out a tiny doorway at the side of the warehouse. He said it led to a capsule where the old journal inspectors could sneak out to make sure the anti-writers were doing things right. Hawken said only the postmaster had the key.

Each of the darker turns Hawken talks about occurred when he lost control of the world around him. One of the aspects of the new entrepreneurship left out of the massive literature that now records its renascence is that the buzz of a small business can still be interpreted in the way business used to control their workers and men used to control their families.

Much of Hawken's best economics have to do with keeping his mind under control. He has written that too much money can be used to make things. "The life of a man living in the present is the shadow of their wealth." He has written extensively about the problems of "interdependence" in economic life, the phenomenon of individuals and institutions coming between a person

and his work as interdependence grows to do everything from according to taking out the trash.

At Smith and Hawken the postal inspectors' little door is replaced by a computer screen. You can "access" your clients and even monitor the results of your employees' labor—clearly and in your own terms. You can ask things you want to know just I never thought you can have your family together for the first time since you were a child, you can go all and deliver speeches, you can create instant winners, you can write books. Always is a control—just a control. Control the light show in the back room.

THE ENTREPRENEURIAL BUSINESS TRAIL is a control impulse at Paul Hawken's life. That old sense of the underground has never really left. The writing on the economics of the underground, by the "interest" economy, as he calls it, is comprehensive and unapologetic to the point of being negative at economic life outside the business. He understands that world at its economic and confused depths.

Hawken seems to have always been there, because he represents his generation's best shot and its worst fate. Just as he became a business leader, he became a consumer's experience, he also carries the business leers of those who are deeply afraid that they will never really be it, or are just afraid of losing it at the price of a children's game, and that the changes they go through seem easy.

As Hawken told the Swedes, he's not really a businessman, not really a writer or economist, but he can be any of those things better than most people at the drop of a hat. Later in the day, he said, a business, he learned along the road that travelers can speak all the languages. So he learned Japanese to talk to the Japanese, he learned environmentalism to talk to Americans. He has never stopped "translating" what used to be called the Establishment, serving it and taking from it, but never really being of it.

Before I met him, Hawken was working in New York with one of his high-powered associates, a financially wealthy man, when Hawken stopped to give a bus person at a corner some money.

"What are you trying to do," said the rich man, "make this into Calcutta?" It wasn't funny, but Hawken kept quiet. It's one of those small pieces you get more and more, as he said, as he played it roles rather than taking over up for real.

As we got back to his beautiful house I asked Hawken how his current situation was doing. He said, "The life of a man living in the upper-middle class suburbs who owns a big house, expensive but sensible cars, a vacationing business, and has kids who take great lessons."

"Books are, yes," he said. "The whole



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The old adage says only the positive "What can we do?" had these days the dimensions of business and management aren't so clear as they used to be. Today's work and life are often put as selling to be done with management as tight with them, and the result has been the production of jobs that might otherwise have fallen victim to the vagaries of the economy. At the very heart of this new way of operation is Josh Gotbaum—the name of a brand-new Tech City spin leader. He's finding ways for workers to control the direction of the companies that employ them—a difficult and daring idea, which is precisely what makes Gotbaum the man for the job.

# The Gotbaum Solution

by Paul Cowan

**Take a troubled business, get employees to give up wages for stock, and work like hell for a turnaround**

THANKSGIVING WAS AN UNUSUALLY tense day for Josh Gotbaum, then thirty, a Harvard Law School graduate who had just spent four years working as Jimmy Carter's White House. Since Josh's childhood his father, Victor, one of America's most prominent labor leaders, and his mother, Sarah, a social worker and teacher, had tried to raise him, his brothers, and his sister with the politically progressive values that had always nourished them. But three weeks earlier, during the first days of November 1981, Josh had begun working at the New York-based investment banking firm Lazard Frères & Company. That

Thanksgiving his mother and three siblings, Irving, Noah, and Rachel, and his grandmother, Mollie Silberstein, about to eat a sumptuous supper in the one-bedroom East Side apartment Josh had just moved into, were worried that his sudden career choice would mean a betrayal of his beliefs.

Victor Gotbaum disagreed. For one thing, the job at Lazard would give Josh an economic base—something the Gotbaums had always lacked. But Victor wasn't able to speak up for his son that night; he said Sarah had separated seven years earlier. Even though Josh and his father were quite

close, it was clear that Victor's presence would have dampened the spirit of the gathering.

The rest of the family felt arrived at a struggle for Josh's ethical and Sarah's growing over the fact that, for the first time, a Gotbaum was working for an institution whose purpose was to make money, not promote social change. While Josh, a gourmet cook, was still in the kitchen putting the finishing touches on the turkey and the pumpkin chocolate he'd prepared, his brother Irving (now an entertainment lawyer by training and a rock musician by choice) poured some hot French wine onto a goblet

Josh had borrowed for the dinner and held up the glass. "A toast to our host," Irving said. "Maybe never sell out."

"I heart a lot," Josh recalls now. "But, you know, I'm not here to say it. I was thinking it."

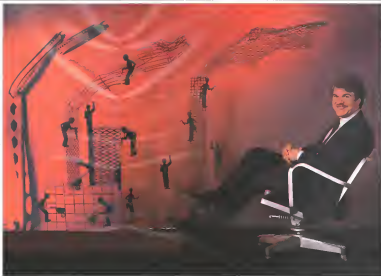
That day Josh had another fear—one he couldn't possibly share with his family. He was worried that he'd be rejected by his new associates at Lazard. After all, he was Victor Gotbaum's son—the son of labor aristocracy—and Felix Rabatya's protégé, a snake who might shoot to the top of the firm on the basis of his connections, not his training. And

the attributes his family valued might be anathema to most bankers he encountered at Lazard. He was a former labor activist, who had sharpened his political skills in George McGovern's presidential campaign and Jimmy Carter's White House. What did he know about investment banking?

His cultural tastes seemed even more out of place in the world of corporate finance than they had among the neofeminist bohemians he'd known in Washington. For Josh cultivated the rock music he and his dad had discovered while they were in poor high school. He had sung with a band in Virginia when he worked in the White House,

changing from the tie and jacket he wore around Alfred Kahn and Stuart Eizenstat to the button-down sweaters and jeans he wore in the Richmond club, where he sang songs from Grateful Dead albums and his other favorites, like "Johnny B. Goode" and "On Broadway."

He rarely visited his White House friends (other than perform. If he ever sang in New York—he hoped to—he'd be easier to invite his associates at Lazard. They would be as one great, able with that experience of Josh Gotbaum's personality as his mother and Paul Cowan's just past for *Esquire*. The *Major Motion* was published in May 1984.



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making \$20,000 a year working for the Department of Energy. But she frequently found his paychecks lying around his apartment—the thing he was too embarrassed about turning over that couldn't income tax deduct. His limit is the bank, unless he was desperate for money. Josh's version is much simpler: "I was working until 1 A.M. and didn't have time to open a bank account." These days his salary is on the order of \$120,000 a year, that he still lives at a one-bedroom apartment and keeps his money in the bank instead of investing it in the stock market. "I'm making more money for other people than I am for myself," he said one day. "I still have my paternity checks for automobiles."

That was sarcasm as a very innocent, and it reflects reflexes he's possessed since childhood—reflexes that here, so far, enabled him to carry out the work entrusted to Irving Gotbaum's angry Thanksgiving Day toast.

HE WAS PROBABLY LUCKY THAT THE Weirton deal came along when it did. It allowed him to vanish from the creditors of Lazard Frères—where most of his associates had broken him with a cool calculation for more than a year—and involve himself in concentrated, anonymous work in "the house of the mighty to come," as a sign near Weirton's steel mill calls the town.

Josh's involvement in Weirton began after McKinsey & Company had completed a study advising the employees that they could buy the mill from National Steel—and produce an and sheet metal at a profit—if they were willing to take a 32 percent pay cut. When the employees asked Lazard Frères to work with the law firm Wilkie Fox & Gallagher to provide the legal and financial foundation for the transaction, Felix Kohnen told Lazard senior vice-president (now partner) Gene Kohn and Josh to estimate the proposal. Josh decided it was a long shot but worth the risk. Feeding his words he had no memorandum. "It was the first time I'd ever exposed myself to those kobs"—his peers and superiors at Lazard—"and I was worried they'd think I was flaky. But they decided the deal was a good new ground and would probably be profitable for Lazard."

Josh's childhood as a "science jock" was intolerable to his role as a consultant in Weirton. He used Lazard's very sophisticated computers to build computer models that projected the potential markets for Weirton's tin, assessed the company's domestic competition, suggested ways it could cut costs, and contributed the contingencies of what would be one of the largest Employee Stock Ownership Plans in America. That he would transfer to Weirton to translate the numbers for the employees, his new brands.

His counterparts immediately assessed

his respect for them. As a "numbers cruncher," he spent up to twelve hours a day with "bean counters" like Bill Lee, now Weirton's manager of cost accounting. Lee was initially very suspicious of him. "Ed [Lazard] told me that he had hired Josh just here," he says. "Most of them were the sort of people who would borrow your watch and then tell you what time it is. Of course, Josh is very intelligent. But he doesn't come on strong like I do here. We would work down twice in the morning until late at night, telling him about the economics of the mill. Then we would listen to him tell us what it took to

**His staccato conversation is studded with introspective questions you don't expect from a neoliberal technocrat, let alone a banker.**

make the deal. He wouldn't act as an too optimistic with our numbers. Our labor properties and profit projections had to be entirely credible. That was the way we would get financing from the banks."

Bill Lee and others who helped prepare the presentation to the bankers were impressed by Josh's openness, but they didn't know anything about the Gotbaum family. They weren't aware that his all-consuming passion to make the deal work stemmed from the ethics he'd inherited from Gene Kohn. Josh's boss and very close friend, was acutely aware of it. "He is one of the most moral people I know," Kohn says. "He's also a perfectionist. He'd come into my office five or six times a day to make sure we were getting everything right. Could we get another nickel out of National? Were we missing a potential in steel? Had we compromised all the information we had in a way that allowed people in Weirton to understand it?"

From August 1982 to September 1983 Josh immersed himself in the deal. "I ate, breathed, and slept Weirton. We were doing something that made a difference. We were helping a town to survive." In September 1983 it was clear that they had succeeded. That was when the employees got the low of revealing credit from the commitment of Lazard, headed by Gotbaum, that would let them buy the mill. The employees took a 25 percent pay cut and divided seven million shares of stock. That gave them a vested interest in the functioning of the business.

ONCE THE WEIRTON DEAL WAS COMPLETED, Reitzel and Gotbaum were suddenly regarded as experts—bankers who could lend out troubled industries with devices like ESOPs. That was one reason Eastern Airlines hired Lazard to help it out in September 1983. That time part of another team, Gotbaum was accorded even more responsibility than he'd had in West Virginia.

The situation differed from Weirton's initially the issues—particularly the million International Association of Machinists—had a distrust of Lazard Frères that the shareholders had never displayed. The investment banking firm had represented the airline until 1980, and Felix Kohnen had been a member of Eastern's board of directors. Under these circumstances, it seemed impossible for the workers to imagine that Lazard would produce a last-minute deal. So to protect themselves, the unions hired their own auditing firm, Lasker/Winebald, whose co-director, Michael Lasker, had been an activist and theoretician in many left-wing protest organizations during the 1960s. The negotiations took place in Weirton, where "Lasker and I lived in each other's garages," Gotbaum says. Instead of developing an amicable relationship, the two men—who could discuss labor politics and the 1960s radical organization with equal fluency—became alien and very close friends.

Despite the machinists' manginess, Lazard Frères wanted to go a step further than it had been able to in Weirton. Josh says that "Felix Kohnen, Gene Kohn, and I thought that the Eastern deal could be a landmark. It could establish a situation where labor and management talked about issues like productivity, like the purchase of new aircraft—things that were far more sophisticated than typical wage negotiations."

But Josh, on the front lines, had to function in a difficult situation. Eastern had a long history of financial problems. Labor relations were particularly bad. Employees complained that there was a kind of vigilante mentality about the management, that they treated workers like machines.

Besides, there were three separate unions in these negotiations—the very militant machinists, who had an extremely



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strong leader, Charles Bryer, the flight attendants, who took their cues from the machinists, and the pilots, highly skilled, well-paid men with a weak, decentralized union. Though their differences would eventually aspect the negotiations, they shared a common view about the financial analysis Lazard Freres and Lockert/Morici were undertaking. As Goldbaum recalls, "Management wanted to study the present condition of Eastern Airlines. The workers wanted us to study management's mistakes. It took us nearly a day to draft a paragraph describing what we were going to do." Of course, the disagreement could have torpedoed the entire negotiation—if Josh Goldbaum had been a typical meat-and-potatoes, too reserved and conservative to establish a relationship with the casual, politically progressive Mike Locker. Instead, the dispute ended quickly.

After six weeks, the Lazard Freres team and Lockert/Morici completed a report that focused on such questions as food factors, airplane costs, and passenger revenues. This report assessed Eastern's economic situation and served as the basis for negotiations between the owners and employees. Eventually the employees accepted substantial wage cuts in return for stock equal to approximately 25 percent of the company.

"When Josh and the deal never would have

happened," Mike Locker says. "He was the only banker who could talk to Charlie Bryer [the head of the machinists' union] and Frank Bornman [the ex-senator, who is president of Eastern] and make them both respect him."

But the pilots balked at the last moment. Josh, usually quite modest, is convinced that he played a crucial role in averting their revolt. His experience as a Goldbaum enabled him to do that.

"The pilots are a decentralized union," he says. "and I listened a very important lesson about decentralized unions from my father. In these people are always about to yield power—especially to anyone above them. The pilots had a twenty-seven-member executive board, and when some members said that the negotiating committee had given away much more than the machinists or the flight attendants, the whole group was paralyzed."

"They wouldn't let anyone from the company into the room when they were meeting, but they did let me in. I told them they had made considerable progress with their demands—and then I pointed out that there was a deadline for their decision." They voted to ratify, though they're still grumbling.

The fact that a Lazard Freres banker was delivering that opinion had a lot to do with their decision, Josh adds. "I think my last name did, too."

From Mike Locker's point of view, Josh's discovery is paying off—for Eastern. He believes that negotiators like the ones at Eastern and Western, and bankers like Josh, are critical to labor's future. "People don't realize how profound labor's crisis is," he says. "Either unions will be able to maintain a society for a variety of workers—plants in construction workers, for example—or they will have to get involved in issues like management and profitability. The best that workers are beginning to see is that a wage isn't as big a deal as it used to be."

Peter Robatyn agrees with Locker's view of labor—and of his protest. "Josh has a very high order of native intelligence, he doesn't have to show everyone he is a superstar, and he has lived in the world. His experience has shown him that a major banking has to adjust itself to the realities of the day. Major restructuring of enterprises is going to have to involve major restructuring of unions and corporations. Until now investment banks have never dealt with unions. But Western and Eastern are not exceptions. They are only signs of a new wave." Josh is riding that wave.

As Lazard Freres these days he is trying to learn the rudiments of investment banking. He has been working on mergers and acquisitions. He's been trying to help a Lazard partner convince a French company to buy an American one. And he's been doing his best work with Gene Kallis, advisor to the United Steel Workers, the city of Chicago, the state of Illinois, and interested business people on the feasibility of reopening South Works, a mill that once provided as many thousand jobs. Mike Locker is doing the preliminary analysis on the project.

Josh is intensely ambitious. Once his dream was to be a United States senator. Now he wants to follow in Lazard Freres's footsteps, using his rare combination of experience in labor, government, and banking to make an enviable mark on public policy. But whatever he does, it will differ greatly from what he expected to do back in 2001, when he went off to Stanford expecting to become a backmaster.

One day, talking about Manhattan and Eastern, he said, "There has been a strain in my life—as important as for someone coming out of the forests—that really talks about how Americans besides labor can change the world. I know, we all came out of the Soviet Union to change the world. I made the decision to go into government. Then I went into business. That's a very big part of my being."

"I see myself as a refugee from the Soviet Union, living in the Eastlands, trying to succeed on both scales. In the end, I guess, I'm trying to succeed within my portable mental system."

You could hear Sarah Goldbaum's voice echoing through his words. ☐

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# The Golden Age of Goo

## How Debbi and Randy Fields unleashed a cookie monster

by Alan Furst

THERE IS SOMETHING EXTREMELY WONDERFUL ABOUT THE CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIE. A home-baked treat when you were a kid. A consolation prize in a brown-bag lunch. A dynamic track for the stoned cooktop. A functional antidepressant—based on a sunny Sunday night when the end of the world looks good. A 4 p.m. mood elevator when the office telephone just ate your ear. Washed down with cold milk, late at night, a return to childhood innocence. A very, very major cookie, the chocolate chip. Not hot from the supermarket box or bag—crunchy cookie and sweet chocolate bits. That's the secret of the thing: two separate textures. Two separate textures, a double treat. It was discovered, in 1930, in precisely that way. Ruth Wakefield, who owned the Toll House Inn in Massachusetts, was trying to bake up a batch of Butter Drop Do cookies. She did a bar of semisweet chocolate and added the bits to the dough. But they didn't melt. Or rather, they melted only a little. She must have been somewhat disappointed, until she took a bite.

But there's another version of the cookie, available only to those who bake at home. It's a simple recipe: flour, white sugar, brown sugar, eggs, butter, vanilla, and chocolate bits. It's a rise, you have to go out for that last item. You might be the sort of modestly provident soul who tries to keep them on hand, but if your house is anything like mine, when you get there the cupboard is bare, because these

highly colored bags of semisweet chocolate bits have a life span roughly equivalent to a sunset.

Prepare your time—measuring ingredients, measuring, mixing, dropping spoonfuls—is no more than half an hour. Then bake for fifteen minutes, filling the house with warm, chocolate smells while you pace about restlessly. Take 'em out. They should set up in an hour or so, else the cookie will be chewy and soft, the chocolate bit a gooey, and nobody likes them when they're like that.

Or so the fairy went. Until Debbi Fields, Mrs. Fields, started selling cookies.

WHICH IS THE BEGINNING OF STRESS, DRIVING through the hills of northern Utah as darkness closes in. These hills would eat you up if you turned your back—rattlesnakes, man-eating things, with angry Alan Furst is a free-lance writer living in Washington State. His last novel was *Windows Under*, published by Dutton Press in 1991.



## THE COOKIE LADY

bears little resemblance to the mythical American baking ladies, like Betty Crocker or Margaret Rudkin; she and Randy, her husband, don't just want to be rich. They want to make the world's best chocolate chip cookies.

and patches where the snow has worn away. Not a tree to be seen anywhere. Empty East chaise and chaise. The road doesn't look like it, but you can hear it in the engine. Salt Lake City sits on the high plain at 5,600 feet above sea level. By the time you reach Park City, you're at 7,500, and there's still plenty to look up at.

Park City is a nice transition: the lobby of the Holiday Inn is chattering with stories and their cloying, tight-grin. From altitude and exercise, everybody's face is slightly ruddy-colored. After checks-in we head off to (Delhi's) restaurant to meet the owners at Mrs. Fields Cookies. After a warm welcome to be Swiss, with honey caressed—at any given moment various desserts are being set on fire—and a very relaxed atmosphere, I'm early and do decide to wait outside in the vintage restaurant air. Mr. and Mrs. Fields pull into the parking lot in a steel-gray '66 like Cadillac Seville ignored to the road with Utah spring road. They pile out of the car in a hurry—they do nearly everything in a hurry—and head for the restaurant.

Mythical American baking ladies—Margaret Rudin, Betty Crocker, Mrs. Smith of the frozen-gar. Southern—use images in apocryphal, their only kitchen settings trappings with theirs as permanent ones. But so Delhi's Fields is twenty-eight, twenty, and blond, in a fur jacket, tight jeans, and boots.

Randy Fields is thirty-seven. He is hands on, for twice reason, of Randy Newman. Both Randy as Jewish, both from Los Angeles, same torus-shell complexion. Clear Mrs. Giant exterior, deep wrinkles beaming below.

We order dinner. There follows a long discussion about the wine. Should we order the seven dollar bottle? Or the nine-dollar bottle? Do I know anything about wine? Is the rancher really, really a little bit, outrageous? Now, they could, if they chose to, order the whole winery. I know it, and they know I know it. They are a very tight couple, bent together a long time and bent through a lot together, and the signaling is barely perceptible, but they are playing with me. Making a point, money is not the time. They don't want to be without cash. Sometime, somewhere, they figured out how life goes when money is the issue. The size and only, and they have the version of anxiety—they really do have it. And they are not going to be a certain way—big, worky, cool, average-figure staid—just because some journalist would find it funny. They are both straight-shooters, people, willing to fight to protect themselves from that kind of average making.

Finally Delhi selects the nine-dollar bottle. Everybody takes a polite taste. Denver is then compensated by Diet Coke all around. At one point Randy says, "We went on a cruise once, and they really did the whole time we'd all had the boat."

DEBBI JANE MYTER WAS BORN AND RAISED in East Oakland and had a fairly typical Catholic girlhood. She was the youngest of five sisters, her father worked as a welder for the Navy, they lived in a small studio home. They weren't poor because they didn't think they were. Debbi defines it simply enough: "I turned early in life that if I wanted to have something, I had to work for it." She went to Bishop O'Dowd, was a bit out of trouble with the nuns, spent a fair amount of time vacationing the church as a lot of penance.

There is a tendency in all-girl families toward conservative behavior beliefs, and Debbi and her sisters each developed a particular specialty. Cathy had the great knack for porridge, Mary was the acknowledged wife with cake. Debbi held the cookie ground.

She had a best friend, Wendie, who was a freak for chocolate chip cookies. As Debbi, knowing she always had a customer, made batch after batch. She started out, at fifteen, with the basic recipe on the back of

she was the local-bus girl for the Oakland A's—and she liked the idea of making her own money.

So she started talking about opening a store. She was around a lot of smart, conservative types, asked them what they thought about it. The verdict was unanimous. Forget it, they said, would sell of course. Randy was willing enough but found himself looking ahead to disaster. "I was concerned with what failure would do psychologically," he says. "I thought it would fail." As for the banks, what they had to say was, "Cookies? You want to sell cookies?"

Debbi thought about it for a while. For one thing, her cookies weren't like other chocolate chips (though perhaps to their detriment). "According to surveys done at the time," she says, "everybody loved chunky cookies, not soft and chewy cookies."

Her cookies were not only soft, they were big. The reason for this was psychological. She was fighting her weight, and eating square cookies was depressing. Eating one big cookie, on the other hand, wasn't quite so nagging. Randy also figured she had to try it.

August 13, 1977, she opened Mrs. Fields Chocolate Chippery in an international food arcade. Randy had lost her the money, and she'd borrowed the key from, buying everything—commercial oven, mixer, and so on—used. There was a deck chicken on one side of her, what she describes as "such a Tibetan store" on the other.

At morning she stood there, but not one cookie did she sell. Randy had lost her she wouldn't have fifty dollars in the till at the end of the day. By noon it looked like he was going to win. Selling a product that people could believe for themselves, or buy at a normal loss, she had expected a resistance. But not this much. She thought, "Well, if I'm gonna fail, I have to know absolutely."

She piled a bunch of cookies on a tray, walked up and down Palo Alto Avenue, and gave them away. "Would you like these [these cookies]?" When they were gone, she went back to the store and started baking fresh. The free samples worked. She recognized the people who returned—the time to buy. At the end of the day she counted up the money and had earned exactly fifty dollars. Randy then lost her she wouldn't make seventy-five bucks the second day.

She made seventy-five bucks the second day.

IN TWO Mrs. FIELDS COOKIES COMPANY around \$30 million, with 160 stores in seventeen states and Hong Kong, Tokyo, Singapore, and Sydney Stores continue to open, and it is thought the business will double its gross sales at \$164. But she never did the seven-store, both Randy and Debbi

## She started at thirteen with the basic Toll House recipe.

the Toll House chocolate (or not) package, impressed from there, and she and Wendie are the experimenters.

When she was eighteen she met Randy. They were both stuck at the Denver airport, she was waiting a telephone call. He saw her, was instantly attracted, went over and introduced himself. They fell in love and got married.

They lived in Palo Alto. Randy had gone to Stanford, had his own financial consulting business. His customers—apparently business people—would fly in for consultations, and they'd get fed one of these incredible chocolate chip cookies, and the eyes would roll and the money begin.

Debbi was twenty-one and going to a community college but felt she wanted something more. If everybody carried on so about the cookies, maybe she should open a store and sell them. Mentally, we're all fed the entrepreneurial itch.

"What I really wanted was to go into the business," Wendie says. Debbi was the one who worked at various jobs—for a while

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creativity—the most ambitious solutions to the most impossible problems. Seven Foster, the Mrs. Fields confederator, says of Randy, "He gets a rush from doing things, from solving. Really, fire, and."

Randy agrees. "We have all the business we ever started with. The objective is to make the deal." His vision of the great business plan is the activist, do-it-yourself-on-a-door. A sort of third consciousness concept. Level One is the individual who has to do everything. Level Two is the person who has the wisdom and prudence to delegate, then there is Level Three.

"I really love the Honda motorcycle company," he says. "Mr. Honda was driving home from work one day. He came to a tollbooth and was hanging around for a while and he came very close to having a bad accident. So he didn't go home. He turned the car around, then and drove west back to the factory, and started work on redesign that would put the tollbooth in a better place. The point is that he did it that day, and he didn't set up a committee, or ask for a report, he did it."

And how much does Randy do for Mrs. Fields Cookies? An article in *The Denver Post* quotes him. "She started it, she runs it, and will continue to run it. She has no interest in business, neither in the science of being profit-driven, but she has a gift for knowing how to satisfy consumer demand, and she knows how to build an organization to meet that demand." In conversation, he says this "She didn't understand. She just said, 'You people build the best cookie I eat.' And in a reflective moment, talking about his wife, trying to sum up everything in one statement, this "The reason her like works for her is that she's a really nice person."

THE FIELDS AT HOME (DORIS, RANDY, JENNIE) Five years old, blond, heartbreaker (in-training), three-year-old Jennifer, and baby Jennifer, about a year old. Debbi will not talk for a while, then cheerfully to break the baby. Her office features a rockabilly-baby device with a finger tap.

She is wife/mother/CEO of a multi-million-dollar company—and her normal state of accommodation is that of a wife, then a mother, then a CEO. She is certainly organized, but if a her own scheme and very maternal—you get the feeling she knows what's next, while everyone around her trusts that it's probably going to be the very thing that she needs next.

Randy is just back from consulting in San Francisco and appears in a bright script jump suit. It is grotesque. But part of the fun of him is that he can be an enthusiastically wrong as he might. *Jenna* wants to watch television, but the act is doing strange things. Debbi gets a screwdriver out of a drawer, pretends to be the back of the television, and fuses with some. In fact

entirely, Debbi asks to Randy as "a total idiot."

It's a scene full of various and assorted characters: a local woman who helps take care of the house, a young Frenchman, a fellow gentleman from a high-powered firm occupy outfit in L.A., a young man with a beard, tracing a pair of Rottweilers through the city, and the people, common of their safety, moving to make special cases of their partners and not taking it one bit. They started to build a corporate head quarters in the Bay Area but then switched to Utah—an island of safety and conservative sanity. As they go to the city with Christ into-out look for more. The spots are divided in the kitchen—then everybody goes off to eat.

The house is in a development that appears to have been dropped on the side of a Utah hill. While it is land slowly for miles, and there are any number of possessions around and about, the sense of the place is that Debbi and Randy do not much relate to things, and what they have

## They are fans of Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory.

was sort of thrown at them and up-close attack. Setting in their living room, it seems to me that the seven-dollar-bottle/multi-dollar-bottle debate was the real thing. It got bigger but here are two people who don't happen to love fancy stuff.

Chocolate they love. They are and have of the great old Gene Wilder film *Willy Wonka & the Chocolate Factory*. Both describe themselves as chocolateists. They love it around the office—there people as an consuming about four hundred pounds of it a month. And the coffee is always on the boil. And the corporate staff is almost entirely a reward group. Tough, intense, experienced managerial people in their late thirties.

Being in the Mrs. Fields office is rather like making a visit to the inside of a popcorn popper. All of this very hot and gone in Utah, anxiety moment in full-sight, framed in the big windows. Very much the Eighties—a corporate island, computer, and telephone-connected to various commercial kingdoms in frenzied capital flow. As Randy says, "This is the

age of the document—power is flowing from the corner to the periphery."

We take a little about the cosmic business. Debbi has met Thomas Amos and thinks he is terrific—he autographed a cookie bag for her. A bit of gossip about the industry, what Debbi is doing, how things are with the Original Cookie Company and the Original Great American Chocolate Chip Cookie Company—all of them giants of the industry.

But what is it with the cookies itself? Granted, the Fields company makes a fine, appetizing product, packed with everything good. An often ironic tale understanding that. But—logically, aside for a moment—why not cranberry muffins, onion bagels, or French toast as a snack? (Believe me, if Debbi Fields were a snail-holic instead of a chocolate, she'd find a way to be using 10 percent of the world's cranberry crop.)

Randy thinks about that for a moment, then says, "Well, we—our generation—we've spoiled everything from our childhoods." That takes a minute to work its way down, but I think he's right. Time was when we ran around playing, came to the house for cookies, then played board games. Nowadays it's no news at all that a corporate attorney, say, might not eat a Mrs. Fields cookie, and play a computer game in the same day.

We talk further about the generation, its peculiarities of attitude and behavior, its need to believe something, something real and stable. "We need some heroes," Randy says. "We're so frightened of ourselves. Look what we've done to our friends—our own after another we've just knocked them out of the box."

I don't suggest it not loud, but it seems to me that Debbi and Randy Fields do rely as heroes of the quarter sort. They show a kind of aggressive decency, an insistence that there's always a corner of the world in which people can be their best selves—and that it's a very noble corner. They are among the leading contributors, for instance, to cystic fibrosis research. Their contributions are made after all the tax write-offs, so it comes from the net. And, so it happens, neither one collects a salary from the company. Debbi's last an afternoon with her staff in the first kitchen, working on some secret new delicious thing for the world to eat. They're both weaving and weaving, in fact, but they're generous, and they'll stay up with me and talk. There's a laughable element, kind of an understatement, Debbi says, "I'd like to believe that in my lifetime I could say I really did something good."



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# While it may be difficult to rival Mercedes engineering, obviously it's quite possible.

Before the 1985 Mark VII LSC came into being, its design objectives were unusually ambitious. It was to compete by any criteria with the world's finest automobiles including, among others, Mercedes-Benz.

With a considerable degree of confidence then, we write you to judge our success. Beginning, naturally,

reached. The configuration of the steering wheel, for instance, allows for optimum visibility of the instruments.

Similarly, the placement of the cruise control on the wheel allows for optimum access. These are but two examples of a driver-centered philosophy that permeates every aspect of the Mark VII. That recognizes the most important component of an automobile is its driver.

Few automobiles in the world keep their drivers so well-informed. A twelve-unit Message Center gives data on fuel consumption, arrival time, even metric conversion. An overhead console houses

both a directional compass and outside temperature reading. Clearly, the Mark VII driver is in touch with his environment. He is also very comfortable in it.

Consider the seat. Rather than dwell on the aesthetic quality of its supple leather surface, note the articulated sport frame. Because no two drivers are alike, the lumbar and thigh supports are independently adjustable. There is also a very accommodating six-way position variance. But the LSC wasn't designed to be simply a rewarding place to sit.

This is a driver's car and powered to respond as such. Its acceleration is smooth

and its control with the road is absolute.

Molded with the lowest drag coefficient of any luxury car built in America, it uses the air to hold the road solidly. Flush-mounted headlamps on automotive fairs in this country are one element of its aerodynamic design. Recessed doors are another with the added benefit of reducing wind noise.

The LSC's disciplined handling and precise road manners are due in part to front and rear stabilizer bars and quick-ratio rack-and-pinion steering. Where it excels, however, is in a uniquely smooth yet tactile road feel. From a combination of technological advancements no other automobile can equal.

Nitrogen-pressurized front struts and rear shock absorbers in the LSC are nearly impervious to

road noise. The front suspension features a special Electronic Air Suspension system (a) that compensates for unusually heavy or uneven load conditions. It automatically orders air vented from or added to the suspension system to keep the vehicle level side to side as well as front-to-back.

But as impressive as the way the LSC moves is the way it stops.

An Anti-Lock Brake System, available on select models, uses magnetic sensors (b) and an electronic microcomputer to monitor individual wheel speed.

This technology has been used effectively for years in the design of landing

gearboxes and wheels. It has, only recently, been adapted to cars. It's the same technology that prevents the wheels from locking by automatically "pumping" the brakes.

This results in a retention of control and maneuverability during emergency stops unachievable with conventional brakes. Also shorter stopping distances on virtually any road surface.

Of course, these are merely technical reasons to put the 1985 Mark VII in a class with Mercedes. After driving it, you'll find far more eloquent reasons to put it in a class by itself.



behind the wheel. Inside the Mark VII you'll face a logical array of instruments and controls positioned to be most easily seen and



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A brief history of venture capital, from the industry of J.P. Morgan to the ideals of Edward Dugger III

# Capital of Edward Dugger III Courageous

BY LESTER C. THUROW

1929

The investment-banking firm of J.P. Morgan is founded and well within a few years from the United States Steel Corporation, General Electric, and the International Harvester Company and harmonize the cost and national interests of Pennsylvania. Morgan's group, in an earlier incarnation, had already recognized numerous railways, including the Chesapeake & Ohio, the Northern Pacific, and the Baltimore & Ohio.

2548

J.P. Morgan is credited with steering the path of TRT and preserving the salubrity of most banks and corporations.

1951

In contrast with his father's reputation as a career sealer, J. P. Morgan Jr. stands out as the champion of public opinion of the crisis of raising the Great Depression with his financial manipulations. The conviction is rather the Great Depression was caused by factors most fundamental than the speculation of the House of Morgan. Still, Congress passed the Glass-Steagall Act, making investment banking activities illegal.

New firms with prime old names, such as Morgan Stanley, continue to call themselves investment banks, but they can no longer raise money through traditional banking activities, as

build the close working relationships between industry and banking that previously existed. They are a useful linkage from within the money and some of the system management responsibilities of real investment bankers.

1655

The last feature of investment banking the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, a public employment bank set up by President Hoover in 1922, is but answer to the Greenback plan. It is liquidated by the newly elected Republican Congress because it opened up "dangerous possibilities of waste and extravagance."

1124

Investment banking is slow and well under a new name, retains capital and is generally credited with setting up the new high tech firms that are to be the future experiments of L. P. Morgan & United States Steel, General Electric, and International Harvester.

Ed Dagger is representative of this new breed of investment bankers—venture capitalists—both because he is a successful young venture capitalist and because he is a potential black j. P. Morgan trying to make other minority capitalists

successful. If the black community is to achieve parity with the white community, it must have its J. P. Morgans, its General Electrics, its millionaires. The ancestral links to J. P. Morgan are very direct, and

Duggan's firm, UNC Ventures, Inc., was cofounded in 1971 by Bob Feldman, who was then the managing director of Morgan Stanley.

Dugger, now thirty-five years old, came to a career in venture capital via an odd route—beginning as an urban planner, armed with degrees in the field from Harvard and Princeton. The first job he took was with Irwin Management Company of Columbus, Indiana, which was about to begin the creation of a new planned community. Dugger was asked to help develop it. But, even though the town never at-

business. The new is a graduate of economics and management of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.



#### INVESTING IN MINORITY-CONTROLLED FIRMS



# Discretionary Industry

In the mid-Seventies, double-digit inflation and the gas-price boom, and the American dream of a new car every year was replaced by a desire for longer-lasting cars. Money for new automobiles, a car salesman of the time, realized that if the economy was keeping people from buying cars, then they had to buy parts. He started American Discount Auto Parts (ADAP) in 1975 on a borrowed shoestring. With a knack for marketing, coupled with a college education, he broke the then-prevailing rules. Through relentless innovation and risk-taking, he turned ADAP into a company that he sold five years for \$25 million. Recent market projections put LaBrecque as the king of the road.

BY JOSEPH DALTON

## Do-It-Yourself Dynasty

Starting only with a small loan and a love of cars, **Fran LaBrecque** made millions bringing auto parts to the people

**FRAN LABRECQUE**, who has an M.B.A. but no college degree, always does everything the hard way. At thirty-five, he looks like an aging middle-aged man, a second baseman gone to seed—a shade above average height, thin but lanky black hair, neatly parted in the center, narrow, rounded shoulders, but surprisingly thick arms, the hint of a gut. Even sitting, his back, during prostrations made him seem constantly at tension. His blue eyes measurely gaze his well-swept other, twenty-five miles south of Boston, where he grew up in working-class Hyde Park, and he smiles a very slow smile. That's a bit odd because for someone with an exterior directly opposite here, Fran does not smile much, and his eyes never smile at all. Sometimes, or twenty, every place I visited, gave me a company car. "Okay, Fran, so how many?" His eyes were still and he squints. "Fifty." He rubs his jaw a few times. "Sorry." He nods and spreads his hands on the desk in front of him, speaking slowly. "I loved cars. It was the mechanical challenge first, you're in contact of three or four tons of metal, and there's four thousand moving parts, get a key in there"—and his hand starts to move—"and go."

He shrugs. "I was a kid in an auto machine. I guess that was the start of American Discount Auto Parts." A dip, what is what everybody calls it. The company car these days is a \$45,000 BMW 634i. But that's not Fran's car. It's a powerful living in New York City. This is his first time for *Esquire*.



FRAN LABRECQUE, PRESIDENT OF AMERICAN DISCOUNT AUTO PARTS. HE HELPS MOTORISTS HELP THEMSELVES.



older Americans (very young cars are scarce) in need in the marketplace. But, if, rather, a lot of money. First, some statistics: Americans are driving older cars. In 1967, the year Ford got out of bankruptcy, the average car was 10 years old. In 1975, the year he founded ADAP, it was 6. In 1983, 7.4, the highest ever since 1945. The reason reason for this is price, in the last decade car prices have risen 35 percent, but performance has declined 10 percent. And, where people can't afford new cars they drive their old ones. You have to replace things on old cars—batteries and mufflers and headlights and things—and a decent number of people want to do the replacement themselves. So, if you're going to buy a car, it's collectively, this adds up to one. Back in the early Seventies about the only place to buy parts for your car was from some jobber whose main clients were car mechanics. And, if you were going to buy a car, you'd go to a new car dealer, five or six years, whereas a gas station was going to come around for a half a dozen a month, there was no reason for the jobber to sell you your car's oil or anything else. So, if you're going to be a car dealer, you need a station where, who might then take his business elsewhere. There's a lot of amount of money involved in this—if you sell down to the gas station and asked them to hold your \$10, \$35, and so you just need some \$32, \$38 plus labor.

This is where the AIAAP stores come in, with over a hundred different options—ones of all colors in red, white, and blue—who all claim "Pitt's." You can generally tell an employee's loyalty or sense of style by the color of his shirt, or at least he attaches it to the boss's name; people who have been there from the beginning usually do. Decorated by a poster of Uncle Sam with AIAAP written on his bottom, they will sell you almost anything you might want for your car, home, or office—rental cars, \$229.95 weekly rate; a new leather bag, \$229.95. Whether Spectrum here means that they will help it evolve police radar detection. About 50 percent of the trade in "hard parts"—caterpillars, carburetors, mufflers, and so on—and the other 50 percent is "junk," which includes paint, paper, and even used appliances such as toasters. The store under Pitting the Nord.

New comes the interesting part, which is of course money. In February, after six months of planning to take the company public, First Aid ADAP to Ride Ad Corporation had 238 entities. First Aid's stock all that in his pocket—he had two partners, Don Brinkman, his executive vice-president, and Bob Rosenow, who originally put up \$10,000 to open the first ADAP and who alone controlled 60 percent of the stock—but he did quite nicely and got a three-year management contract. By the end of the year twenty more ADAPs were

have opened, including the first outside New England, by 1987. Rite Aid hopes to have opened nearly two hundred. Each of the ADAP stores will average a little better than a million dollars this year, for total sales of around \$45 million. That's really a pretty good come in retailing, compared with guns like Sears (\$26 billion) or Kmart (\$19 billion) or even Rite Aid, whose 1,200 drugstores will account for the largest part of its \$1.2 billion in sales.

But Frim's run has been very wild. There aren't very many companies that have grown it as annual average rate of 37.5 percent over the last five years that are also entirely debt-free. So ADAP was when Rex had bought it, Frim shrugs.

This business is somewhat recession-proof," he says. And he hasn't backed away from new concepts either, when he couldn't find the software that would let him keep track of what he had in stock as anywhere that could also run a cash register. Frim made his own, ran an excellent side job for three-eight years, then the stock added eleven thousand dollars a

"Finn's not cluttered with the misadventures a lot of managers are," says Phil McDonald, the dean of the Graduate School of Business at Northeastern University and a friend of Finn's, who was asked to sit on the ADAP board had the company gone public. "Their computer motion program is remarkable. In a lot of ways, it's the retooling of the Righties."

collar guys. Upper management at ADMP, with two exceptions—the controller, Mike Petrini, an accountant, and the security director, Dan Muscato, a former state police lieutenant—started behind the counter in a store. “I don’t believe in the Peter Principle,” Friss says.

“I’m convinced a lot of people that they could do more than they thought they could,” says Bob Rasmussen. “Without Friss, a lot of those guys would be running service stations or something. They think Friss can walk on water.”

One of the guys Fiste found was Mike Shaw, the company's real estate director and a friend from Hyde Park. In 2003 he was just out of the Navy, a genius with cars—a certified GM mechanic—and trying to decide what to do next. His plan to work for Fiste, these days he has a real estate salesman's license, and is preparing for ADAP's move into New York on a fairly solid number of the upper middle class. It's a good job, but he's not sure he wants to stay. Lately he's been thinking about law school.

Doesn't this promotion policy fail up occasionally? Shaw is a very large, multi-ethnic, multi-racial man—and when he speaks you tend to listen. "You've got to remember," he says, "that nearly everybody here at Hyatt Park, or someplace like Hyatt Park, I could go back there right now and see people I went to school with, people I hung around with—and they're street people now, they're standing on the corner. But I don't need to go to work in a paper mill—I've tried that. I don't need to go to Hyatt Park—I've been there. That can be a powerful incentive."

sance? "I was thinking 'show-c  
a pretty good phrase, too." He  
too much trouble; he was  
"Besides," he says, "I had  
He was nearly as big then as

**Society in Hyde Park** has been hit by a rash of **Rats and Collegegirls**. College white jeans and pastel sweaters at their peaks, drive the note their fathers had bought them: well, college. Rats were 18-19 years in black jeans and white shirts. They worked at a local diner, couldn't afford beer, because saving cash for a new Offroad car under the hood of that Fiat tried to run it down the road. Remained a rat at heart—be Under Massachusetts law, a rat was more than eight cars. They were considered a delinquent year he got his license. From 1990s cars, and footballs. Occasionally a state inspection up, expecting to use a used-

Transpound the fixtures both of a car, the Beach Boys came down. Gellert's in Albany, died-mile round trip, just Boston you got rid of the girl, night not headed for Trans- American Legion Highway, 4, Narwood—where people said build cars then, he says. But you build cars? "When I say machine, it means that I can do in four hours that takes a good one. But," he says, grimacing. Mikey He could rebuild a truck set up and synchronized in

one? They all came back. "I didn't have any problems," The other? "I had to go to the hospital."

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first year.

You made 25 percent on a car, sold dollars of profit on a car, on succeeding hundreds, and added fifty dollars a week went by and all you had made, gone, no, we're free. From the start. "Most cars in this country aren't salesmen order orders," says Fran. "I somebody you was a Chrysler 1976, or a Rambler sedan they're salesmen, I was a sales-

He knows. "Set I really where I was going as a person. There were the most health dollars of you covered the

can't afford it," says a local job and training center. "The company is not under a lot of pressure to hire people like [Luther King], but it's not a priority either." The company is not under a lot of pressure to hire people like [Luther King], but it's not a priority either.

He thought he was going with Ford, but had known a guy, Gary. You were supposed to be a truck-liner job, work hard, and Detroit. They told him he was they'd call in some days, which into a summer. Finally, Ford had a college degree. No, he. Look, we can't take you, they

Looking for a job again, Romanow, who was trying to start a small lounge-music-jazz lounge, it was mostly a jobber, with actual status thrown in. In six weeks he was running it. "He was the hottest \$2.50 an-hour employee," says Romanow, laughing. Romanow must teach other ADAPs to appreciate him. But until 1981 he didn't even own the company.

After a couple of years he had time to work for a sometime

to get a job that he knew he could do on a five-day week. He had to get to school and work and get home and get to bed. He was asked if he would then, and he said, "Yes."

But Bob kept his mind on raising a couple of million from most anyone I ever knew. From the security firm, he was asked to get a stock in the firm, then a stock in the

*"I was a failure as an auto mechanic," he says. "I guess that was the start of American Discount Auto Parts."*

show capital of the world, where on a sunny day it can seem just like 1934. It's ironic that Penn, who got out of high school just as our economy became a service economy, does what he does in the depressed birth place of industrial America. The people he hired were pretty much like him—guys who hadn't gone to college and who like cars. A whole-collar company run by blue-

FRAUD, WRITTEN THAT HIS YOUNG SON—  
Finn and Noel, four years apart—wouldn't  
have much opportunity to see life outside of  
Detroit. After Lathrop's death, a job in his  
company was offered to Finn, who had been re-  
moved by his family from Ann Arbor, Michigan.  
In Boston, he wife left him alone. He'd  
not been with during World War II when she  
was a nurse and he was the assigned tech-  
nician on a B-27, flying crash-to-crash mis-  
sions over Europe. When he returned home,  
mostly as flylunch director and southeast of  
the black ghetto of Randolph into nearby  
Baker Hill Park, where Finn grew up and  
two friends have on Beaver Street.

"I was born in Detroit, I grew up here, out  
of my life," says Finn, "you would take  
some American Grogg, add some Seltzer  
Without a Cause, and add some World Side  
Story—without the singing and dancing,  
and we didn't have that kind of going away  
party. It was just a party. You could live  
in an environment, in the sense of,  
'You were born here.' You learned  
test what's important—family are impor-  
tant. Loyalty is important."

He was a self-described "book reader."  
And, "The thought I'm having is doing  
more than was a 'Public'

[illegible]

**"Up until two years ago I was here nights and weekends. I need somebody to run a fork and I'd come down and he**

[illegible]

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"It was down at this industrial park, and there were no other stores around," says Perry, now twenty-seven and vice-president for purchasing. "Warehouses, a trucking company, busco stores. I thought I had to be in the wrong place, but finally I saw a sign. I walked in, and the store was painted black, the shelves were covered with signs on them—some in fluorescent, things like that. The shelves looked hand-made (they were). Finally, I met Fran." Perry was the fifth person hired.

"The first day they did \$1,000," says Bob Romanow. "This year they'll do \$10 million, and somewhere the \$1,000 was almost more fun."

"Selling cars, for me to me you had to lose. This was a win-win situation," says Fran. For one thing, ADAP really was cheaper than any other car, and for another thing, you got armor. If you walked into an ADAP store, you were supposed to be greeted and asked what you needed within ten seconds. If they had to put your refrigerator on to sell it to you, Fran or Perry or somebody else was out there in the parking lot, pulling on it. If they didn't have the right car, they'd put you on one that would fit, called the supplier, called you, and said they'd make a mistake but if you came right down they'd fix it, and jumpy the right car would come out there for you. Every day that they'd sell \$5,000 more than their previous best day, Fran took everybody, and their wives or girlfriends, to dinner.

Their customers began to change. Fran had assumed they'd get the blue-collar car who knew cars and wanted to save a little money, they'd hand him the new car, he'd know what to do with it. But they found out that the blue-collar guy worked around cars all week, and the link thing he wanted to do was spend Saturday afternoon working on one. Instead of buying the new car, he bought a car of his own and hoped that would do the job, then complained when it didn't. They found that their customers weren't really write white-collar guys for whom buying a car was like buying a car. They didn't know (and much about) and needed the little pamphlets Fran started putting together in, say, how to change your oil, or they were pointed to a manual. And they wanted a little more than just car parts.

Which is where GM R&D came in. "The margin versus return on investment. Your average retail store wants to do 40 percent gross margin—if you buy something for forty cents, you sell it for a dollar. Now, suppose your inventory is eleven thousand dollars. You buy a 1974 Buick Wildcat for forty dollars and sell it for a hundred dollars; your gross margin is still 40 percent. But how many Pinto owners do you sell a year? You might be better off buying a two-dollar flashlight you can sell for \$5.50—a gross margin of 220 percent. And you sell in a day. GM R&D lets you measure that, the concept was looking around at the road-

Seventeen, but most retailers still don't use it. It was sold only to Fran.

"I used about it somewhere," says Fran. "It lets you compare apples with apples." The meaning was only part of it. Fran was hiring people who knew cars but said, "You didn't know anything about retailing. Fran asked them if they'd ever bought anything in a store. They'd say yes, and Fran would say, 'That's retailing,' and hire them. At the same time, he was learning retailing—trading through half a dozen florists, asking questions of anyone he happened to meet. And when Fran decided what computers.

You can maybe make GM R&D work with one store, where you can visit and count things at the end of a day, and maybe with four stores, as ADAP would have a few years later. But fifteen stores, as ADAP had at the end of 1980, is almost impossible—eleven thousand parts an, after all, a lot of parts. But Fran reasoned that a computer could count those parts for you, and maybe do a whole lot more.

Exactly the most useful after position at ADAP is that of Fran's assistant—you do whatever Fran asks you to do. The last time it came up there were forty-one applications. In 1980 Fran's assistant was Jack Vinches, who had run a McDonald's to get himself along with computers and then gone to work in the Saigon store after graduating in 1978. Fran called him in and told him to start looking at computers, what they'd need and what they'd have to pay for it. "I had taken a FORTRAN course in college," says Vinches, twenty-one, now director for management information systems. "That's what I knew about computers." But he found a programming wizard named Jim Barry stashed behind the counter of the Sausalito store, and they set down and put together a four-page notebook of charts, specifications, handwritten notes—what they wanted the program to do. Then they stopped—and found that the software wasn't available. What ADAP wanted to do was connect the front of the store, the point-of-sale registers, with the back of the store, where the computer would sit, keeping track of inventory, what they wanted was a computer on top of a cash drawer. A simple enough thing, but nobody had anything like it for the money. GM R&D wanted to spend—not even IBM or National Cash Register. Vinches and Barry sat down and went to work.

Eighteen months and fifteen thousand lines of code later, they had it working. Says Fran, "I knew it would work when Jack got the computer to open the cash drawer." When you bring in items to the counter in an ADAP store, the clerk at the CRT is asked by the computer whether this is a regular sale, a credit, or a special order. He hits one key, the clerk enters a five-digit number on the box, and the quantity you have. He gets back a descrip-

tion of your item, its price that day, and the amount, if you have more than one. Another key stroke gives you the tax. One more stroke gives you your change, and the cash drawer opens. The information is stored in the Datapoint 8040 at the rear of the store, after 11 p.m., when phone calls go down, the IBM System/38 supermini computer at headquarters calls all the stores, finds out what's been sold, and prints it out for executives by 9 a.m. Pretty stuff. The whole system cost under a million dollars and can be learned by a new employee in less than an hour.

With people like Vinches around, Fran could go off to business school. He talked Northeastern into admitting him, despite his not having a college degree, and got into their executive M.B.A. program. "I saw a whole world I had never understood," he says, "and I wanted to learn about it. I drove up to a Mercedes 300 SD, and almost everybody in my class had heard of ADAP, and they couldn't figure out why I was there—professors asked me. I went because I lived in a world where everybody had guns, and it was another tool in my toolbox."

But didn't ADAP's rapid growth scare him, make him want to slow down? "No," says Fran. "I was never worried about taking a risk. I looked at my life—had no married young, and had a family, and he thought you got a job and moved slowly, worked your way up through the ranks. When he didn't move fast, he didn't try something else—it was a government job, and he could take early retirement with a good pension and open a grocery store. I think that's what he would have done. Instead, he got cancer and died at the age of fifty-two. I understood that a little better now, but I was always ready to take a chance."

It was in something like that spirit that he walked into Jack Vinches's office in July 1980 and asked him to find out about going public. Bob asked a surprised Vinches. Fran laughed, pointed to Vinches's thick Rolodex, and told him to start calling investment bankers.

IT MADE SENSE, IN A LOT OF WAYS. ADAP STORES, being the host of sophisticated computerization in the foreign parts business, would be able to turn some of the stock into cash. Then there was the matter of ADAP's employees, having proven free of the banks once, Fran had no intention of going into debt again, and equity financing looked better and better. They would sell the stock to the company, keeping cash, and raise five or six million dollars. It made a lot of sense.

But it also meant that Fran would have to deal with Boston—the Boston where old money is about as old as a penny in this country. And it was definitely going to be Fran's boss, Bob Romanow, who in one sense had the most at stake, ended all



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responsibility for the planning and negotiations to Fins.

"I think it was an important step for him," says Rosenzweig. "It was something he was going to have to do at some point, and I think he avoided it." But that's Rosenzweig's view of stepping out. The question arises: when? "Who was going to negotiate better than Finney?" Rosenzweig says. Then, too, there was some speculation as to a flat-out purchase of ADAP. Notable chains—Western Auto and Perry Drug—looked at the numbers, and the two-year growth and immediately started thinking, if not buying. Fins decided he would move on two fronts. If he could get the purchase price he wanted, ADAP was sold. If not, he'd go public.

He also went out and found Walter, McClellens & Fins, the prominent off-line Boston law firm founded by Louis Boston. "I needed someone," says Fins. So the chase began. Finally, Fins says, it began to make some sense. "After about the fifth meeting with the third investment banking firm, it was like 'Hey this is just another scammer trying to get me out of money.' The first couple of times at the Bay Club—on the fourteenth floor of the New England Merchants Bank Building at the foot of State Street, with Boston spread out like a Mongoose board at his feet—he'd been impressed. "But you know something?" Fins says. "It's just another watermelon." People learn, to their displeasure, that they had been underestimating him. After a particularly strenuous negotiating session, one investment banker, a partner and his two law school classmates, "Gotta, man, you feel this guy, the more he wants to eat."

But Ad had been one of the early ones, offering a stack-for-stock deal that was ultimately rejected. Fins was only to be seen in late February with the S&P and the Securities and Exchange Commission presentations scheduled for March 3. But Ad came forward with a straight cash deal, which Fins accepted. Fins speaks glowingly of Rite Aid, especially chairman Alex Gross. "He had a good prior for the company, but he bought it because he was the right man to buy it." Rite Aid is equally pleased. "He's a very capable manager, and what's more, he's acquired a staff of good managers."

Alex Gross: "With us, the key issue is the bottom line. We want profits and ties down here, but we're not GM."

There was also what the lawyers call the compensation factor. "In ten years you've done this, but it can never be done to really end some. If you truly want to be a national player, again with us and we'll do it together at another ten years." But also the marketplace is changing, with Target and Wal-Mart expanding in the South and other chains already eyeing the Northeast. In that situation, even a well-run regional firm just couldn't compete—in this sector,

Rite Aid becomes a bigger Mongoose. So the deal was done, and Fins became a millionaire.

"YOU ABOUT THIRTY BECOMING," FINS SAYS when asked if the money has changed his life. He was shopping for a new house, he got out on the showroom floor and saw the forty-two bedrocks, and for good had a note to be saw himself spending \$100,000 on a sleepers set. Then he took his hand and walked out with a twenty-four-foot Weichert that with his taste-in cost him \$2,500.

"I walked into a store and I saw a Cootie Monster puppet. It cost eighteen dollars, but my daughter would like it, so I bought it. Eighteen dollars for a hand puppet, and before I didn't have it. Now I do." Security, he says, is important. His mortgage has slowed him down a bit. He doesn't see staying on at ADAP forever and it looking at doctoral programs, he'd like to teach. "I'd like to do something where I get up in the morning and said, 'I have absolutely nothing to give from this, I'm just putting something back.'"

In the meantime, there is the boat, and the house on the Cape. There are the Fins. Fins has logged a quarter million miles on motorcycles, at home there is a BMW R 80, with a big Harley down on the Cape. You will notice that both his gas tanks—fishing, riding a motorcycle—can be done alone. "You're talking about a guy who has worked fourteen hours a day for the last fifteen years," says Bob Rosenzweig, "and when he finished work, he went home and thought about how he could have done the job better, or read something to help him do it better."

Fins rises from his desk, saying that brief smile. "Come on, he says. "Let's take a look around."

Steering around a warehouse stacked to the ceiling with \$5 million in auto parts, Fins says, "Money really hasn't made a difference. I never had tremendous aspirations, but I always worked hard. It seemed like the right thing to do. I think most people want to work hard, they don't want to go somewhere and sit for eight hours. But they want to be rewarded too. I'm not a huge fan of money, but you can see places in this industry, part of which they spent \$30,000 on landscaping and there's no employee lunchroom. You feel like going a guy a dinner and the local number of the AFL-CIO."

People talk about Japan. In Japan management takes care of the workers, he says. The Japanese make workers and management are at the same boat. I read somewhere that you ask a guy in Japan what he does, he says, 'I work for Honda.' You say, well, what do you do there? He says, 'I'm in the factory.' In his country, you meet some body and they say, 'I'm the president of Ford.' Where some body asks

me, I say, 'I work for ADAP.' That's what we try to do here.

"When I think American companies feel as the most in personal decisions. They don't find the Mongoose, who are playing their own games, peering out from under the hood, looking for success. These guys want it hard, and I mean that as my management style—find those people, and give them a set of stars to climb. When they go through the stars at the top of the stars, I'll give them another set."

Muslow, Drucker—by that time, Drucker—they're both in my toolbox. But they're almost too." Abstract? "That's the word," says Fins, and again he smiles that brief smile. "B. F. Skinner was right. Why tell a kid he got three out of ten wrong? Why tell him he got seven out of ten right? Some people just need a little encouragement." Ah, smile broadens.

"Up until a couple of years ago I was down here nights and weekends," he says. "Turning a corner suddenly, we came upon our guys working—looking around, looking—'the sort of thing you see on every leading back, in every machine, where men do things. We need somebody to run a dark, and I'd come down and help out. I know," Fins says, shaking his head at the writers. "I'm trying to ignore that." But can't really, that's just off the boat. On the other hand, he's grateful and the value he's earned. Finally he calls over a manager and asks him to get the two back to work. "It's best if it doesn't come from the boat," he says. "Let's go upstairs."

In his office, a beautiful guy with art deco posters of cars on the walls, Fins says, "I'd like to think I'm everything to everybody, but I'm not. There are probably two million people in this country who could do what I've done but don't have the opportunity. There's probably five million that don't take a look around, because somebody ever told them. Now, three hundred of my employees probably don't think I'm for real, and that's 50 percent. I think that's pretty good. I can work with that." He notices a secretary's signal and excuses himself for a minute.

It seems like he's comfortable with what he's got figured out, but he hasn't got it all figured out yet, he's not all that far from the warehouse. That's the easy thing to say of course. It's upwards a lot of thinking, a lot of thinking that gets you down looking back to other. But it would be interesting to look at on five or ten years from now—whether or not it's changing or starting new business.

"It was one of the guys we saw writing," says Fins, moving quickly now. "It was his idea," he says. The other guy was new on the job, and he was testing him. I told him not to worry about it, but a way my time, and he didn't need to get hurt." You can talk, they say, you want, and sometimes, as in Fins' case, they say, it's actually one to be rewarded part how real you are. ☐

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# The Wiring of Wall Street

**N**OW THAT NEIL HIRSCH IS ON TOP OF THE WORLD—OR, TO BE MORE PRECISE, A QUARTER MILE ABOVE IT, IN HIS OFFICE SUITE ON THE 10TH FLOOR OF THE WORLD TRADE CENTER—HE HAS A FULL-TIME VALET WHO CLEANS HIS ASHTRAYS EVERY HALF HOUR

and milks his over-patient guests of Souleil orange sodas. He lives in a \$900,000 two-story coop in the CH Plaza, where a television set rises from the base of his art deco bed and the walls have been hand-painted to look like animal skins. A chauffeur drives him to and from work in a Mercedes limousine. He is worth \$70 million, not counting his \$375,000 annual salary, and his office is runned by more than a dozen subordinates, most of them by Augustus Rodin, with his favorite, a headless Italian, placed just behind his left shoulder. On his desk are catalogs from the auction houses of Christie's and Sotheby's, designs for the interior of his corporate jet, and a swigger stick, which he occasionally hits against his desk to punctuate a sentence. He keeps another trophy, a six-month old letter, to chuckle over every so often. A woman from Kansas City, Missouri, who once saw Hirsch's picture next to investments of his worth, wrote to say that if Hirsch was not married the job, he would not be wearing his tie if he dated her daughter.

Hirsch is thirty-seven years old, and he can think of nothing he wants to buy that he does not already own and replace he would like to go that he has not been so. But he insists that the money, the possessions are making more than "okay." He claims to desire no particular happiness from thinking about the distance in wealth and success he has traveled since his earliest years in business, when he was a twenty-one-year-old college dropout with no money and no experience.

What matters to Hirsch now, what makes him feel really happy and truly content, is simply

Thanks to  
Neil Hirsch and  
TeleRate,  
the financial  
world has  
become  
a global village

a split second on a computer screen when he is all alone in his office at 6 p.m., as that twinkling he watches the instant rates of bonds in Europe and Asia change. He doesn't care what they change to or from, just that somewhere halfway around the world, in France or Japan, somebody is punching buttons, and that in instant later the numbers on his computer screen on the 10th floor of the World Trade Center, and on thousands of computer screens just like it all over the world, will blink and change. He watches and watches, as if those blinking green numbers told the greatest drama that ever unfolded on any screen of any size.

"TeleRate reduced the entire world to a single trading place," says one Wall Street eventment analyst, "and made everyone in the world a player. The simple fact is, if you want to know what's happening with money in the world, you need a TeleRate window." Because of TeleRate, the market is open every hour of the day and every day of the week, except for a twelve-hour period on Sunday when it is usually some part of the weekend everywhere, all over the world. But even during that time the TeleRate machines are still beeping.

Neil Hirsch, president and founder of TeleRate Inc. has himself made these numbers blink and, in so doing, changed the way the world thinks about money, finance, and trading.

THANKS TO THE BORN OF NEIL HIRSCH'S LOVE of gadgets, his home today has a piano operated by a tape recorder, and a video projector hidden in an easel-and-goudon coffee table. As a child he dismantled stereos, toasters, and radios piece by piece without any idea as to how to put them back together. As a teenager, having dropped out of the University of Bridgeport, Connecticut, the year before

Hirsch puts the whole world on traders' screens.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS

## by TERRI HINSAY

Neil Hirsch is a staff writer for *The Fortune* Guide. His last piece for *Business* was "Adrian and Conner for the Wallingford Waller" in June 1987.

Hirsch filled his days by hanging around a hospitable Merrill Lynch broker who offered him an apartment on the Lower West Side of Manhattan. He told them he was there to learn about investments. Actually, he was dying to disassemble one of the stock quote computers.

It was 1968, and the bells had fallen out of the stock market. The only thing anybody wanted to invest in was money—and currencies such as commercial paper, treasury notes and bonds, government securities. Considering all this money trading, Hirsch wondered why the quote machines, which he viewed as beautiful, to show instant changes in stocks and commodities, could not do the same for the money-market instruments. The answer had long been obvious to the buyers and sellers: money-market instruments were not traded from a central place, as commodities are at the Chicago Board of Trade, or as stocks are at the New York Stock Exchange. The only way to find out the going rate in a money market was by calling a half-dozen brokers.

Neal Hirsch volunteered himself as the world's first central source of information for money. The makers of the instruments could call him with their rates, he would punch their numbers into a keyboard, and the information would appear magically on the computer screens at all subscribers to his service. He took his offer from door to door. Occasionally someone would listen for him in a hour, but most of the time had time enough only to present his long hair, bulging forehead, and stick of pipe before the door was slammed in his face. "It's obvious now that he did not merit," says Nancy Saxon, who was then a commercial-paper trader at Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company in New York. "But at the time, we were used to being talked by phone, and we had no very effective way of anybody not going to be putting information into his system and who, if anybody, would be paying interest to it." As a result, Hirsch had to collect \$30,000 worth of computer equipment, bought with money borrowed from his father, to get his first subscribers.

Telerate opened in a ten-by-ten-foot cubicle in a room at Two Penn Plaza that Hirsch shared with Andy Brodsky, business analyst in charge of the company's president and his family friend, Esther Zimet, to be vice-president. eager to convince potential customers that Telerate was a large company, Zimet would pretend to switch them from reception to sales to administrative departments, by changing her voice. The two of them fielded phone calls from makers of money-market instruments and punched current prices up for their handful of computer-screen viewers. Whenever Hirsch met terminal or service the computer screen, Zimet would get phone calls from concerned executives who wanted to know if the long-haired

maintenance man working on the Telerate machine was actually Telerate's president. She always said no.

NAIRING NEAL HIRSCH THROUGHOUT THE idea for Telerate, money was a safe market, and a dull one—priced modestly, without the excitement and without risk for the next day's newspaper to see what had happened. The markets in London paid no attention to what was going on in New York, New York didn't watch Hong Kong, Hong Kong ignored Toronto. Money was stationary and unexciting as an old man in a rocking chair. It never occurred to bankers in Illinois, Mississippi, that someday they would care what was happening in the dollar in the next state, let alone the next country.

Telerate changed that, with each new screen Hirsch stuffed, with each new bank or broker or dealer that agreed to supply Telerate with its rates, the speed with which money changed hands increased, so that by the late 1970s it was common around the world in seconds to check telephone numbers and useful hours.

Until Telerate came along, the United States government had to rely on a handful of government-securities brokers to buy and sell treasury bills and bonds to affect its debt, which now stands at more than \$1.5 trillion. But Telerate prints the rates for these instruments for the world to see, and Hirsch is still waiting for someone from the Treasury Department to call him and thank him for this. "I suppose," he says, "they are waiting until I believe the basket too."

Hirsch didn't actually build the machine himself, much as he would have liked to. "It was easier and cheaper just to buy state-of-the-art equipment," he says. "I didn't have the money, and I didn't have the talent to copy it with E&E or whatever." Instead, Hirsch concentrated on creating software. He devoted them to the money rates, calling each new one a page because to him, punching a button to call one up on the computer screen is the technological equivalent of turning a page in a magazine. The pages in Hirsch's computer magazine now number more than ten thousand, and he is still thinking of new ones to list and new ways to arrange them. He's added a space for news headlines and market analysis to slide across the screen, and a moving green bar to highlight the last price change.

Telerate's system, with its constantly changing video screen selections, had a stock market value of \$1 billion when it was first public in April 1982. The number of subscribers using Telerate terminals has more than quadrupled in the past five years, to more than 10,000 worldwide, and includes investment firms and service companies worldwide. The system now has three hundred thousand miles of phone lines, two modems, and a network of computers to transmit five hundred

document quotations every day at such modest as language exchange rates, fuel oil futures, Eurodollars, options, and precious metals.

"At first I never thought we would get this big," Hirsch says. "Now I know we're going to get much bigger." The line is not far off, he says, when every Fortune 500 company will have a Telerate terminal at two, and as will every securities and investment banking firm, every commercial and mortgage bank with deposits of more than \$25 million. He can predict this because his company has no major competitors in its field. For another company to compete directly with Telerate, it would need a broad base of subscribers who want the information and the contributors willing to supply it; at this point no one could start with a handful of each, so Hirsch did.

Hirsch could leave Telerate and start another venture with his profits. But he says he would rather stay at the helm and lead money to his friends to start their own businesses. Not long ago his wife, Carolyn, received \$300,000 to start her own Manhattan comedy club. Besides, Hirsch adds, in market context to the early days when every day looked as if it might be his last in business, his job is now fun.

PRIDE PRESIDENT OF TELERATE IS THE only job Neal Hirsch has ever held in his life, and his regrets are few. He regrets that his father disapproved of him becoming a success. Because he is, by nature, a private person and does not enjoy the scrutiny of analysts and journalists, he regrets that the company ever went public even though what it did so, it was a smash, one of the few securities to be listed on the New York Stock Exchange as a first trading day. He regrets that Telerate is now growing so fast that he no longer knows all his employees by name. But these few small regrets have enriched no vendors in his life. Except for a few gray hairs on his temples, Neal Hirsch looks as young as he did when he sold his Telerate screen door to door.

He sometimes visits poets to the office, has only one to the conservative dream of Wall Street being a narrow crate down each leg. This day—a bright Friday in spring—he will discuss the new Telerate products about to come on the market: an advanced system for trading arbitrage, called Telerate II, and a hand-held Telerate screen that operates on the FM radio network. Hirsch calls them his toys. He will not take out pains to his office until answer dozens of phone calls from analysts, investors, customers. But when the U.S. markets close, and his New York employees go home, Neal Hirsch will have the greatest moment of the day, the moment he has been waiting for since he got up that morning.

He is alone with his machine. ☐

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## The hypergrowth of an entrepreneur

# Mitch Kapur and the Lotus Factor

by Frank Rose

Frank Rose is a contributing editor of *Entrepreneur* and the author of *One-Up the Game*, recently published by Harper & Row.

The thirty-four-year-old founder of Lotus Development Corporation, tucked around Harvard and MIT, "Maybe we should change our name to Lotus," he said. Lotus makes software, the electronically coded plastic disks that tell a computer what to do, just as records and tapes tell a stereo system what to play. It's the fastest-growing software firm in the personal-computer industry has ever seen—from \$0 to \$50 million in revenues in a single year, all on the basis of a single product. That product, Lotus 1-2-3, is what's known as the progeny of the trade on an "office productivity tool." It consists of three different programs that can be used to do complex financial projections, to display the results in chart form (pie chart, bar chart, and so forth), and to sort through piles of data in a flash—using a single \$495 disk.

Lotus 1-2-3 does for financial planners what a bulldozer does for road crews—in a matter of a lot of software, time-consuming work that previously had to be done by hand. Introduced without significant competition at the beginning of 1983, it quickly became an essential for number jugglers in the Fortune 500.

Kapur was at Comdex to promote Lotus's second product, a program called Symphony, which would do everything 1-2-3 could do and word processing and telecommunications benefits. You could use it to load stock-exchange data through the phone, for example, and then incorporate the data in a report containing numbers, charts, lists, and text. But would Symphony be as popular as 1-2-3? That was a question that the people at Comdex were trying to figure out.

One thing was certain: this time Lotus would have some competition. More than

a dozen companies had already announced plans to market Symphony-like products. Most of them didn't yet exist, which was why the Lotus people were devising their own "superware," but not everyone could be so easily dasturated. Right beside the Lotus booth was Ashton-Tate, a highly successful firm that was about to come out with its own spreadsheet package called Prime-work. Prime-work had the same July 3 release date as Symphony, the same \$295 price, the same TV strategy, essentially the same features. And it was being demonstrated right there.

Ashton-Tate's marketing vice-president strided over to the Lotus booth to say hi. "We've got a good crowd," Kapur remarked amiably.

"I thought I'd send a bottle of wine over," the marketing man said, "to thank you for drawing them to us." People swarmed around the two booths like sharks at dinner time. Four years earlier the entire personal-computer software market had been worth only \$280 million, now the market in office productivity software alone is worth \$900 million, and sales for personal-computer software in general are expected to hit \$2.3 billion. The crowd to break on to a place of this stature is the vesting interest in a marketplace



during an earthquake.

New competitors are springing up faster than old ones can collapse. Book publishers are buying into the business, with giant computer makers like IBM right behind them. Ten years ago the technology for this kind of book cost, well, it was just an inkjet and a laser, so that you can only grab it and hold your breath.

"It's weird," Kapor remarked philosophically, sitting in the ferns around him. "That's all a bunch of kids. Everybody here's in their late twenties or early thirties. There's not any sense of history. What there is, is a sense of freedom." He shrugged. "Which means an absence of guidelines."

THE FOUNDATIONERS OF THE LOTUS development Corporation are on stable ground, at least, two blocks from the Charles River in a desirable industrial zone of Cambridge, Massachusetts. The Lotus building is a converted industrial space with a bright green two-headed bird in the workplace equivalent of a fern bar. Kapor's corner office looks out across an empty field. It's a rather unusual office, for into a sleek, clean, glass-walled room Kapor has thrown a glass-topped coffee table with a bright green two-headed bird for a base. A two-headed turtle? "I just saw it and I fell in love with it," he said. "It's decorative and unusual, except that the top just bobbed up."

Kapor himself is a self-described nerd amongst whose study frame and thick black hair suggest Sylvester Stallone. As with his office, though, there's something peculiar about his style. Success has put him in a business suit, but he hasn't abandoned his Nike. The day after Lotus went public, he boarded into a breakfast meeting with some Silicon Valley computer men and borrowed money for cash benefits casual style and aggressive, almost chatty manner and refreshing in a business where the tone is set by individuals of mercurial exuberance driven by transient greed, but when Kapor opens his mouth, you can tell from his quiet, even, centered tones that he's extremely serious about what he's saying.

In the personal computer business Kapor is often credited with transforming software from single-handedly done at home, like making gourmet groceries—to a high-volume operation. He is viewed as a master of marketing. His success is evidenced at the triumph of the advertisement deal: He's a master showman, a charismatic figure with a flair for the theatrical. So closely have these qualities been identified with him that marketing, advertising, and showmanship are now known in the industry as the Lotus sales—and every body, it seems, is trying to out-Lotus Lotus.

Marketing savvy contributed greatly to

Lotus's success. Lotus 1-2-3 was launched with a \$1 million ad budget that bought full-page ads just in tech journals like *WTTW*—the kind you need an electronic engineering degree to read—but also in *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *The Wall Street Journal*. Kapor believed that if you wanted to sell a product to business people, you ought to advertise in media that business people actually use. He had a number of other insights, most of them equally obvious and therefore revolutionary in the personal-computer field. He decided that the manual that accompanied a program ought to be clear and concise introduction of how the program works. Other manuals are so impenetrable that so-called user-friendly has sprung up producing manuals that explain the manual. He believed that a program whose chief selling point was convenience—the three components of 1-2-3 were already available separately, after all—ought to work quickly enough to keep the user from leaving his hair out while waiting for the results. (The competition charged away so slowly that 1-2-3 could test twenty hits while the others waited only one.) And he believed it was performance, rather than the thrill of fiddling with something electronic, that business people were looking for in a personal computer.

Performance is what 1-2-3 has to offer. It comes in the form of five floppy disks, a 300-page instruction booklet, and a plastic template that fits over the keyboard to show what all the keys are for. Only one of those disks runs the program; the rest are backups and special programs to get started. When you load the disk in, the computer screen divides into columns and rows like a spreadsheet—a device from a bridge. By creating a column for every year from 1982 through 1990 and entering in the accounts payable, accounts receivable, interest rates, and so forth for each year, you could create a table that allows you to simulate cash flow and project future profit margins. And because this table is electronic, the numbers at it automatically recalculate themselves every time you enter a new interest rate or revise your sales projections.

The first electronic spreadsheet, VisiCalc, was an instant hit when it was introduced five years ago. Other programs were developed to show you what the spreadsheet numbers looked like on a graph, and data base managers like Ashton-Tate's dBase II made it easy to keep a lot of computerized facts—of employees, sales prospects, inventories. But 1-2-3 was a major improvement: not only was it cheaper than three individual programs, it was also quicker and easier to use. PC World, a magazine for IBM PC owners, reported that salesmen that could load a week's work by hand in one hour using separate programs could be compared in minutes with 1-2-3. It also predicted that

## Mitch Kapor



Kapor's interest about business success derive directly from his sense of the Greeks and their effect on the English. "The whole notion of presenting the best of the British value," Kapor says, "whatever they are, and marrying them back into the American dream—it's a very potent combination, because seemingly opposite things are coming together. Features of success. I think there's a concept, a body of people, to which class I've put myself, who have tried to be creative in presenting and building upon a certain set of values. In my view, you have a business? It is an important thing if it's good for people on the far bottom line. Not only that, but that being good for the bottom line is intrinsically tied with being a good place for people to work."

before long, people would start buying the IBM PC just so they could run 1-2-3.

It was a good call. In March 1983, a year after Lotus was incorporated, 1-2-3 hit the number-one position on the Software List—its position as held until it was replaced by Lotus's own Symphony last September. With nearly \$5 million in venture capital—more than any other personal-computer software firm—Lotus was well positioned for the follow-through. It accumulated new revenues of \$1.83 billion computers manufactured by Texas Instruments, Digital Equipment, Wang, and others. It went from 100 employees in January 1983 to 150 in June to three hundred in December.

That October it went public—one of the first companies in the field to do so—and raised \$41 million, making Kapor a multimillionaire and providing plenty of cash for more expansion. By the end of the year it was the third-largest company in the software, by the end of 1984 it is expected to be the largest.

It was obvious that the stakes had been raised considerably, although it was hard to tell if Lotus had raised them itself or had merely responded to changing conditions. Certainly Kapor is a role in quelling the current marketing explosion was overblown. By the time 1-2-3 was introduced, the industry had got so crowded that computer stores could stock only a tiny fraction of the programs available, so the introduction of sophisticated marketing techniques was inevitable. And while marketing was certainly a factor in Lotus's success, there were other factors as well—good distribution, for example. But that didn't matter, for the instant success of Lotus made Kapor an instant guru of the industry, and too many people come to their spiritual leaders looking for easy answers. "The Lotus-style product launch" became an overnight cliché.

At the same time, there's a sense that the Lotus success story is too good to last. The company is well-positioned in the personal-computer software market, one that isn't hurt by the current slump in home computers. But before Symphony came out, Lotus was also a one-product company in an industry where products become outdated with staggering rapidity—and where no company has ever succeeded in duplicating its initial success with a follow-up offering.

Consider VisiCalc, which was launched off the member ship set by 1-2-3. VisiCalc was developed by Bob Frankston and Dan Bricklin. Former MIT students whom Kapor has known since they were all hanging out in Boston-area computer users' together.

It was introduced by VisiCorp, a Silicon Valley operation that was started by a Harvard Business School student named Dan Fylfars, for whom Kapor once worked.

## He looked like a cross between Rocky Balboa and a yoga master.

Though VisaCard was the best-selling personal-computer program of all time, sales took a nose dive after it-3 was introduced, and another VisaCard was Frankston and Rosenfeld's Software Architects came up with something to replace it. It was VisaCorp used Software Arts—and ended up losing the VisaCard rights and paying out half a million dollars to Software Arts in an out-of-court settlement.

In an environment like this, innovation can move quickly from euphoria to pain. An endorsement of newness was as important as Lotus's first annual meeting, a lavishly staged affair held last spring in a Boston atrium.

Rosenfeld stood there like a cross between Rocky Balboa and a yoga master as his financial vice-president outlined five straight quarters of astonishing growth: quarterly net income up from \$1.1 million to \$1.7 million to \$4.7 million to \$6.9 million to \$7.3 million. But later, during the question-and-answer session, a stockholder got tricky about the earnings-per-share ratio, which wasn't climbing at quite the speed it had been. "The past fifteen months have been a period of hypergrowth," Rosenfeld patiently explained, "and at some point, when you're going down to explosive growth, you're going to see some increase in expenses."

Later, in his office, I asked Rosenfeld what really came down after hypergrowth.

"Normal hypergrowth," he said. "I don't know if it's possible. Nobody's done it yet. I don't see why not." He sounded like a true jake.

And what about all this unseemly success?

"There is no volatility of success in personal-computer and some around which are as close as you could get to a rational set of expectations," he replied evenly. "This makes them very sketchy. They're looking for some sort of anchor because there's no history. It hasn't been around long enough, and it's unpredictable."

"And there are very legitimate questions about the long-term predictability of success. Nobody knows what the future is. It's a naturalistic business. We are dealing with what is fundamentally unscientific property. It's not like a steel mill." He shrugged. "Of course, who wants to have a steel mill?"

No history. Freedom. Absence of guidelines. Clearly this was to place for widows and orphans. Kuper, however, was on his natural turf.

**FRANKSTON AND ROSENFIELD** THEY'RE THE two poles of the Pepsi Generation, the poles between which the entire belly boom reverberates.

Which Kuper graduated from high school in 1967. He grew up in Brooklyn and went away to Yale—a middle-class kid serving out time for the senior movement, the Black Panther trial, and the drug culture. Unlike Berkeley or Columbia, however, for the first time, Yale attracted cultural revolutionaries—people whose idea of protest left playing off roses for having a good time. The administration reciprocated by not dunking out anyone who might get drafted. It was a policy that helped Kuper a lot.

An indifferent student, Kuper got through on a hodgepodge major of psychology, linguistics, and computer science. It was a combination that made no sense at the time, although now it's the basis of cognitive science, an interdisciplinary approach to the study of the mind. Kuper just at that time because he was interested in personal consciousness, which to him meant everything from Eastern mysticism to the relationship between computers and brains. He did psychology too.

Kuper was frustrated by the computers at Yale—unavailable machines that had to be programmed with punch cards and coded by a priesthood he never seemed able to join.

And yet after college he followed his wife to Boulder—who took a position with WGHI, the prestigious public-television station there—and got an entry-level programming job. He dabbled in other things too: teaching transcendental meditation, reading Gregory Bateson and German philosophy and Freud, working as a disc jockey. He was a perpetual part student who happened not to be in a degree program. He applied to several but never got around to attending any. His parents were in despair.

After a few years he plunged with his wife and went into analysis. He grew disillusioned with TM. If these people were so enlightened, how come they were all such

jokes! So he got a master's in psychology and a job as a counselor in the revolving-door psychiatric unit of a suburban hospital—a job he now describes as "the psychic equivalent of emptying toilets."

He was ready to quit when his interest in computers was awakened by the Apple II. The Apple II was one of the first "appliance" computers—the kind you could take out of the box and plug in without knowing anything about electronics. Of course, you still had to know about programming to use it, since there weren't easy programs you could buy off the shelf. Kuper's programming skills were minimal—the only computer language he knew fully was BASIC, the B of which stands for "beginner's"—but what he lacked in sophistication he made up for in enthusiasm. So when he overheard a doctor telling a sales clerk at a computer store that he needed a little database to keep track of his patients, Kuper introduced himself and offered his services as a computer consultant. The pay was five dollars an hour.

For the next few months Kuper supported himself with free-lance programming assignments while filling out applications for Ph.D. programs in psychology. Then on New Year's Day 1976, while watching the local games on TV, he had an epiphany. He realized he didn't want to get his Ph.D. He wanted to work with personal computers. But these weren't any careers in personal computers then, so he decided to go to business school and start over on his own. He applied to the Sloan School of Management at MIT, a leader in the application of computer technology to corporate management.

Kuper did find a career at the Sloan School, but not in the way he had anticipated. He had found them, Eric Rosenfeld, who was doing his thesis on statistics with the aid of an econometric modeling language known as THULL, computer time on the MIT system was expensive, so Rosenfeld asked Kuper if he could get his Apple to do the job.

The result was a garage-shop program that could manipulate statistical data and do graphing. They called it Tiny Troll.

Slowly it dawned on Kuper that there was money to be made programming Apples. After a visit to the West Coast Computer Fair in San Francisco, he and Rosenfeld joined a partnership and started shipping Tiny Trolls from Kuper's apartment.

Meanwhile, Bob Frankston—a friend from the New England Apple Troop, a paucity of users' group Kuper and Rosenfeld had just started—and his partner Don Birden were developing their own spreadsheet program. They took it to Don Byrnes, who was selling game cartridges out of his apartment while studying at Harvard Business School, and persuaded him to market it for them.

VisaCard was the turning point, not just

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## Kapor was a perpetual student who happened not to be in a school.

for Franklin and Bricklin and Pylstra but for the whole business. Before VisiCalc, personal-computer business was something you sold through a post office box. After VisiCalc it became a full-fledged industry, with advertising and promotion and distribution and venture capital and everything. Apple and its neighbors in Silicon Valley had already changed hardware from shackles to a business: now Kapor's friends in Boston were doing the same thing with applications software—the programs that told the hardware what to do. And in the process, they transformed the personal computer from a toy to a tool—from something you played games on to something you had to read the book.

Inevitably, Kapor and Pylstra met, and when they did, Kapor sold him on the idea of a revised Tiny Trail—revised so that it could chart data from VisiCalc. Then he talked Pylstra into being him as a product manager. He dropped out of the Sloan School and moved to Silicon Valley, where Pylstra had relocated. He got there just as the company was completing its first round of venture capital. The number of employees was about a dozen; they were doing fairly to attract fifty. An aggressive new management team was brought in to take over the company. Everything was chaos. Nobody knew what was going on. Kapor quit after five months and returned to Boston.

His first task was to finish his revision of Tiny Trail, which went on the market early in 1981 as a pair of programs—VisiTrack for trend analysis, VisiPlot for plotting stock prices and drawing business graphics. He collected \$500,000 in royalties before VisiCorp bought him out for an additional \$1.2 million.

Since they wanted the right of first refusal for any other programs he might create, he told them about his new idea—an integrated package that would combine an electronic spreadsheet with a graphics package and a report generator. He was relieved when they turned it down.

Four people seem to have taken Kapor seriously at this point—at Pylstra, out of Boston and back into New Jersey. In 1982, the teenage wonder behind the Boston Computer Society, not even his friend and partner Eric Rosenfeld, who'd graduated from MIT and was teaching at

the Harvard Business School. When I asked Rosenfeld why he hadn't come as an advisor, he pointed to his hair and against the wall and said, "I thought it was a good idea—I just didn't think he could do it." Apparently, few did. Though he had a very successful program to his credit, Kapor wasn't much of a programmer; he still wrote code in BASIC, a language any serious computer hacker would sneer at. He had little experience as a manager and little seeming inclination for it; everything about the guy, from his checked-cummerbund to his Hawaiian shirts, suggested that he was a laker. And he had no experience at all in marketing, unless you count the few hundred copies of Tiny Trail that found their way out of his apartment.

But there were two key people who believed in Mitch Kapor, both of them generalists at heart. One was a programming wizard named Jonathan Sachs, a former Data General software engineer and a believer in the virtues of assembly language, the computer language that's only slightly removed from the binary code that actually runs the machine. The other was Benjamin Rosen, a venture capitalist and former securities analyst with a reputation on Wall Street for discerning high technology.

Sachs came aboard before Lotus was formed, when Kapor was using his isolation to fashion Macro Finance Systems—his partnership with Rosenfeld—into a real operation.

Kapor had rented a basement office near Cambridge's surely Central Square and hired a couple of teenagers to write a program that would create business presentation graphics on the Apple II. Sachs, who'd already written a spread sheet that ran on Data General's minicomputers, went to work on the integrated package. IBM announced its PC that fall, and Sachs and Kapor decided that, with its larger memory and its better, better-known architecture, this was the machine the program should run on. It was a "no-brainer" decision, Kapor says now, it was also a major key to the success of 1-2-3.

Rosen came in a few months later. A former star of Tiny Trail, he'd followed Kapor's career and was impressed with his stock record on VisiTrack. That winter, shortly after Rosen had set up his venture-capital partnership, Kapor approached

him with a business plan. Rosen was for the first year of operations being projected at \$3 to \$4 million. Rosen was skeptical, but he still came in with \$1 million in financing. As it happens, Kapor's projections were further than anyone could imagine: actual first-year revenues were \$53 million. "It's ironic," Rosen recalled, "that they write a tool for business forecasting and they raised their own forecast by 1,700 percent. Fortunately, they raised it in the right direction."

But Kapor knew he was on the edge of something big; he just didn't know how big. No longer a directionless stocker, he had the ambition to become an industry leader, and the resources to make it happen.

He had more capital than anybody in the personal-computer software business had ever started out with. He had a new generation productivity tool under development for a new-generation computer. He had six employees and was ready to look on a new dimension.

But before they could do that, "Micro Finance Systems" had to go. So Kapor staged a contest, \$500 for the person who came up with the best name. The contest was a program that generated names automatically.

But the prize didn't go to his program; it went to his office manager and girl Friday, a young woman named Janet Aschard. She suggested Lotus. It was a flower, it was a strong guy, it was never poisonous—and it wasn't high-tech. Kapor liked it. Aschard ordered new stationery and changed the name on the door of the little basement office. Lotus Development was ready to burst out of nowhere.

TODAY LOTUS DEVELOPMENT EMPLOYS 450 people and occupies 140,000 square feet of space in Cambridge and three other cities in the U.S. and Britain. No, make that 535 employees and 215,000 square feet. I'm sorry by the time you read this that would be 530 employees and 250,000 square feet in the U.S. and five other countries.

Kapor remains philosophical about it all—remarkably philosophical. So philosophical nobody can quite believe it. In the midst of wrenching organizational change, change that must be like writing on top of active videotape, he appears calm. Focused. Balanced. In harmony with something most people don't even see. What the hell is the matter with him?

The answer came one afternoon in his office, when I asked him what he'd learned from all the time he'd spent reading and meditating and applying to great schools. Symphony's electronic spread sheet was glowing on the screen and late

"Well, I learned that paradox is very important and very useful. That lots of very interesting and fundamental truths can best be expressed as seeming paradoxes."

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## "I don't subscribe to romantic notions of the entrepreneur as hero."

What I really get interested in—if you look at Eastern philosophy, what Huxley calls the personal philosophy, it's very hard to understand what they're actually talking about.

"If you approach it from a rational, objective, logical-positive point of view, you have to dismiss it as garbage. So I decided that since you could not address Eastern philosophy from a Western framework, therefore there was some character or wisdom to come up with it that had to become that bridge between the two. And I do see a direct connection between that style of thinking and Lotus.

"I'll give you a very concrete example. There are a bunch of things in a company that should be loosely run and a bunch of other things that should be very tight and controlled. You want to be loose around creativity and innovation, but you have to be very tight with financial controls and so forth. The whole issue is sorting everything out in two piles, the loose pile and the tight pile, and knowing which staff to put where. The paradoxical thing is that you then can't answer the question, Should you run loosely or tight?—because the answer is neither.

"In a way it's sort of Zen. You know, there are little Zen sayings like 'When standing, stand. When sitting, sit. But above all, don't wobble.' In Eastern philosophy there's the notion that harmony comes from the coexistence of opposites—the yin and the yang. We never talk in management meetings about raising the company with an Eastern philosophy. But you've got a lot of policies in a company that are tight and so forth, and you've got a lot of policies that are loose and so forth. The whole issue is to achieve a balance and harmony in the policies."

Loose or tight. Freedom and guidelines. Personal freedom versus business success. The central paradox in the entrepreneurial age. The Lotus environment is full of paradoxes—an education-age firm in an industrial factory building, a far-flung organization selling business tools to the bottom-down world of the Fortune 500. But the central polarity in Kapor's life—the one that governs the transition from TM to Lotus—is the one that joins the values of the Sixties against the values of the Eighties.

In the past three years Kapor has changed as much as his business. Lotus' successful individuals in its field, he's progressed rapidly through several stages of psychological development: the early nice guy stage, the euphoric man-who-can-do-no-wrong stage, the sobering what-if-it-lets-again stage. He's also accumulated a few creative confusions, such as a sports Audi and a twenty-two-acre estate in the suburbs. At the same time, he's retained a sense of social responsibility—now the wide-eyed idealism of the Sixties, but a progressive pragmatism that most idealistic impulses with a lot of old-fashioned pragmatism. *De facto*, he and his new wife—a psychiatrist with a successful practice in Cambridge—have supported young artists by buying their works and donating them anonymously to museums.

At Lotus he's got a lot of emphasis and thought into building a corporate culture—a process that involves everything from setting aside an unusually large block of stock for the employees' option plan to buying a thousand Red Sox tickets for Lotus' staff at Fenway Park.

The person in charge of this process is the former girl Friday, Janet Aneshro, who now carries the title of vice-president of human resources. Aneshro worked for the Bayswater People's Fund before she started with Kapor, and she brings to Lotus the broad-based involvement and bohemian enthusiasm that typified the counterculture at its best.

Although her job now is forging a corporate culture, in her eyes it's not that different from what she used to do at Bayswater: the still unanswered question of new ways to spend money. Employee benefits. Aerobics and nutrition programs. Lunchtime seminars. Quarterly lunches for the Lotus and their families. The kind of thing the Jefferson Starship might be doing if they were selling software instead of making rock music.

Kapor leaned forward to explain. "The whole notion of preserving the best of the Sixties values, whatever they are, and reserving their best into the American dream—it's a very potent combination, because seemingly opposite things are coming together. Processes of energy. I think there's a resurgence, a ooody of people,

in which class I've put myself—who have tried to be creative in preserving and building upon a certain set of values. To see, 'Hey, you have a business? It is just as important that it be good for people as for the bottom line.' Not only that, but that being good for the bottom line is integrally tied with being a good place for people to work.

"You know what it is? It's acceptance. Acceptance to the process in dimensions. What's the issue here? The issue is people. The premise we have is that if you create a good working atmosphere in terms of the physical plant and the pay scales, and if you give people an opportunity to be creative and to pattern their job—if you get out of their way—they will enable them. And you make this assumption that if you enable people, you will automatically get the commitment and the motivation and the loyalty.

"It's amazing if you and I're Strunk & White. My conception reading that was like—there's this character in a Molière play who is assigned to discover he's been spending praise his entire life. I kept saying to myself, 'I know this already.' The things that are at all seem to be intuitively obvious.

"The things that need to be learned, things that need to be done, it's very different, though, if you take that set of principles and apply them to other businesses. So there's some sort of intellectual shift of values—and because the technology is being revolutionized, because we're shifting from a manufacturing economy to an information economy, these high-tech, entrepreneurial companies are on the leading edge of it.

"Ultimately, though, I don't subscribe to romantic notions of the entrepreneur at all. It's like everything else—there are good entrepreneurs and bad ones, good cowboys and bad cowboys. The sheer fact of belonging to that category, the idea that having gotten there one has some heroic qualities—I don't believe it. But I really like what I'm doing, even though to some extent I think I like it simply because I feel I'm being effective. My wife says this, whether to her surprise, we're a bunch of people who actually get things done, whereas in the world of mental health everybody yells at everybody else and nothing ever happens.

"Business is a good place to do it that because, to a significant degree, one is on one's own. In business there's a certain set of rules, like you have to make money, and if you're not prepared to play by those rules you shouldn't be in business. This isn't art, this isn't an intellectual pursuit. But within those rules there are tremendous opportunities for creativity, for fun, for accomplishing great things both individually and collectively." Freedom within guidelines? He smiled. "It's the entrepreneurial ethic." □

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A suburban San Francisco warehouse is where a new major industry is taking shape—the laboratory and office of Genentech, the foremost of America's firms devoted exclusively to genetic engineering. And it is only fitting that such a company epitomizes a new way of doing business. Everyone shares the floor of company offices, and no doubt will look on the comfortable fluorescent-lit genetic engineers as being in luck. Like all scientists, it has its rituals: Robert Swanson, a founder and the chief executive officer of Genentech, who walked Genentech away from the loss of his first job at DNA research. He believes that results are less important—not just for his company, but for mankind as well.

# Robert A. Swanson, Chief Genetic Officer

*He masterminded good science into big business*

**T**HE OFFICES OF GENENTECH INC., AMERICA'S premier biotechnology company, are in a constant state of expansion. A multi-floored addressograph machines closes next door, and Genentech takes over the space. A cavernous warehouse becomes two floors of lawyers' offices crowding next to laboratories, telegraphic working side by side with technicians. In one lab, a notice tacked to a bulletin board announces the impending visit of the king of Sweden. A sign warns: DO NOT ENTER. ANY MORE! Bright orange letters on a locked door identify a room as R2, meaning that the work inside is a low-level biohazard.

The most prominent posters, however, are less threatening, typed to cubic walls, they announce the Friday's Bio-Ho, the company's weekly beer bash. Bob Swanson, who wore a goat suit in the Halloween Bio-Ho and a bumblebee outfit on the Halloween Bio-Ho, will probably wear a tie this time (unlike the scientists, who never wear ties). Friday's party is special, a celebration of the company's eighth anniversary. And Robert A. Swanson, this short, chunky, ebullient-

cheeked thirty-six-year-old, is not only Genentech's president, not merely the father of biotechnology. In an era when our "methodological promise," as sociologist Daniel Bell wrote in *The Coming of Post-Industrial Society*, "is the management of organisms & complexity," Swanson is the inventor of postindustrial management.

These are heady and volatile days in the world of biotechnology, the industry founded upon the technique of gene splicing. Only a decade removed from the basic scientific discovery that theoretically allowed for the experimental exploitation of genetic manipulation, products have begun to come to market. Aspartame, the artificial sweetener that has revolutionized the soft drink industry, is made with phenylalanine, a genetically engineered amino acid. Newborn calves are being vaccinated against cancer, a deadly viral disease, with a vaccine developed in a Missouri recombinant lab. More than \$2.5 billion has been invested in launch start-ups, and the Congressional Office of Technology Assessment estimates that by the end of the century the products created by virtue



Genentech's Robert A. Swanson leads a band of the molecule that played it all, eight years ago he decided to challenge God at his own game. Swanson had finally met his match.

RANDALL ROTHENBERG is a contributing editor of *Entrepreneur* and the author of *The Neobioscience* (June 1984).

by Randall Rothenberg

of recombinant DNA will account for \$15 billion a year in sales, the equivalent of the entire pharmaceutical industry's U.S. sales today.

Biotechnology's bridging of the gap from infant to infancy is well represented by Genentech, the first biotech start-up. It is all right years ago Genentech was only the dream of Robert Swanson, a twenty-eight-year-old venture capitalist. In 1980 the company went public. Experts predicted Genentech's stock could trade as high as fifty dollars a share. When it peaked at eighty-one dollars and closed at \$75.85, Swanson was the first big millionaire of

last, basic science in molecular biology had progressed to the point where it could become a business.

"The rewards—money, prestige—the motivation, go to people like him," concludes the poet. "Swanson took the maximum risk."

THE THEORETICAL KNOWLEDGE AT THE center of biotechnology dates to 1953, when Austrian monk Gregor Mendel published research based on observations he had made while raising peas. Mendel theorized that single units he called genes might be the basic stuff of heredity. As

1953 Stanley N. Cohen of Stanford University and Herbert W. Boyer of the University of California, San Francisco, reported an event that biotechnology activist Jeremy Rifkin says "invited the importance of the discovery of fire itself." They took DNA strands from two different fungi, cut open a virus and glued them together, creating a bit of life that had never existed, and under "natural" circumstances never would exist, on earth. It was now possible to synthesize life.

The Cohen-Boyer discovery created a controversy that erupted upon, and threatened to halt entirely, further research with recombinant DNA. Fears that new life forms created in university laboratories might escape and indirectly contaminate the human race embroiled college towns on both coasts.

The scientists themselves created the crisis. Concerned that their work might lead to health or social problems, and more of the criticism that had decimated once the scientific community for its "amateurism" in helping to develop atomic weapons, the scientists took it upon themselves to police their work. The situation was codified: "Practically 99 percent of the attention involved with the discussion at the time [1974] it was a very safe technology," recalls Herbert Boyer. But the burgeoning of a few and the susceptibility of others to a heightened sense of public responsibility held even "fellow just came out of Vietnam and Watergate," says Boyer. "I think there was an attitude that one should try to hang everything onto a public figure."

The scientists did—on the Asilomar Conference Center in Pacific Grove, California, where in February 1975, after listening to a distinguished panel of scientists and philosophical considerations from assorted legal scholars, molecular biologists from across the globe decided to regulate their own research. But instead of quashing the public's fears, the scientists' decision ignited them. The nation's press went wild with stories about the harmful potential of a technology that inspired fear even among its creators. Those mutations it has ignited a fire under environmental groups, still lobbying under the anti-genetic engineering legislation developed in the late 1970s. All of this adds background—not physicians or chemists, who had been subjects of past public scare—were the targets.

"These were just some wild things going on," recalls Boyer, the scientist whose work lay behind the controversy. "You have to learn—at least I had to learn—to deal with a lot of criticism. But it's hard to take when you've done this chicken life, and you have this image of yourself, and you're doing something new. You're right, and all of a sudden somebody tells you you're a warped scientist trying to destroy the world because you want to make money."

American zoologist Thomas Hunt Morgan, conducting experiments with fruit flies at Columbia University, took Mendel's work a step further. Concluding that genes, these individual transmitters of heredity, are arranged in lines on chromosomes, the strands found in the nuclei of living cells. In 1944 Oswald Avery determined that genes are actually molecules of deoxyribonucleic acid, or DNA, and that DNA alone is the reason for the foundation of heredity, the obtaining of specific traits.

The 1958 discovery by James Watson and Francis Crick of the structure of DNA—the famous double helix—opened the way for the future processing of genetic information. The order of the rings of a DNA molecule, a spiral ladder about ten atoms wide, actually determines the shape of life. These steps up the double helix comprise pairs of four molecules: bases—thymine, adenine, guanine, and cytosine, usually represented by their initials, the DNA alphabet. The sequence of these letters is the genetic code. Genes are nothing more than long nucleotide strings.

In the two decades after Watson and Crick's discovery, a succession of phenomena advanced the science of genetics to a critical point. The ability to "sequence" DNA—to determine the exact order of the nucleotides in a gene—was obviously one discovery. Another was the discovery of restriction enzymes, chemicals that can cut a strand of DNA at exact and predictable points along the chain. In

biotech. Today the South San Francisco company is the most successful by far of the last decade's heretofore biotechnical upstarts. But only because Genentech weathered the general decline that has been at the crest of the industry, but 1984 will be its sixth straight profitable year. Genentech's first product, synthetic human insulin—the first protein fully synthesized in a laboratory—was approved for distribution by the FDA—in as the insulin, licensed to pharmaceutical giant Eli Lilly and Company. Two other important drugs, tissue-type plasma-type activator, which can dissolve blood clots in heart attack victims, and human growth hormone, which may have uses beyond the curing of pituitary dysfunction, are in the final stages of clinical trials. Genentech, says James LeCocq, a branch analyst at Montgomery Securities, is "the Herd of the business."

But Genentech's importance goes beyond its products. In form and substance, it has become a model of the future. In fact, the business of change wrought upon society by the advance of technology is best illustrated by the structural, economic, and ethical issues surrounding the commercialization of biotechnology. In each area Robert Swanson "the quiet, thoughtful person," in the words of a friend, was a pioneer. "There's no question about it," says the president of a competing firm. "He's the man who got it going in the industry. . . . The industry has got to be grateful to Swanson. He was the first one to identify and act upon the fact



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For Boyer, a large man with long curly hair and a big smile, who considers of him self first, as today, Jerry Boyer, the note was reached the autumn after Autumn, when the Berkeley River in its special Halloween edition, invited him among the six largest businesses in the Bay Area.

Then came Robert Swanson's telephone call. Boyer heard only the words "Well, there might be some money involved." At the time, his lab was struggling with its budget; there was not enough money to support the research, and the funding for a couple of postdoctoral assistants was running dry. "I was intrigued that

In his last year at the Sloan School Swanson took the sale course offered on venture capital and found the subject exciting. Immediately upon graduating in 1976 he accepted a job at Citibank, which was one of the few organizations willing to take young people into venture capital. He made enough of a mark to be given the task of opening Citicorp Venture Capital Ltd., a San Francisco office. After four years he was invited to become, at twenty six, the youngest partner in Kleiner & Perkins, a successful and rapidly growing venture partnership. Kleiner & Perkins was dedicated to discovering high-tech com-

panies at its office one day. He stopped, then replied, "What does 'young it might mean?' It took it upon himself to answer his own question.

Swanson went to local university libraries and, using his chemistry background, began reading technical magazines on the latest science of biotechnology. He compiled lists of the authors and started calling the secretaries one by one for their opinion on commercializing their lab's work. Each call would start with some technical minutiae, but eventually the real response would be "It's a marvelous technology, but commercialization is many years off at the least." The major pharmaceutical companies agreed with the academics.

Swanson disagreed. "Cetus was just going about things the same way he envisioned. I was trying to employ the new technology merely to improve processes at client companies. It was not production-oriented. For a biotechnology to be successful it would have to create products and bring them to the market." Swanson determined to accomplish just that goal. "The idea of building something is so important to me," says Swanson, explaining his motivation. "Creating something where there wasn't anything before—that's what really gets me excited."

There was much to Swanson's inspiration. He had simply wanted to transcend himself from coach to player, he could have done so on any number of fields. Yet he chose biotechnology—untested, untried, unknown. A fascination with science, with using science, drove him. Bob Swanson's desire to succeed as a professional gene splicer is representative of his generation's infatuation with technology and with the belief that science and success are synonymous. Swanson, it might be said, is fulfilling his generation's desire. "What got me into science," he says today, sitting in his shockingly tiny office at Genentech's South San Francisco complex, "was Sputnik. A lot of people I know fit into that same category. There was a national interest in science and technology and competitiveness at that got a lot of young people excited about that field. I think we got to be able to do the same thing today, gain that excitement 'coming' the passion, and then learn to win."

"Because it worked I'm evidence of the fact that it can work." Swanson's ten-minute audience with Herb Boyer lasted several hours. Until he met him, Swanson didn't realize that Boyer was one of the two people most intimately responsible for making gene splicing a reality. For his part, Boyer found Swanson articulate and able to explain coherently what it was he wanted to do. "Do you think," Swanson asked the professor, "that technology can be commercialized?"

"Yes," replied Boyer. Swanson was elated. "Oh, God," he thought, "I just a landed soul! Here's somebody, other all these

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## LEAVING THE UNIVERSITY was a wrenching experience for many of Swanson's scientists. They'd stepped off the Olympus of pure science just to make a buck.

there might be some money available through some agency or some source to help my lab." Herb Boyer offered Robert Swanson ten minutes on a Friday afternoon.

Swanson had always been an impatient man. When he'd finished all the work toward his undergraduate degree in chemistry at MIT at three years rather than the usual four, he'd petitioned the school's administration to allow him into the Sloan School of Management to begin his graduate studies as a senior. Chastified, he'd decided, was too academic, adding a second lab for a fourth year would be wasteful. Swanson decided to work with people.

Management of groups had long fascinated Swanson, and in business school he concentrated on organizational development. One of the theses that had most impressed him at MIT was how the university's elders had managed the student unrest of the late 1960s. At one point an Army deserter had been his way to the MIT student center, and a large group of undergraduates kept a sound-the clock vigil there to prevent him from leaving the site that the vigil was interfering with a spring dance planned for the facility. The vigil asked the protesters not to shun their efforts but to move to another protected venue. "They weren't too angry, rather than being in the wars between the warring sides," remembers Swanson. "MIT was a good place, where people were encouraged to go their own way."

partners with high-growth potential and guiding them through every phase of the business cycle. Like the other partners, Swanson had technical background. Under Eugene Kleiner had worked with Nobel laureate Wilentz Shoolsky in the early days of Silicon Valley, and Tom Perkins, who would become Swanson's mentor, was another MIT grad. However, unlike his colleagues, Swanson had no hands-on management experience; he had never been anything but a venture capitalist.

Yet something was growing at Swanson. "He was second venture capital, but I think he was very frustrated by venture capital," says Brock Byrnes, a fellow venture capitalist, who shared an apartment with Swanson and who has himself since become a partner at what is now Kleiner Perkins Caufield & Byrnes. Swanson would frequently say that venture capital made him feel like a coach on the sidelines, when his real desire was to be on the playing field. Swanson claims, "There wasn't a frustration so much as a feeling of—I saw so many good ideas. I had no more confidence in my ability to make good decisions. It came down to a matter of 'If you're so smart, why aren't you doing it yourself?'" "Bob," explains an industry analyst who knew him during his venture days, "was looking for the thumbs."

Swanson had been following the Berkeley-based Cetus, the first of the decade's big biotech start-ups (SRI). Cetus had lost money almost from the start. "They're not doing it right," Swanson as-



people, who agree with us." They had each other's contact information and reported to a local saloon. Many hours later each had agreed to put up \$500 to form a partnership to explore recombinant DNA technology.

With Kiverson's Puritan's suspected blessing and without any previous contacts, Swanson mailed a small office on Sansone Street. Working closely with Herb Boyer, he developed the business plan for the company he hoped to found. The scientist drafted proposals for the technical end of the operation, and the venture capitalist wrote out marketing schemes; they re-

Swanson claims his negotiation was Her-Boy, which the biologist rejected. Boyer immediately offered an abbreviation for "genetic engineering technology"—Genetech. Without employees of its own, without facilities, without anything but a name and a promising technology, Genetech was born.

Seminarium is a hormone found in the brain. It has no market to speak of, but Genetech chose it as its first product because Boyer felt sure it could be synthesized. Its structure is simple (the seminarium chain consists of only fourteen amino acids) and well understood.

Which, on the day they finally hooked up the song to the seminarium country to perform the radio-innovative song, looked like it would be very hard indeed. For instead of finding little molecules of the hormone seminarium floating around in the veins, Bob Swanson, Herb Boyer, and their colleagues were faced with the task of synthesizing the molecule in the lab.

"Here I saw my white career and everything else pass before my eyes," recalls Swanson. "Because here was everything that people said, in theory, should work against the future, clearly. We had three or seven months from start to finish. So the time scale was very compressed. And when we looked it up the way it was supposed to work, well, it didn't." They had tried to cheat God of his noble command of life and—after thought—life was awful.

"I mean," says Swanson, "I was awestruck." Their first was to be short-lived. Because seminarium is such a tiny protein, it is vulnerable to attack inside its host cell. The scientists theorized that it was being chopped down by another protein harbored by the E. coli. They tried to render the sequence of amino acids inside the bacteria, essentially inducing the DNA to create the seminarium inside a larger polypeptide, one molecule for each bacterial machine mechanism. They performed another miracle. "And that was the exciting moment," says Roberto Gies, an Italian chemist who worked on the project at City of Hope. "When we found that by playing that genetic trick of producing, there was really that thing in the soup."

The business plan, which had remained remarkably stable during this first year, now turned on several factors. If Genetech was to be a successful product-oriented company, it must adopt a focused strategy. Swanson told people he wanted to start the first full-scale, lab-to-market pharmaceutical company in more than twenty years. This meant carefully targeting Genetech's first products.

Early in his partnership with Boyer, Swanson had set down on paper the criteria for the as yet undetermined first marketable product. "A very logical proposition," Swanson recalls. "Things like, I felt the first product should have as routine market as a first product as possible couldn't afford to have what they call a 'hobbyist' marketing effort. And the economics of production would have to compare favorably to the way it is created currently. It would have to have a high value but low cost, so that you have a lower cost per pound and something like that." The choice was natural, after doing all sorts of calculations. Swanson decided on Genetech's first stable product: glucocorticosteroids, synthetic human steroid hormones. With the decision made, crucial task: finding a way to recruit—and manage—scientists to carry it out.

RECRUITING MAJOR-LEVEL SCIENTISTS proved to be a special difficulty. Unlike their colleagues in the scientific community, biologists had been felt undisturbed by the outside world. "The physicians had been making bombs for the government. The computer scientists were getting money from the computer companies. Chemists had been consulting for pharmaceutical companies since World War II," says Gabriel Scheraga, president of Genetics Institute, a biotech firm in Boston, Massachusetts. "These biologists were sitting in their labs and nobody paid any attention to them."

The view toward industry from inside the university was puzzled to begin with, to say the least. Not many first-class research papers had emanated from university labs. Publishing papers in the single most potent force driving anti-biology biologists, publishing in the essence of, in their words, doing good science. Because there was so little publishing in industry, it had the reputation of extracting accurate scientists, says Herb Boyer. "When you attend scientific meetings and there were people from industry there, they weren't always presenting the most exciting research." Adds David Goeddel, now Genetech's chief scientist: "Either all the industry went into industry and the good scientists stayed in academia, or industry did not allow publication on something that was likely to be commercial. The effect was the same—to keep good scientists out."

Bob Swanson was not even content with the idea of luring good scientists. He wanted the best. "Get the best"—has become a motto, says Roberto Gies. "Get the best! We can get the best! And get there before anybody else!" Swanson's modest ambition, as it turned out, was aimed toward those on dynamic borders, always ready of the Rockefeller family was prominently in his possession at this time. One friend says Swanson was influenced by his meeting of MacKenzie and looked upon "the best in the industry" as the industry equivalent of the top-notch country's a successful prince once needed, in his own word, Swanson was, of course, the prince. "MacKenzie joined with the best people in critical," he maintains. "The companies that have large amounts of venture capital, see the companies that didn't have the best people in key areas." Dave Goeddel, who joined Genetech when a half-dozen employees, recalls Swanson's secret. "We need expertise in everything. Molecular biologists first, but we gotta get the protein chemists, we gotta get the molecular people, immunization experts."

Swanson understood that pharmaceutical companies had hindered their scientists' attempts to write articles for journals that have led to new drugs and new applications. Genetech would enable its recruits to do good science by adopting

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## TAKING HIS "COACH TO player" metaphor to an extreme, Swanson promoted the company's effort to make synthetic human insulin as a competition and called himself the quarterback.

vised and merged their work as they went along. The scheme that resulted was a classic: "You take two or three people and put them in a room," says Boyer, "they just build each other over the top."

Their strategy violated several implicit rules of high-tech entrepreneurship, as promulgated in Silicon Valley during the 1970s, instead of raising millions of dollars through an offering to pour into huge expenditures for each idea, Swanson and Boyer, acting on Tim Folio's advice, contracted out their early research to university labs. And rather than attempt immediately to bring a product to market (which was, after all, the goal), they opted simply to demonstrate that the technology would actually work—that through precise engineering a macromolecule could be made to produce a substance that it ordinarily does not make. In the original experiments by Boyer and Stanley Cohen, an artificially created gene had simply been replicated—cloned. Now they were trying not only to create and clone a gene in a laboratory, but also to place it inside bacteria and cause the bacteria to make macromolecule a new drug. This had never before been accomplished. This application of the technology, the process believed, would generate the excitement and money necessary to finance a one-time funding operation. In the 1970s Boyer and Swanson dissolved their \$1,000 partnership and incorporated their enterprise. What is more?

several times showed its existence in a molecular "soup." The laboratories at City of Hope National Medical Center in Duarte and at Cal Tech, as well as Boyer's own at UCSF, were well equipped to handle the contract work necessary to produce seminarium. They would synthesize the DNA fragments at City of Hope and ship them up to UCSF, where they would recombine the DNA, insert it inside *Escherichia coli* bacteria, and then collect and purify the seminarium from the bacteria's excretion, and grow the resulting result, then send the soup back to City of Hope for the assays to detect the seminarium. Boyer turned this "the one-two-three approach."

Despite the difficulties of the operation, Genetech added about 10 of the pieces to it. When Tom Kiley, now the company's vice-president for corporate affairs but at the time a partner in one of Los Angeles's most prestigious law firms and Genetech's outside counsel, would journey to San Francisco to discuss company business, he would stay at a swank hotel but on the couch in Swanson's apartment. For entertainment they would play Ping-Pong on the table Swanson kept in his dining room. He would use the table and bicycle, studied under the Ping-Pong table. Swanson also traveled frequently during this period, commuting on a regular basis for six months between the San Francisco and Los Angeles laboratories. In the 1970s Boyer and Swanson dissolved their \$1,000 partnership and incorporated their enterprise. What is more?

on intricately aggressive patents strategy, filing applications as early as possible and allowing publication immediately thereafter. Other scientists were attracted by Swanson's claims that at Genentech they would have all their scientific needs supplied. "This is a science-driven company," he asserted time and again. "Don't worry about money. Anything you need, we've got."

The recruitment plan matched the premise of the recruitment strategy. Herlihy hoped to convince Swenson that profit participation, "giving these very creative and essential people a chance to share in the rewards of the risk taking," would be a key to the company's growth. The sense of community was an antecedent to the socialism, since both of whom were accustomed to the rough-hewn, competitive, individualism of university life. Swenson's reason for taking the human-capital approach to management can be seen as a direct appeal to the "new era of socialism" for executives. "The logic that drives good socialism," he says, "can also drive good business."

There is tension in managing good science and thereby creating good societal and financial returns. The tension arises from the fact that the two goals are often in conflict. For example, the two goals may be in conflict when a company is faced with a decision about whether to invest in a new technology. On the one hand, the company may want to invest in the technology because it has the potential to create new products and services. On the other hand, the company may not want to invest in the technology because it is too risky and expensive. The tension between the two goals is a constant in the life of a company. The company must constantly weigh the benefits of innovation against the costs of failure. The company must also be aware of the fact that the two goals are not always in conflict. Sometimes, good science and good societal and financial returns can be achieved simultaneously. For example, a company may develop a new technology that is both innovative and socially responsible. In such cases, the two goals are in harmony.

To keep morale high during the race to synthesize human insulin, Szentivanyi was forced to ask the big brother to assist with his scientific. Leaving the university was not such a wrenching experience for many of them. They were vilified in microcosm and treated as contaminated property. They had supposed all this Olympian at-home scientist, who had been told only for glory, and not for money. They had been told that only have jeopardized his chance for a Nobel Prize by going commercial, even though Boyer revealed the opportunity to serve on Genesee's full time, preferring to serve on the board and remain associated with UCSF. Venture capitalist Brook Hyman terms the reaction toward the scientists who left the university as "antiheroism." He says, Rich Dreyfus took them by their wrist elbow and he led to Harvard, where they were encouraged to help his private, so Seattle scientists from

Swanson managed to turn the anti-industry sentiment to Genentech's advantage. Taking her "coach-to-player" metaphor to an extreme, he asserted

The company's effort to revolutionize the synthetic human skin as a competitor and called himself the quarterback. There was a university group in Canada, sponsored by Cetus, that had a budget giving it three to five years to synthesize the tissue to produce results. The group was fortunate that the Cetus scientists were not too much into the science of skin. The scientists made some complex that the manufacturer gave. Two DNA chains needed to be created and glued together, a total of twenty-two building blocks, each DNA fragment still consisting of twelve to twenty individual units that had to be joined together. When people started their work on cosmetics, the scientists were well aware of the criticism that followed the "Yash, so what" attitude, the complaints that any useful products of genetic engineering were still years in the future. The scientists felt that the chemistry was not good enough to take on people in an industry as sensitive.

Swenson used the misquoting as a recruitment tool. Dave Goodell signed on with Genentech simply to do another "close insider, and not get it made." Swenson would tell his charges. Night and day they talked, seven days a week, to design the two chains. Swenson came to the lab every day. "He was more a cheerleader than a mentor," says Robert J. Kinsie of Hambricht & Quast's venture-capital department, who worked closely with Swenson on Genentech's later public offering.

Doing insulin first was also integral to Swanson's business strategy. Immediately after the somatostatin synthesis, Swanson informed Eli Lilly, the Indianapolis pharmaceutical giant, of the insulin plan. Lilly had begun marketing insulin in 1933, and by 1979 it held 85 percent of the American insulin market. Swanson had no inten-

tion of competing against Lally, it would have been futile, perhaps suicidal, to challenge its advanced sales and marketing staff.

But Swanson knew that the mere existence of synthetic human minds would seem a threat to the gods. Would Lilly be interested in purchasing an exclusive license to Genentech's forthcoming invention? asked the cocky gene splicer. Perhaps, replied the skeptical but worried drug manufacturer. Lilly signed a letter of intent and began funding the research.

Geneticists synthesized the insulin gene's A-chain, then the B-chain. Throughout, Svensson continued negotiating with Lilly over the eventual disposition of insulin. Then, in the early summer of 1978, the first breakthrough occurred—the recombination of the two chains and the expression of the insulin gene. No announcement was made; Lilly still wanted to haggle. On a Friday in August, fearing he could keep the lid on his excited scientists no longer, Svensson told Lilly that the announcement of the cloning of human in-

male would be made the following March, had a chance, continue to negotiate or be a part of the nonrecurrence. The pressure tactic worked: Lilly's own small corporate center was already loaded. Two more agreements immediately free the company's stock from the hands of the two partners to I. A. On Monday Greenstock announced the closing of assets and Lilly's exclusive license to the product.

written in a native form inside the *E. coli* bacteria without any "protective" protein attached. All future products—afterproof being the most prominent and promising—would depend on Genentech's success in cloning human growth hormone. And if all went according to plan, growth hormone, which in its natural state must be procured from human cadavers, would be the first product Genentech would market itself, under its own label. In August, with the infusion reimbursement, financing was secured and work began in earnest.

As with insulin, the project went smoothly—too smoothly, perhaps, which worried the scientists. They synthesized the gene, placed it inside the *E. coli*, grew the bacteria. The day arrived for the first test. They placed the soap inside the centrifuge container, which measures radioactivity like a Geiger counter. The scientists, who had been working all night to prepare for this first test fit was now close to 30 and were expectant but not hopeful. "Milkshake soap works the first

time," says Dave Goeddel. A technician working for Goeddel took the recorder out of the machine in an adjacent room. As she walked back to the lab she tried to remain calm, but her reserve abandoned her. All the blinks and controls were down, low, but close on the graph was one huge spike. The technician looks onto a wide view. "Look at the record!" Hansen shouts.

Swanson was there, too—nuptial no-chow. "It was then the countless pro-  
"We can have a successful company," says  
Goeddel. "That's when I was convinced  
that we could do a lot here, and when the  
others in the lab realized that we had un-  
limited potential. Not just potential, but it  
was really going to be realized." Swanson  
went to buy champagne for an afternoon  
celebration. He returned to find the labo-  
ratory empty, his exhausted coworkers  
had gone home to go to sleep. ☐

## On Filling

Given the opportunity, the world will size 9½ feet with size 12½ and say, "Don't worry, you into them."

In fact, the world, with its enthusiasm to see you grow and flourish, will define who you are, establish your goals, and tell you how to look, act, think and feel to reach those goals. Finally, the world will grade your performance.

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Today, we have the same original casual shoes. C

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As a consequence, in these respects, "filling in" is not done. We are not doing it for lack of style.

Instead, driven by the fictional, practical man who prefers imitation. For himself and

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## On Filling Your Own Shoes.

Given the opportunity, the world will fit your size 9½ feet with size 12½ shoes and say, "Don't worry, you'll grow into them."

In fact, the world, with its enthusiasm to see you grow and flourish, will define who you are, establish your goals, and tell you how to look, act, think and dress to reach those goals. Finally, it will grade your performance.

At Sperry, we think the most important goals are the one you set for yourself. Because man has never been honored for his imitation of others. He has been, and will continue to be, honored for his originality.

The same idea is true for companies, the makers of products. Fifty years ago, we began with an original idea: the Sperry Top-Sider. Since its inception, it has been the most practical boat shoe on water and, over the years, has

become the most imitated boat shoe in the world.

Today, we're applying that same original thinking to men's casual shoes. Our goal is the same: to make a man's shoe that is practical from every standpoint. From the way it's made, to the way it feels, to the way it looks. The only difference is that now we're applying our practical thinking to the land as well as the sea.

As a company, we are in many respects, "filling our own shoes." We are not driven by the regimen of style.

Instead, we are a company driven by the desire to create functional, practical footwear for the man who prefers originality over imitation. For the man who dresses for himself and not for the world.

Sperry: We make footwear for the man who, in the final analysis, is exhilarated by the challenge of being himself.



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# Entertainment, Sports & Style

THE  
1984 Register

## Proud Performers

Throughout the popular culture there are individuals whose work is marked not only by vigor and charm but by particular craftsmanship. Onstage and on screen, in ball parks and arenas, wherever style is manifest, it is excellence of craft that separates the great players from the competent. You see it in the leaping, twisting, soaring flight of Julius Erving. In the superbly original dishes of Alex Patout, the Louisiana chef who makes magic in the bayou. In the precisely tooted performances of Meryl Streep, whose mastery of diverse characters is unparalleled. In the polished sounds that explode from the trumpet of Wynton Marsalis. In the smartly designed clothing of Will Smith—functional, easy.

The men and women in this section set a standard for the popular culture.

America in the Eighties is an electronic village in which nearly all of us may experience, virtually simultaneously, many sights, sounds, and tastes. The entries here are proof that a culture of mass need not collapse of its own left. Despite the seductions of celebrity and fortune, these people hold out and extend themselves past what is merely salable. They succeed on their own terms, their talents stretched to outer limits.

There's a lesson in values in the stories of the proud performers. From these assorted craftsmen we learn the difference between just getting it done and getting it right. Between the one-shot, one-note performer and the performer who changes, grows, and sheds one success after another, always in search of the next challenge.



### HONOREES

#### Video Journalist

New York, New York  
Born December 13, 1948

#### Jon Alpert

Born-winning Alpert gets there first—through his lens we saw Vietnam after the fall and crucial scenes from Cambodia, Afghanistan, Iran, and Nicaragua. His work earned the accolades of audiences and colleagues alike. "Jon is the only person in television to bring you stories through the eye of the camera," says Today producer Steve Friedman. After graduating with a degree in urban studies from Colgate, Alpert drove a truck until he was introduced to the portable video camera by Rodin Traub, whom he later married. The couple, who have a young daughter, make their home in a converted farmhouse that also serves as the base for the Downtown Community Television Center, a non-profit organization that has taught thirteen thousand people about what Alpert knows best—on television and how it works.

# Beauty in the rough.

Ford's trim-size Bronco II outfits its rugged style with special Eddie Bauer luxury. It's a real kick, starting with the most powerful V-6 in any small 4-wheeler.

Bauer meets power—and you'll love the combination. For 85, Bronco II gives you top-powered 2.8L V-6 and 5-speed overdrive both standard. But you have more than power going for you when you go off road. Bronco II is built tough with heavy frame and heavy-duty beam suspension. And Ford's proven 4-wheel drive system lets you

choose manual or optional automatic locking hubs.

#### Easy to handle.

The maneuverable Bronco II turns in less space than Chevy's S-10, Blazer or Jeep CJ-7. It's the perfect size for 4-wheeling. And it's just as great around town. It slips through traffic, slips into tight parking spots others pass up.

**Security of 4WD.** You'll find Bronco II a true four-wheel band

If snow seems in, just shift to 4WD and relax. And when all is far, you can "open up" with an optional sun-roof.

Inside there's uncrowded comfort for four. Rear seat is split and folds down separately to take people or cargo. Load-space total: 64 cu. ft.—a heap of gear or groceries!



#### Eddie Bauer Bronco II

Luxurious Eddie Bauer edition (shown) has unique high-styled interior and exterior trim. Plus

Eddie Bauer gear bag, travel blanket and more accessories. And "Ford Care" 24-month, 24,000-mile maintenance limited warranty plan.

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Based on 1985 specifications.



"My Bronco II & Me"



**Laurie Anderson**  
Performance artist/musician  
New York, New York  
Born June 5, 1947

With one bold, muted stroke, Anderson blurred the worlds of pop and art. Inspired by the National Endowment for the Arts, her "Superstar" single became her first selling record, but her real performance art is the charts. *American* studied on history and sculpture at Barnard and Columbia and wrote art criticism. Her varied interests conflated into performances that combined a lawyer's passion for words, a pop star's intuition with image, and an artist's inclination to connect disparate elements. Her magnum opus, *United States + ME*, is a multimedia extravaganza that uses video, electronic music, and the artist's deft sense of humor to describe her homeland. Anderson has also written a classical piece on continents for the American Composers Orchestra, composed a score for Trisha Brown's modern dance troupe, and released two albums on Warner Bros. Her video of "O Superman" has found a home in the permanent collection at the Museum of Modern Art.

**Runner**  
**Joan Benoit**  
Freeport, Maine  
Born May 31, 1957

Benoit ran every mile from the pack early in the first-ever Olympic women's marathon in Los Angeles this year and was never seriously challenged. "I just kind of followed the yellow brick road," she says. She finished the course in 2:24:52, two minutes off the world record she set in the 1983 Boston Marathon. Her victory was all the more remarkable because many people—Benoit included—didn't expect her to qualify at all because of a knee problem. She underwent arthroscopic surgery on April 26 and was the Olympic trials only seven days later. Benoit grew up in Cape Elizabeth, Maine. She began running in her sophomore year of high school to recover from a skiing injury, and by the time she was a senior she was running 35 miles. She has been known to train harder and longer in a snow storm, against conventional running wisdom. Surgery has sometimes been "a blessing in disguise," she says, because it makes her rest, "something I'm not very good at."

**Skip Blumberg**  
Video documentarist  
New York, New York  
Born December 20, 1946

Rack in his portended lapar days, Blumberg made a crucial decision: He picked up a camera instead of an electric guitar. He has gone on to become one of the original New Journalists of video, producing a flurry of one-on-one, offbeat American films. His programs, on such subjects as one-ring circuses and double Dutch jumping rope, have been seen widely on PBS and in museums. "When I started doing video," Blumberg says, "there were a lot of us who were trying to find a way to change television by using the medium itself." He is currently working on a program that turns the people who normally do the news—newsmen (including a psychiatrist), a detective, and Mike Wallace)—he is distributing *Foreign Correspondence: Central America*, a collection of video documentaries, including his own. In the offering is a piece capturing the final points of the elephant riots in Thailand. Says Barbara Levinson, the curator of video at New York's Museum of Modern Art: "Skip doesn't take the parameters that exist; he creates new ones." Blumberg believes that the world is filled with events deserving his special kind of attention.

**Sports writer**  
**Thomas Boswell**  
Washington, D.C.  
Born November 30, 1949

As a baseball writer, *The Washington Post's* Boswell is a league of his own. With no home team to cover, he covers the country chasing the game in a literate, sleepwalking style. His work,

collected in *How Life Imbues the World Series* and *Why Time Stops on Opening Day*, has led some critics to place Boswell in the same literary field as *The New Yorker's* Roger Angell. "Baseball is a game of acquired skills that must be maintained," says Boswell. "It's only life heightened and made more dramatic." Boswell's baseball is both a bridge built between generations and a place where mortality plays its cards. "Men don't often reveal themselves in conversation," he says, "but you can tell a lot about a guy by his favorite player." As an athlete, Boswell says he peaked at age thirteen. "I was, nonetheless, fairly boldish," says Boswell, the only child of two Library of Congress workers.

**Singer/songwriter**  
**David Byrne**  
Los Angeles, California  
Born May 14, 1952

Byrne is the most significant artist to come out of New York's post-New Wave movement of the mid-Seventies. Initially the Talking Heads were a quirky pre-conceived band that produced the upbeat "Psycho Bitch" and a soulful cover of Al Green's "Take Me to the River." While establishing himself as one of rock's most intellectualists, Byrne forged a style of cool white funk—discretion you could dance to. He met two members of his quartet at the Rhode Island School of Design, where he studied for a year. "He was always afraid of becoming an ordinary person," says bassist Tim Wymouth. According to Billy Kravitz, who runs CBGB, the club that served as an early Heads hangout, Byrne stood out among the punks as a disciplined artist. In addition to his work with the Heads, Byrne has collaborated with former Heads producer Brian Eno (*My Life in the Bush of Ghosts*), composed the music for Terje Thorsen's *The Cofferbox Wheel*, and produced the rock band the B-52s. In 1984 he oversaw the release of *Ship Making Sense*, Jonathan Demme's film of the Heads' most recent concert tour.

**Actress**  
**Glen Close**  
New York, New York  
Born March 19, 1929

Close has risen quickly to the top of the current crop of actors who alternate between stage and screen. "Glen has a combination of dignity, warmth, and an economy that serenity," says director George Roy Hill, who cast the actress in her first film role, as inmate Jerry Rubin in *The World According to Garp*. Close was born in Greenwich, Connecticut. When her father, a prominent surgeon, left to establish his medical clinic in the Belgian Congo (now Zaire), an idyllic childhood changed to a shambles between Africa and a Swiss boarding school. At the all-girl Riverby Hall Academy, she sang in a combo called the Ping-pongs ("the group with the point") and scored a big hit in *Romeo* in the school's Shakespeare festival. After graduation she traveled for a while, married and divorced Nebraska rock guitarist Cabot Wade, and entered William and Mary College, from which she graduated Phi Beta Kappa. An accomplished voice actress, she has twice sung the National Anthem at Shea Stadium. In addition to her Oscar-nominated performances in *Garp* and *The Big Chill*, Close played Robert Duvall's wife in *The Snow Day* and Robert Redford's almost mythical love interest in *The Natural*.

**Pianist/composer**  
**Anthony Davis**  
New York, New York  
Born February 20, 1954

A critically acclaimed pianist, Davis is one of a number of musicians moving from smoky clubs to concert halls and from traditional jazz to an original form of music that incorporates improvisation and a variety of sounds. Some call it "postbop classically," others prefer "new music." Davis simply calls it "music." Davis is the son of the first black professor at Princeton, who became the chairman of Afro-American Studies at Yale. By the time, Davis himself was at Yale, earning a music degree. He had taken classical piano lessons throughout childhood and dis-



A recent sampling of 23 sparkling brut wines priced from \$8 to \$24 revealed that all are good, some are spectacular. The best of the lot, Bolla Brut, is very light and wonderfully dry...and even better, it costs only about \$9.

—LAWRENCE EISENBERG  
CQ MAGAZINE, JUNE 1984

*It outsparkles all the rest.*  
**Bolla Brut**

covered him at sixteen. "I taught myself how to improvise with words," he says, adding that his major influence was Chopin. By the mid-Seventies Davis was an active participant in New York City's jazz loft scene, and soon he was invited to tour internationally with such avant-garde jazz artists as Anthony Braxton and Leroy Jenkins. "I began looking at my work as art," he says, "and the happy result was that it built a cultish, avant-garde following of public taste." On his own, Davis has written music for Molissa Feller's modern dance troupe, has performed an original orchestral piece with the New York Philharmonic, and a set today a piano concerto with the San Francisco Symphony this month. He is also completing, with the help of a National Endowment for the Arts grant, an opera based on the life of Malcolm X.

**Roger Director**  
**Scriptwriter**  
 Los Angeles, California  
 Born July 21, 1940

**Mark Frost**  
**Scriptwriter**  
 Los Angeles, California  
 Born November 23, 1953

**Karen Hall**  
**Scriptwriter**  
 Los Angeles, California  
 Born June 2, 1959

**David Milch**  
**Scriptwriter**  
 Los Angeles, California  
 Born March 23, 1945

Like so many other things about *Mil Severi River*, the style of writing is a wonderful exception to routine television rules. The Emmy Award-winning series (twenty-seven nominations, twenty-five awards) is one of the few to be almost totally self-written; the scripts are put together by collective. The full staff members out a plot. Writers then go off, each to write a separate act. These are then brought together for extensive revision. By the time the show is shot, everyone has had a hand in each scene. The under-theory scriptwriters at *Mil Severi River* are a diverse lot: Milch was a professor of English at Yale University. Frost served as a Literary Associate at Massachusetts-based Guthrie Theater. Director was an award-winning columnist and humorist for the New York *Daily Mirror*. Hall, who studied at the University of Virginia Graduate School of Drama, has been writing scripts for hit shows since she was twenty-two. Together, this group, under the direction of executive producer and creator Steven Bochco, puts out what is generally considered to be the best-written show on television.

**Basketball player**  
**Julius Erving**  
 Philadelphia, Pennsylvania  
 Born February 22, 1940

When Erving left the University of Massachusetts to join the Virginia Squires of the fledgling American Basketball Association, few people had seen him play basketball. But the word was out: he could do things on the court that players before him had thought impossible, and with a nerve that bordered on the artistic. Now, thirteen years after leaving professional, Erving has opened a legion of admirers and is one of a very small number of players who have changed the way the game is played. What "Doctor J," as he is known, was doing was playing modern, the roots of basketball, and making it competitive at the highest level. "My goal," he says, "is to give people the feeling they are being entertained by an artist, and to win." Erving grew up in the largely black Long Island community of Kew-Forest, and before he started playing basketball, he aspired to be a doctor—a real one. But he found his true vocation early: "Back then, before I was physically able, I felt these different things within me, certain moods, ways to think. I realized all I had to do was be patient and they would come."

**Whoopi Goldberg**  
**Actress**  
 Berkeley, California  
 Born November 13, 1949

Born and raised in New York, Goldberg is a graduate of New York's High School of Performing Arts. The name is invented, and so is the galaxy of more than fifteen characters, black and white, male and female, that she introduces onstage, including a genie with a Ph.D. in literature, a black B.T. who lands in jail, an old Jewish woman at the grocery store, and a reconstruction of the late Marsha Maitley. A former welfare mother, Goldberg went to the West Coast after a succession of part-time jobs, worked with the San Diego Repertory Theatre, then joined (and is still with) the Blake Street Hawkeyes Theatre in Berkeley. Her credits include the Negro Ensemble Company, Joseph Papp's Public Theatre, and performances at the Century Store and in New York's Dance Theater Workshop. Transcending barriers of age, race, and gender in her routines, Goldberg says, "I'm an actor, not a comic... I'm going to be as controversial as I can be with integrity." *New York Times* critic Mel Gussakov agrees: "Goldberg is not simply a stand-up comedian but a satirist with a cutting edge and an audience with a very wide range of life and public performance... People will try to compare female comics to the venerable Whoopi Goldberg."

**Ed Harris**  
**Actor**  
 Venice, California  
 Born November 29, 1950

He's been called "the new Brando," a young Steve McQueen, "another Robert Duvall." But Harris needs no comparison: he's a great character actor, an original. Harris was born in Kentucky. New Jersey. He traded Kentucky at Columbia University for summer theater at the University of Oklahoma, then went on to the California Institute of the Arts. During his West Coast theater career Harris has won five Los Angeles Drama-Logue Awards and an L.A. Critics Circle Award. He starred in the original San Francisco professional San Diego's *First for Love* and secured an Oscar for his performance when he played moved off Broadway. His film appearances include *The Right Stuff* (as astronaut John Glenn), *Under Fire*, and *Shogun*. Harris is married to actress Amy Madigan, with whom he costars in Robert Benesh's *Plains in the Heart* and Louis Maltch *Alamo Bay* (See page 18.)

**David Holt**  
**Folk musician**  
 Fairview, North Carolina  
 Born October 15, 1946

When Holt was a child, his father played a set of bones and a spoon that had been passed down for generations. Later Holt sought out Carl Siyagun, the first of the recorded singing cowboys, who taught him the banjo. After studying biology and art at the University of California at Santa Barbara, he became a student and collector of traditional music. He'd go to folk conventions, or simply stop in hidden mountain towns and ask who could play cello. Before long Holt had amassed a small library of cello recordings and learned how to play a dozen instruments, including the five-string banjo, the baritone and dulcimer, and a guitar. Holt began the Appalachian music program (the only one of its kind) at Warren Wilson College and expanded his archival work with the help of his students. He also nurtured as a performer and took State Department tours to Nepal, Thailand, and South America. Holt has subsequently recorded two LPs, based on a small culture series on PBS called *Reliques*, and is currently seen on the Nashville Network's *Live on the Mountain*. "I always feel like it's a calling," says Holt, proud of his potential seriousness, "and I feel the spirit of the old musicians helping me out."

**Ken Hom**  
**Chef**  
 Berkeley, California  
 Born May 3, 1940

A rising star in the food world, Hom was born in Tucson and raised in Chicago. His father died when he was a few months old;

Coty Award Winner Lee Wright

You used to be shy to please two buttons was OK. Three buttons was OK. And natural or padded shoulders were OK. But today only hemic is OK. What dork squashes

my suits are onelegged contemporary cut, a line that follows the body and pleases the eye but hugs or torments, but clean and classic. That's the Wright Look.  
 Suit \$225. Tie \$17.50. Shirt \$99

## The Wright Look

You're looking smarter than ever.  
 JCPenney.

Heck cooking career began as his contribution to the family income. At age eleven he was already working at his uncle's restaurant. Then went on to study art history at the University of California at Berkeley. He then began teaching and catering while continuing, with Harvey Simon, *Chance Zolnesque* (1981) for Simon and Schuster. A program from the San Francisco food journal is now a weekly pot luck dinner. He also serves as a restaurant consultant, conducts culinary tours of Hong Kong, and works on his next book, tentatively titled *East Meets West Cookbook*. His fame is spreading worldwide: he is featured at the BBC series *Kos Meets Cosmos* (Food reader Bill Rice says of him, "He's in the forefront of cooks and chefs seeing the possibility of connecting the cuisines of France and the Orient, creating things we haven't imagined yet—things which will end up defining America.")

**William Hurt**  
**Actor**  
 New York, New York  
 Born March 20, 1950

Hurt distinguishes himself among classically trained performers of his generation by his highly developed control of a naturalistic spirit. As Jack Krill of *Newweek* puts it, "Hurt projects a cool, precise smooth surface that makes a soothing fit." The son of a State Department employee, Hurt spent his early childhood traveling around the South Pacific. While Hurt was growing up his parents divorced and his mother married Henry Lane III. This difficult transition prompted Hurt to seek an outlet outside of the Middlesex School. He started at Tufts University as a theology student, then switched to theater, which he later studied at Juillard. His stage credits include *Men and Women*, *Long Day's Journey into Night*, *Henry V*, *Hamlet*, *Pink and Blue*, *My Life* (for which he was an Oscar), and *David Kopec's* *Hereditary*. He appeared in *The Best of Rembrandt* and *Intimate U.S.G.* *Gold* on PBS. Hurt followed his screen debut in *Alfred Hitchcock's* *Psycho*, *Body Heat*, *The Big Chill*, and *Gorby Park*.

**Lawrence Kasdan**  
**Screenwriter/director**  
 Los Angeles, California  
 Born January 14, 1949

Screenwriter/director Kasdan is one of Hollywood's hottest cinematic talents. He grew up in a West Virginia family that wrote "like some families play tennis," Kasdan supported himself through college at the University of Michigan with a steady stream of writing awards, then reluctantly became an advertising copywriter, with the goal of becoming a scriptwriter. It took him three and five years to get an agent, but when Warner Bros. optioned *My Bodyguard*, his career took a sharp upturn, with assignments to script two eventual blockbusters produced by George Lucas, *The Empire Strikes Back* and *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. According to Lucas, Kasdan's "real strength as a writer are his characters, his ability to develop satisfying human relationships." Kasdan used his newfound clout to establish himself as the director of his original screenplays, debuting with *Body Heat*, a hard-boiled updating of film noir, and later reaching a mass audience with *The Big Chill*, a comedy-drama about the growing pains of his own Satanic generation. Though some criticize the derivative nature of his work, Kasdan, who is married and has two children, is one of a few Hollywood directors determined to produce profitable adult-oriented movies in a market glutted with teenage fare.

**Greg LeMond**  
**Cyclist**  
 Kortrijk, Belgium  
 Born June 24, 1961

LeMond joined the elite of the cycling world by winning the 1983 professional World Road Championship, a prestigious 270-kilometer race in Switzerland. The win made him an instant celebrity in Europe, where cycling is second only to soccer in popularity.

Born in Los Angeles and raised in Nevada, LeMond began racing at fourteen. "I had the general idea that cycling gave me," says LeMond, "and winning whetted my appetite for racing." At eighteen he won the U.S. Olympic trials, after the American boycott he turned professional and relocated in Europe. Currently a member of the Renault team, he makes about \$500,000 a year from salary, endorsements, and exhibitions. LeMond rides an average of 150 miles a week, each one over five hours long at a pace between twenty-two and thirty miles per hour. "Three quarters of the time I find myself wondering why I do it," admits LeMond, "but when you're feeling good and in top form, it's easy to suffer." Starting this year's Tour de France with a respiratory ailment, LeMond still managed to come in third.

**Greg Louganis**  
**Diver**  
 Laguna Hills, California  
 Born January 20, 1950

In the platform and springboard diving competitions at the Olympics in Los Angeles, Louganis was awarded more praise and tears by the judges than all his competitors combined, and he was the first man in fifty-six years to win gold medals in both events in the same Games. Two-time platform-diving gold medalist Dan Sanyasi said, "I have been around diving for fifty years, and no one I have seen, past, present, or whom I have just coming up in the future, will equal Greg's performance." Louganis, whose father was Samson, was adopted as an infant and grew up in southern California. He began diving studies at the age of one and a half, which helped him learn the grace and body control that have given him a leg up on his peers. He won a silver medal in springboard diving at the 1976 Olympics when he was sixteen. Louganis has the uncanny ability to control his dives to make them "Sometimes I laugh at myself in the middle of a dive, because I don't do something I should have and I have to compensate for it." His miscalculation is comparable to that of a world-class sprinter, and he's consistently been able to gain more height than his competitors off both the springboard and the platform.

**David Lynch**  
**Film director**  
 Charlottesville, Virginia  
 Born January 20, 1946

"I don't see my film as anybody," says Lynch. "I just sort of do it there." As a student at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Lynch switched in 1963 from painting to animated films. He won a fellowship at the American Film Institute and spent five years completing *Eraserhead*. He can only guess at the reasons for the astounding critical success of his low-budget masterpiece. "It's very abstract and different. It's an honest film—it's based on some sort of intuition and truth." Of the current state of the movie business, Lynch says, "Of course the great pressures are the reviews, and in a way it's unfortunate that anything personal or in any way strange doesn't have much of a chance. But I think a film can be both commercial and artistic. For me, that's the ideal."

**Phil Mahre**  
**Skier/racer**  
 Yakima, Washington  
 Born May 10, 1957

**Steve Mahre**  
**Skier/racer**  
 Yakima, Washington  
 Born May 30, 1957

More than any others, the Mahres are responsible for making American skiing respectable after years of European domination. Phil, four minutes older than Steve, has won three consecutive overall World Cup titles, and Steve has won three U.S. National Skiing Championships. Phil finished first and Steve second in the slalom in this year's Olympics at Sarajevo. Born in Yakima, the twins took to the slopes at the age of six, when their father became manager of the White Pine Village ski area. Constant fraternal competition, however, hasn't given rise to any bitterness. "In the past six years," Steve says, "we've really



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been more like best friends." Phil's philosophy is, "I'd just as soon be beat by Steve as anybody else." They both retired from the American team after the Olympics in order to spend more time with their families. Currently business partners, they're introducing a line of skiwear and activewear.

**Actor**  
**John Malkovich**  
New York, New York  
Born December 8, 1953

Actor/director Malkovich has made a speedy and successful transition from Chicago underground theater to the Broadway stage and Hollywood screen. Born and raised near the Windy City, he studied at DePaul State University. There he met the future members of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company, an acclaimed Chicago troupe that Malkovich helped establish in 1976. In 1982 Malkovich won the Jewish Heritage Best Actor Award for his performance as Leo in the Steppenwolf production of Sam Shepard's *True West*. He went on to play that role to great reviews in an off-Broadway production later presented on PBS. In 1984 Malkovich was selected to star on Broadway with Dustin Hoffman in a critically acclaimed revival of Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*, playing Bill Loman. That year he directed a well-received off-Broadway production of *Twelfth Night's* *What to Do*. Malkovich has since the stage to film. Robert Benichou plays in *The Heart and The Killing Fields*. "Every so often an actor comes along who has a limitless potential," says director Benichou. "John Malkovich is one of those."

**Cartoonist**  
**Doug Marlette**  
Charlotte, North Carolina  
Born December 6, 1940

"Doug tends to see the world from a pessimistic point of view," says *The Charlotte Observer's* editorial page editor Jerry Shinn. "He produces strong, uncompromised, full-throated work that tells you an important addition to be made." Marlette, who was born in Greensboro, North Carolina, began his cartooning career in the first grade, copying drawings of Popeye and Mickey Mouse. A former philosophy major at Florida State, Marlette believes that philosophy can be incorporated into cartoons because "it encompasses into everything. I don't wish I knew any more about it." Marlette has been drawing editorial cartoons for *The Charlotte Observer* since 1979; he also began drawing the *Wanda* strip in 1980. His work is now syndicated in over one hundred papers in the U.S. as well as several papers overseas. A *Nathan Aspinwall* at Harvard in 1963-64, he won the *Nathan Aspinwall Award* in 1983, the *Atlanta Signal* *Delta Chi* award in 1982, and the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* award for cartooning in 1984. Marlette describes his creative process as "focused free association. I say, 'Well, Reagan is El Salvador is like... then McDonald's commercial I saw last night... like an *Wonderland*... or whatever else I can think of."

**Trumpeter/composer**  
**Wynton Marsalis**  
Brooklyn, New York  
Born October 18, 1961

Marsalis picked up his first horn, a gift from Al Hart, at the age of six—despite Miles Davis' warning: "Don't get that boy no trumpet... it's too bad." Marsalis made his debut with the New Orleans Philharmonic at age fourteen, and turned down a chance to go to college as a National Merit Scholarship finalist, going instead to Juillard on a scholarship, where he played with the Brooklyn Philharmonic and the pit band for Broadway's *Seventy-Seven*. He left Juillard after two years, played with Art Blakey's *Jazz Messengers* and Herbie Hancock's *V.S. Galt* Quartet, and then led his own quartet. He has been a member of the *Blackground* (the saxophone) since he was twenty-five. Son of New Orleans jazz poet Ellis Marsalis, he is called "patronally the greatest trumpet of all time" by legendary trumpet virtuoso Miles Davis. André Marsalis became the first simultaneous jazz and classical Grammy winner in 1983 for his *Think of One* jazz album and

his recording of the concertos for trumpet by Haydn, Beethoven, and L. Mozart. Outspoken and passionate, eternally as at home with Haydn as with Hancock, Marsalis says of his musical goals, "I'm not that experienced to play anything you want... jazz and classical are both about the elevation of the audience." (See page 433.)

**Outfielder**  
**Dale Murphy**  
Atlanta, Georgia  
Born March 12, 1956

It's hard to tell which is more remarkable about Murphy—his arrival as a baseball player or his reputation as an exceptionally clean liver. Murphy was just out of high school when the Atlanta Braves made him their first pick in the 1974 draft. He became a *Marmite* the following year. His major league career has been highlighted by back-to-back National League Most Valuable Player Awards, in 1982 and 1983, making him the youngest two-time MVP ever. In the 1983 season he batted .302, hit thirty-one home runs, racked up 121 RBIs, and stole thirty bases, making him only the sixth player in major league history to hit thirty home runs and steal thirty bases in the same season. Murphy is an outgrowth of the field as he is on. He doesn't smoke, drink, or use steroids, declares his wife, Nancy, and their three sons, who 10 percent of his substantial earnings he has church, and is prone to such modest assessments of his achievements as "I've been a little lucky this year. I hope I'm progressing." Others are less retiring in their comments on him. "He's the best I've ever seen," says Cubs pitching coach Billy Gonsky. "and I've seen Willie Mays."

**Restaurant/cheff**  
**Alex Patout**  
New Iberia, Louisiana  
Born October 22, 1935

If you ask Patout what makes him do what he does, he will tell you that he does nothing the members of his family have done for generations, that he has simply taken the food out of his family's kitchen and offered it in a restaurant. He's half right. He's also made the old recipes jump up and about, and made new ones that sing. The two-year-old restaurant, which bears the family name, is in a renovated farmhouse in Patout's hometown of New Iberia, Louisiana. Patout runs the place with his sister, Gail, and his brother Mitch. The chef himself divides his time between the kitchen and the all-important track—his link with the seafood specialists who provide a weekly supply, in season, of 150 pounds of shrimp, 150 pounds of redfish filets, seventy pounds of lump crabmeat, ten to fifteen gallons of shucked oysters, and 650 pounds of crawfish. In these days of short-fused Louisiana Patout and his family have struck a blow in the restaurant's origin's own food. (See page 394.)

**Folklorist**  
**Judy Peiser**  
Memphis, Tennessee  
Born June 4, 1945

For the past twelve years, Peiser has documented the grassroots culture of the mid-South in award-winning films, records, exhibits, books, and lectures. Her most recent project in helping the city of Memphis restore its historic Beale Street area by designing a cultural plan for its redevelopment. "What Judy does is make the past to the future," says John Ellington, a poet in the film that launched the Beale Street restoration. "She reminds us where we came from—and does a terrific job at that." Peiser had always dreamed of capturing southern and ethnic culture. "My father was a lawyer in Memphis," she says, "and I grew up with a real sense of the struggle." After getting her M.A. in folkloristics and film from Memphis State University in 1970, Peiser took a job at Mississippi's educational television network. There she met southern academics and folklorist Bill Ferris, who asked her to make a film he had made about a black one-life player. The result, *Greatest Springs* *Play and Dream*, won awards as "a documentary about the glories of Negro music as



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the South before the days of minstrel shows." Embodied by four women, Fennie and Foster set out to capture the rich culture and lore of the South. Roaming from town to town, they recorded and filmed stories, local customs, and such folk legends as male quater/halfway rider Ray Lutz, who was born in 1891. They also published a source book on regional culture and a book of interviews with Eudora Welty and William Faulkner. In 1972 they opened the Center for Southern Folklore, Prince taking the principal role in the more recent projects. Prince took the approximately fifty folk, regional, and national institutions and has presented the Center's work to more than a hundred groups across the country. Last year, as part of Memphis' civil-movement-related observances, Foster took over Beale Street's Old Dance Theater, where she now presents concerts, plays, and dances from both past and present.

#### **Theater entrepreneur** **Dallas, Texas**

**Born June 20, 1934**

Rasmussen has almost single-handedly contained theater in Dallas. Last year he brought an old 19th-century, refurbished it, and landed Michael Harniss to play the lead in the world premiere of John Fure's *Plainsong* play, *Palace of Amateurs*. The show received national attention. Rasmussen was first interested in the creative end of the business. Although a musical he wrote and directed, *Red, Hot, and Cool*, was called "the most successful show in Dallas" at the time, he soon realized that "if God gave me a talent, it was business." He's made his mark in Dallas by importing serious off-Broadway plays like "Master Harold" and the dogs, and by restoring successful New York plays, including *Crosses of the Heart* and *The Glass Menagerie*, in some year at SMU, where he earned a degree in drama. Rasmussen began dragging bodies for a local church production. Soon after he opened the Greenville Avenue Theater with money he raised himself. In 1981 he established a summer theater in a grove down his last film, starring Karen Allen, began shooting in November. His future plans involve more feature films and Broadway plays.

#### **Stock-car driver**

**Tim Richmond** Lake Norman, North Carolina  
**Born June 7, 1955**

According to both his crew and his competitors, Richmond is showing his way to stock-car stardom. As one of them puts it: "He's got the charisma and ability to be one of the greats." Richmond began his professional career as a super-modified-car driver. When he won the 1980 *Sleeper* of the Year Award at the Indianapolis 500, he accepted an offer to drive stock cars instead. In the first three years a half price of his career, Richmond has won four races, finished in the top five twenty-one times, and finished in the top ten forty times, an exceptional record. His winnings thus far have totaled over three quarters of a million dollars. In addition to his driving skills, Richmond is smart, aggressive, a flashy dresser, and, says Harold Elliott, his engine builder, "a real hot type. He's a piece of cake to work with, but he really gets serious when he's in that car."

**Rick Ridgeway** Adventure/filmmaker  
**Ventura, California**  
**Born August 12, 1949**

Ridgeway is a professional diver and, as he's never tanning his complexion, a dash of ketchup, the second-highest ornament in the world. He's written two books on diving, both successful, co-produced two award-winning films, and written for *Outside* and other magazines. Growing up on his father's pheasant ranch near Lake Tahoe, California, Ridgeway developed a love for diving. An Ontario Board course after high school taught him the rudiments of rock diving, and a second course in advanced scuba diving at the University of Hawaii, then called off to see the world. Having had several of his close friends die on adventures

and having come close to death himself, Ridgeway has lost some of his youthful recklessness, though not his enthusiasm.

**Cal Ripken Jr.**  
**Baltimore, Maryland**  
**Born August 24, 1960**

Baseball is Ripken's blood. His father was playing in the Orioles farm system when Cal Jr. was born, and that became a mission. He is now the Orioles' third-base coach. As a shortstop for the Baltimore Orioles, Ripken was voted the American League's Most Valuable Player in 1983, the year the Orioles won the World Series. The year before, he was American League Rookie of the Year, which makes him the only player in baseball history to win the two awards consecutively. At six foot, five, Ripken is much bigger than the norm for his position, but he's turned his size into an asset on offense without giving up anything defensively. If he continues at anywhere near his present pace—he hit .318 with 100 RBIs and twenty-seven home runs in 1983—he will be among the best-hitting shortstops ever. As Orioles manager Earl Weaver fully expects him to make the Baseball Hall of Fame, but Ripken's satisfaction can also come in other ways. "I'd like to think that some day two guys will be talking in a bar and one of them will say something like, 'Yeah, he's a good shortstop, but he's not as good as old Ripken was.'"

**Musician/singer**  
**Nashville, Tennessee**  
**Born July 18, 1934**

"When I was a kid," says country musician/singer Skaggs, "my mother would hold me up during church hymns and I'd sing in harmony." By the time he was seven, Skaggs was already up onstage playing mandolin with the legendary Flatt & Scruggs. As a fifteen-year-old, he was touring with one of his heroes, bluegrass legend Ralph Stanley. "I know early," he says, "that my heart was in traditional country and bluegrass." After a couple of other road gigs, including a pivotal stay with Emmylou Harris's Hot Band, Skaggs made his first solo effort in 1978, *Secret Highway*. While contemporary Nashville kept declaring crossover pop albums, Skaggs played music that proudly asserts its pure country roots. He has made it in the country music business on his own terms. His three successful Epic albums have encouraged other artists to put the country back into country music. Skaggs is married to Sharon White, a member of his family's famed traditionalist group, the Whites, who have found a sympathetic producer in their redoubtable relative.

**Will Smith** Fashion designer  
**New York, New York**  
**Born February 26, 1948**

"People think it's my last name—they call me Mr. New," Smith, designer and co-founder of WillSmith and winner of the 1983 *Certified* Award for women's sportswear, has fairly established himself as a creator of fashions at comfortable, streetwise, and humorous as Smith himself. Smith was born and raised in Philadelphia and came to New York on a scholarship to the Parsons School of Design, initially planning to become a film director. After a number of blue stars, Smith's career took off in 1978 when he and his childhood Laurie Mett learned up to create WillSmith "I design clothes for people who need them," he emphasizes "I get the majority of my ideas from the street." WillSmith is expected to earn more than \$20 million this year. (See page 90T.)

**Sissy Spacek** Actress  
**Charlottesville, Virginia**  
**Born December 25, 1949**

Born in Quitman, Texas, Spacek "grew up in the middle of the rural country," as she puts it. After high school she moved to New York to find success as a country-music singer. Spacek's next career flip-flop and his wife, Geraldine Page, encouraged her to pursue acting instead. She studied briefly with Lee

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Spiegel before making her screen debut in *Private Cat* with Lee Marvin and Gene Hackman. Her performance in *Badlands* won her some attention. Next she appeared in a number of television roles, most notably that of Cheryl Leachman's pregnant daughter in *Braveheart* William's *The Myrmidon*. But it was her work in the film *Carrie* (her first Oscar nomination), *Coal Miner's Daughter* (her first Oscar win), and *Misery* (her third nomination) that solidified her reputation as a skilled actress and box-office draw. Her other film credits include *Three Women*, directed by Robert Altman, and *Raggedy Man*, directed by Spacek's husband, Jack Fisk. Spacek, whose most recent movie is *The River*, with Mel Gibson, was also found time for her long-gestating screen career—she has scored a well-deserved country classic.

# **Steven Spielberg** **Film director** **Los Angeles, California** **Born December 18, 1947**

"Making movies isn't a technical exercise," says director Spielberg. "My job is to take that technique and hide it so well that never once are you taken out of your state and reminded where you are." Now do this job so well, and name more successfully grown up in the movies—a self-confessed nerd, he saw as many movies in his parents' movie parlor and outside houses when they were little. He was often a contact with Universal's television division on the basis of a short film, *Amblin*, produced while he attended an elite prep school in California. State College at Long Beach. Episode television was led to his TV movie *Dial*, then to the most successful string of feature films in movie history: *The Godfather*, *Jaws*, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, *1941* (his close to Spielberg has got to be a comedy), *Witness of the Last Ark*, *E.T.* (his biggest box-office hit of all time), and *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*. Spielberg also works considerable influence as a producer; the films he helps to get made and find investors. While critics sometimes question Spielberg's adolescent-looking onsets in *Jaws* and *Witness*, nobody denies the technical expertise that makes his work so spellbinding.

# **Meryl Streep** **Actress** **New York, New York** **Born July 22, 1949**

Born Mary Louise Streep in Summit, New Jersey, she had in childhood "the same face I have today and the effect wasn't cute or endearing." After emulating from *Vassar* in 1971, she went on to Yale University School, where, before receiving an M.F.A. in 1975, she played no fewer than forty separate roles. Since then she's crisscrossed for adulation, some critics say a gallery of characters (that includes young women, mean women, a little girl, a Victorian heroine, a Polish death-camp survivor, several Shakespearean ladies, a southern belle or two, and a contraband and radio industry white-collar). She received an Oscar in 1980 for best supporting actress for her sympathetic portrayal of Jessica Kramer in *Kramer vs. Kramer* and in 1983 for best actress for the role cast in *Sophisticated*. Center Gene Skelton says, "What all of Streep's women have in common is integrity." and *Death* Hoffman was once moved to predict she'd be "the Eleanor Roosevelt of acting." (See page 44C.)

# **Stephen Swift** **Furniture making/breeder** **Nantucket, Massachusetts** **Born August 6, 1946**

Successful as both a furniture maker and game-wild bird breeder, Swift started out working to be a New York City designer. He worked at Georgetown University, then decided to take a year off before law school and began making the butchers of all clips into coffee tables. Suddenly *Shorelandale's* new acting: there and Swift was opening his own store in his hometown of Nantucket, New Jersey. By the time Swift opened a furniture gallery in Manhattan, it was clear that his new branch of the family business would be one of his own design. Swift's high-quality furniture

doesn't come cheap—a dining table and eight chairs costs \$8,000—and buyers often wait almost a year for delivery. Swift's biggest problem was that once spring came along, he found it difficult to sit inside making furniture. So he began renting docks by 1983 to be supplying restaurants in Nantucket and Boston with five thousand ducks, five thousand quail, and twelve thousand pheasants. "The species are superb," says French chef Jean-Charles Bernart.

# **Brandon Tartikoff** **Television executive** **Los Angeles, California** **Born January 18, 1940**

After graduating from Yale, Tartikoff has enjoyed a meteoric career. After TV ad work in New Haven and Chicago, his star rose along with that of Paul Silverman, the dominant programmer of the Seventies, who got Tartikoff in key positions during his successful stints as president of entertainment at NBC and president of NBC. When Silverman was released from NBC, network chairman Gene Egan named Tartikoff as president of NBC Entertainment. He thus became the youngest TV executive to head a division, a post in which he administered a \$400-million-plus budget. Tartikoff has been able to combine off-the-shelf style of made-for-television with Taylor's more sophisticated strategy of low-key quality. His broad philosophy has allowed NBC to find success with shows that after both *Seinfeld* (NBC Street Bets) and *Seinfeld* (The A Team).

# **Jim Valvano** **Basketball coach** **Raleigh, North Carolina** **Born March 10, 1944**

No one gave North Carolina State much of a chance to win the National Collegiate Athletic Association championship in 1983. Not enough talent, they said. So when Coach Valvano led his team to a win against Houston in the final game of the tournament, Jim Valvano, ex-NC State coach, called it one of the two finest NCAA tournament coaching jobs he had ever seen, and Valvano, at age thirty-seven, joined the elite of college basketball coaches. Valvano's coaching style combines scientific innovation with unorthodox techniques learned in part from people like Jerry Charnick and Mervyn Bell. Valvano is funny. Some coaches accuse their players of performing. Valvano inspires with humor. He has his own radio show and has just written a book about his championship season. Valvano grew up in Queens, later moving to Seaford, Long Island, New York, where he worked in three sports. He wasn't recruited to play college basketball, but he made the team at Rutgers and was All-NIT his senior year. He worked his way up to coaching at Backus, Iowa, and Johns Hopkins, winning the job at N.C. State in 1980.

# **Debra Winger** **Actress** **Malibu, California** **Born May 16, 1955**

Film critics spend less time debating whether Winger is a major talent than they do trying to isolate the specific qualities that make her one. "She's incredibly vivid," writes *The New Yorker's* Pauline Kael. David Denby of *New York* describes her as "the most openly erotic actress ever to appear in mainstream Hollywood movies." Cleveland-born Winger grew up in southern California in a big, close family that gave her little encouragement to pursue acting. She managed to finish high school two years early and, after briefly studying sociology and criminology at Cal State, Northridge, went to Israel, where she worked on a kibbutz. By age seventeen, Winger had decided on an acting career and began doing commercials. After a series of bit movie roles, Winger played *Wonder Woman's* younger sister on TV. Her big break came when she was cast as John Travolta's ball-ming hound in *Urban Cowboy*. She has gone on to give two Oscar-nominated performances, in *An Officer and a Gentleman* and *Terms of Endearment* (which won her the National Society of Film Critics award for best actress). (See page 44C.)



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cultural and rich roots in its kitchen. Patout is a true  
cuisine expert, an American original, and if the dishes  
he creates are "Cajun" food, all the ingredients  
are there. They enjoy the food with pieces of history.

by Guy Martin

# Haute Cajun!

IN THE TIME OF MICHELANGELO, before the President of the United States visited the lovely coastline to be served at a dinner party, Cajun was not cool. The Cajuns were used to that. They had been used for centuries. In fact, they were not even from a long and ancient time, and after that in the place they came to, their unique food became a cuisine mark that they were made to try to live down. It didn't really work, which is a good thing, and they kept some other good things by their. patience, their, the skill to better sustain out of some of her own profit, and a beautiful backcountry way with food.

It happened that there was plenty to eat. The food didn't travel with these people. The food was waiting to meet them. The ability, the near travel. Can these travel across generations? You bet it can. It can travel from hand to hand. This is a story about hands.

A young Cajun named Alex Patout owns the particular pair of hands I am going to tell you about. His hands represent a lot of others (you can't talk about a Cajun without talking about his family). Patout has formed an extended family of people who gather raw substances that he makes into food. This is about those strong, dark colors on the image.

What made this Patout—think glasses and dirty-brown hair, an accounting graduate from the University of Southwestern Louisiana, a former finance manager for an automobile service—into a tyrant genius chef? Patout says, "Cajun food is different because the earth is different," meaning that the people think and eat in alternative ways not just because they are French (known as slaves to the palace) but also because the land they live on is like no other.

The land comes from home, but the home life is a little confused. What is Guy Martin is a regular contributor to *Esquire*.

## The fastest way to the heart of the bayou is through Alex Patout's kitchen

that? they ask. Was it always here? It is, as it articulates, it's athletic, it's far safe every single day. If Alex Patout were a horse trainer, he could take a handful of police horses, paint them white, and turn them into Lippans. He trains the dance. As luck would have it, he works mainly with a crustacean.

Besides his Cajun heritage, his sister, Gigi, and his raw talent, Alex Patout's main cooking tool is his mind-stretching silver Chevrolet Camaro 10, a speedy eight-cylinder pickup equipped with two gas tanks so he doesn't have to stop much. He just flicks a little switch on the dash to change tanks, turns the channel to some Top Gun, and passes it up to easy-five and six-way, needing toward eight or ninety-five on a straightaway, bounding all over these

PHOTOGRAPHY: CLAUDE MILY



Cajun

there is a story for  
the way things that  
Alex Patout, "Cajun  
food is different  
because the earth  
is different."  
what the chef?  
that's why the  
the food people  
and it's not only  
one name all things



depths on go-cups, it's a bit that between engagements one's needs ought not go unattended.

In addition to pumping gas and lending her, Conrad is the expert smoker of tama, achiropi alongside Betty's brother, the seaweed rooks and rice sausage that is the signature land-Cajun dish. There are two kinds of boudier, the white and the red, as Conrad likes to say, "vanilla and chocolate." White boudier is rice, pork, and sea-onion stuffed into the intestine of the pig, while red has the crucial addition of pig's blood. The red is richer, sweeter, and tastes a little more, like liver, of iron ore. Conrad, a sturdy, florid Pinchman with gray hair and laughing eyes, says, "Ah well, we go round and round with the Department of Health, but they say pig's blood"—a light shrug—"is against the

stomach poem for the main mood because it opens off good smoke, but he's recently tried some renaissance he got from Texas, and he likes the flavor.

Pinot enjoys the deca-chorded flavor of tama in the second-smoking bread-Boudier, perhaps his strongest dish (thick chops smothered in a pungent cayenne-dust sauce that holds, in terse lusters, tama and crawfish). The pig and the mud bag, it's not what you'd call regular Cajun food. The sacred elements are there, but it tastes as if some highly intelligent being took it to the moon, cooked it, and brought it back. Pinot has a habit of smoking up dangerous things like this, as a direct result of trips to places like Conrad's smoke-house. He claims he thinks of them when he's drinking around in the woods.

Pinot asks and says to Conrad, "I

fatherhood meet them for him.

About 2005, in Henry Gaddy's bar in Henderson, an inspired person is supposed to have boiled the first tray of crawfish for public consumption. The idea wasn't strikingly original, the careful's revisionist-looking physique suggests the course of action. Being a couple hundred at once was tremendous noisy, very hot, especially if you got drunk too, and the Cajons, in their way, gave the activity a name, "punching tails and racing heads." The talk was where the meat is, but they are not the end of dinner. One customarily retrieves that other substance, the fat, from the animal's body cavity, or head. Some people put the back of the head to their mouths and suck out the fat, others stick a finger in and lick it off their hands.

Cajons are said to have refrained from eating the crawfish for the first two centuries they lived in Louisiana. In fact this is so uncharacteristic of them, there are a couple of theories about it. That mostly, not even the most rugged of vagabonds, would stoop to eat what was regarded in its agricultural past, and alternatively, that everybody simply said that to save face while eating mud bags in secret all along. Being shy in any case, the first generation of public crawfish eaters developed the habit, at least mostly in the home. They brought their old culinary tools to the table a lot of fresh vegetables, a deep relationship with pepper (acquired from the Indians), and a basic rural desire for full-bodied soups and greens. The greatest tool was the mace, the dark of soft-leaf base that graced French soil before that, Roman cooking for a couple of thousand years.

A few miles outside New Iberia on the Louisiana Road is Randall Montague's Ben Larcie Skatole, a small but sterling crawfish processing plant near the Bayou Teche. Montague sells any form of crawfish there as, live, prepared in his own kitchen, but it is for his peeled crawfish tails, 125 pounds a week, that Pinot returns here. Montague's tails ship by any week fat, and Pinot's quest for the liquid paste knows no bounds.

Fat is extremely time-consuming to remove. Some processors take the trouble to collect more of it than others, building that constant cost of their meat. Montague is one of these. Notably, Montague's other big client is Paul Pryorhouse.

Ben Crooks is a few cedar-block rooms with wet raw concrete floors just uphill from the kitchen. In the big room, twenty-five silent Cajons, each with their own scalded crawfish at long steel tables. The Southeast Asians permeate the Gulf Coast seafood industry, applying the labor for processors from Texas to Florida. The sea streams an intensely manual profession, a person must by his hands on the barrel to make it ready, and thus, these, what rice of people does this job. In Cajun country, they are back working for the French.



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through a producer of the early 19th-century Pinchman (the first to enter the market) and the first to enter the market.



law. We tried with the cow's blood, but it just don't taste the same, that's all."

Betty says, "You eat, they think we put the blood in without control it. But it's not true."

Conrad, who doesn't feel some attention is worth the trouble, says, "I tell you, there's a whole mess of things you can't get around here. But I got a little basket on the black market. Else why would the slaughterhouses save it, tell me that?"

Pinot pays for his five pounds of tasso, pieces of meat as red and black they look like growth of Boudier reserved. He says Conrad if he can see the smokehouse, Conrad is pleased. The smokehouse is a mile or so down the road, a five-by-eight-foot plywood shack behind Conrad and Betty's house. The smokehouse has a door with glass blackened, but not cracked, by the smoke. Inside is a chimney five-five-five three for the fire and racks for the meat.

Conrad says, "I put it on a stick so I can pull it around the yard, depend on if the wind blows towards the house."

remember being in this yard as a boy for a big family picnic. In '57 or '58."

Conrad looks around. "The old house was here then. Your great-grandfather would have been here, too. Now, there was a man had seventeen children out of two wives. Now it is Conrad's turn to smile. "Conrad, only one of them was with him at a time."

THE LAND IS HEAVY WITH WIND. WINDS, and has been reported into great circles under the ground, and the dual dance of that time have made the oil that is treped in rock near the salt, and on top of the earth for the last few million years the big river has drained half a continent, leaving a lowland like a black oil well all over the flat country, a bird's-eye delta where you can get and something will grow. Anything will grow: rice, corn, pepper, apple, potato, deer, oyster, oink, shrimp, dove, duck, quail. Then there is the crawfish.

"The farmers eat the crawfish best. They eat it in a party but because it is up to so much of their grain. It was a small fresh water crustacean, brown or dark green or gray, that would have been in any land of mud, peat the water and pump out early in the year, thousands strong, hungry as hell. Hence the mere 'mud bug.' Nobody knew what to do with them. Some of the



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check is for about twenty-three dollars.

Edna Lee sweeps around the corner in a blue sequined suit with her hair up in rollers. She nods at Pinout and leans against the counter behind her maid. She appears to belong to that generation of women over fifty. Pinout hands her the check, thanks her, and asks if he will speak with a writer.

"No," she says decisively. "I won't have anything to do with it. Last time they came in and called me an old widow lady, and my name was Edna. That's what really got me alarmed, they said things that were serious."

There is a pause while Pinout tries to figure this out. She explains, "My name is Edna Lee."

Pinout says, "Trust me. You didn't want me to come the day after the boat, but that worked out pretty good, didn't it?" In fact, the Lady Fish worked out splendidly, a grilled redfish fillet, sautéed in crab meat, butter, and vermouth.

That was fine, Edna Lee allows, but it had nothing to do with writers who don't tell the truth. Pinout says, "We been hearin' good things about you all morning from Lester."

"Lester. Complimenting me?" She puts her hand in front of her mouth and giggles like a schoolgirl. "Lester's so mad now he won't talk to me, 'cause I won't tell him where to find fish." She softens her posture and lets down some of the crazy defenses in her face. She squints, even nods, like most people who have seen a lot of natural action in the sea. "I will tell you how this started," she says at last.

"You know we all go down to our fishing cottage on Cypreus Point. Well, I'd be down there for a week and catch some fish." She pauses to take a little of her understatement, with pleasure. She would catch a truckload, a ton of fish in a week.

"So. What do you do?" There was no way I could keep it. I'd call my friends. "Want some fish?" They'd say, "Sure, we'll come pick it up later," and they wouldn't come. Or they'd ask me if it was cleaned. When Alex spent up the restaurant, the solution was right there. Simple."

This is her in Edna Lee. Lester will go.

Here's the story: Alex Pinout can take fish from this woman and make it into a red velvet coast bouillon, or he can put three kinds of pepper on a fillet, grill it, and serve it under a vanilla mountain of crab meat. I'm here to tell you that either way, the dishes curve and twist and then deliver. They engage the mind with ideas and pieces of history. It's just chemistry, of course, but chemistry funded by generations of people, picking up its own queer baggage along the way. Alex Pinout is a part of the baggage now, meaning that he took the products of his region and broke them down into parts, then he exercised each part until it got really awkward, and then he turned them loose in his restaurant on the other side of the swamp. **Q**







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**THEY'RE ALL HERE: Sports, Style** Fashion is an elusive world where designers often push the limits of edginess—shoulders are pulled out, waists are pulled in, and silhouettes match only the proportions of the human body. In such an insular community, it takes time to gain perspective on reality, just as Will Smith, whose street-smart charisma captivates the public and inspires consumers for decades, did. He turned his back on the high-profile glare of seventh Avenue in favor of unassuming designer and affordable fabrics. Will Smith takes high fashion off the runway and out of the theater and down a single, magical thing—in nature it's wearable.

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IF IT IS EARLY IN THE MORNING, THE FIRST day of the fall collections, too early for anything but a dry-throated sleepwalker's pose and the possibility of disaster. Will Smith steps into the peturbed brown leatherette and jeans-laced vest from the cut-glass designer. "Get prepared," he says, "for some serious intensity."

Last year Smith won the Coty Award for his designs, and took the office in West Twenty-eighth Street & 10th Ave. in his desk, next to the purple armchairs and the pots of colored pencils and the stacks of fashion magazines. This year he expects his business, "Willi-Wear," to bring in about \$30 million, up from the \$5 million it grossed just two years ago. His clothes appear in 1,100 stores across the country, as well as in London and, soon, Paris. But in the last half-century hours before the show begins, these tangible manifestations of his place in the world mean nothing. Each show is a starting over. It proves himself to the fashion press and the department-store buyers, to business the above steps of success. Each show is a last chance; the night before, he dreamed that the like for looks in the collec-

by Lynn Darling

ten had all turned into parties. Smith's is the first of the New York collections to be presented; it is one of the biggest, and the most lavishly produced, the idea being, Smith says, to present "not so much the clothes but the impression of the clothes, seeing the clothes in context, in a way that might inspire."

The idea is also to stay in the public eye, to make sure that attention is paid, to look the best on screens, projecting

their enhanced vision. This year, before the thirty-two models make their entrance, nine movie screens will surround the runway, nine film projectors and twenty-three slide projectors will show the clothes in scenes from a low-cost polyester paradise—a *Leisureland*, a trailer park, a backyard clothesline—all to the best of barking dogs and the intergalactic electronic star project of composer Jorge Bozzano.

The movie is a nice touch, reaching notions of uptown glamour and clothes as a serious status vehicle. Smith's clothes are street-smart and witty, a thumb in the eye of dress-for-success. They reach an unspoken accommodation to the street, regarding it as a touch of humor in the world of its urgency and anger. Not the domain elegance of Perry Ellis or Ralph Lauren, but clothes that are fun-taking, and just a little knotty.

The fall collection is called *Sub-Urban*, reflecting, Smith says, not a place but an attitude. "In America the change happened when the suburbs were invented," he says. "When women changed the way they lived, they changed the way they dressed, and it influenced clothes, they even had to invent new words, like 'casual' to describe their new styles. But now suburban is not real estate anymore, it's a

Lynn Darling is a frequent writer for *Rolling Stone*. She is a frequent contributor to *Elle* magazine.

**Fabulous**  
designer: Smith turned  
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accommodation in the  
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lack of interest in the  
world of mass retail.



FIGURE 1. (a) 1991-1992, (b) 1992-1993, (c) 1993-1994, (d) 1994-1995, (e) 1995-1996, (f) 1996-1997, (g) 1997-1998, (h) 1998-1999, (i) 1999-2000, (j) 2000-2001, (k) 2001-2002, (l) 2002-2003, (m) 2003-2004, (n) 2004-2005, (o) 2005-2006, (p) 2006-2007, (q) 2007-2008, (r) 2008-2009, (s) 2009-2010, (t) 2010-2011, (u) 2011-2012, (v) 2012-2013, (w) 2013-2014, (x) 2014-2015, (y) 2015-2016, (z) 2016-2017, (aa) 2017-2018, (ab) 2018-2019, (ac) 2019-2020, (ad) 2020-2021, (ae) 2021-2022, (af) 2022-2023, (ag) 2023-2024, (ah) 2024-2025, (ai) 2025-2026, (aj) 2026-2027, (ak) 2027-2028, (al) 2028-2029, (am) 2029-2030, (an) 2030-2031, (ao) 2031-2032, (ap) 2032-2033, (aq) 2033-2034, (ar) 2034-2035, (as) 2035-2036, (at) 2036-2037, (au) 2037-2038, (av) 2038-2039, (aw) 2039-2040, (ax) 2040-2041, (ay) 2041-2042, (az) 2042-2043, (ba) 2043-2044, (bb) 2044-2045, (bc) 2045-2046, (bd) 2046-2047, (be) 2047-2048, (bf) 2048-2049, (bg) 2049-2050, (bh) 2050-2051, (bi) 2051-2052, (bj) 2052-2053, (bk) 2053-2054, (bl) 2054-2055, (bm) 2055-2056, (bn) 2056-2057, (bo) 2057-2058, (bp) 2058-2059, (bq) 2059-2060, (br) 2060-2061, (bs) 2061-2062, (bt) 2062-2063, (bu) 2063-2064, (bv) 2064-2065, (bw) 2065-2066, (bx) 2066-2067, (by) 2067-2068, (bz) 2068-2069, (ca) 2069-2070, (cb) 2070-2071, (cc) 2071-2072, (cd) 2072-2073, (ce) 2073-2074, (cf) 2074-2075, (cg) 2075-2076, (ch) 2076-2077, (ci) 2077-2078, (cj) 2078-2079, (ck) 2079-2080, (cl) 2080-2081, (cm) 2081-2082, (cn) 2082-2083, (co) 2083-2084, (cp) 2084-2085, (cq) 2085-2086, (cr) 2086-2087, (cs) 2087-2088, (ct) 2088-2089, (cu) 2089-2090, (cv) 2090-2091, (cw) 2091-2092, (cx) 2092-2093, (cy) 2093-2094, (cz) 2094-2095, (da) 2095-2096, (db) 2096-2097, (dc) 2097-2098, (dd) 2098-2099, (de) 2099-2100, (df) 2100-2101, (dg) 2101-2102, (dh) 2102-2103, (di) 2103-2104, (dj) 2104-2105, (dk) 2105-2106, (dl) 2106-2107, (dm) 2107-2108, (dn) 2108-2109, (do) 2109-2110, (dp) 2110-2111, (dq) 2111-2112, (dr) 2112-2113, (ds) 2113-2114, (dt) 2114-2115, (du) 2115-2116, (dv) 2116-2117, (dw) 2117-2118, (dx) 2118-2119, (dy) 2119-2120, (dz) 2120-2121, (ea) 2121-2122, (eb) 2122-2123, (ec) 2123-2124, (ed) 2124-2125, (ee) 2125-2126, (ef) 2126-2127, (eg) 2127-2128, (eh) 2128-2129, (ei) 2129-2130, (ej) 2130-2131, (ek) 2131-2132, (el) 2132-2133, (em) 2133-2134, (en) 2134-2135, (eo) 2135-2136, (ep) 2136-2137, (eq) 2137-2138, (er) 2138-2139, (es) 2139-2140, (et) 2140-2141, (eu) 2141-2142, (ev) 2142-2143, (ew) 2143-2144, (ex) 2144-2145, (ey) 2145-2146, (ez) 2146-2147, (fa) 2147-2148, (fb) 2148-2149, (fc) 2149-2150, (fd) 2150-2151, (fe) 2151-2152, (ff) 2152-2153, (fg) 2153-2154, (fh) 2154-2155, (fi) 2155-2156, (fj) 2156-2157, (fk) 2157-2158, (fl) 2158-2159, (fm) 2159-2160, (fn) 2160-2161, (fo) 2161-2162, (fp) 2162-2163, (fq) 2163-2164, (fr) 2164-2165, (fs) 2165-2166, (ft) 2166-2167, (fu) 2167-2168, (fv) 2168-2169, (fw) 2169-2170, (fx) 2170-2171, (fy) 2171-2172, (fz) 2172-2173, (ga) 2173-2174, (gb) 2174-2175, (gc) 2175-2176, (gd) 2176-2177, (ge) 2177-2178, (gf) 2178-2179, (gg) 2179-2180, (gh) 2180-2181, (gi) 2181-2182, (gj) 2182-2183, (gk) 2183-2184, (gl) 2184-2185, (gm) 2185-2186, (gn) 2186-2187, (go) 2187-2188, (gp) 2188-2189, (gq) 2189-2190, (gr) 2190-2191, (gs) 2191-2192, (gt) 2192-2193, (gu) 2193-2194, (gv) 2194-2195, (gw) 2195-2196, (gx) 2196-2197, (gy) 2197-2198, (gz) 2198-2199, (ha) 2199-2200, (hb) 2200-2201, (hc) 2201-2202, (hd) 2202-2203, (he) 2203-2204, (hf) 2204-2205, (hg) 2205-2206, (hh) 2206-2207, (hi) 2207-2208, (hj) 2208-2209, (hk) 2209-2210, (hl) 2210-2211, (hm) 2211-2212, (hn) 2212-2213, (ho) 2213-2214, (hp) 2214-2215, (hq) 2215-2216, (hr) 2216-2217, (hs) 2217-2218, (ht) 2218-2219, (hu) 2219-2220, (hv) 2220-2221, (hw) 2221-2222, (hx) 2222-2223, (hy) 2223-2224, (hz) 2224-2225, (ia) 2225-2226, (ib) 2226-2227, (ic) 2227-2228, (id) 2228-2229, (ie) 2229-2230, (if) 2230-2231, (ig) 2231-2232, (ih) 2232-2233, (ii) 2233-2234, (ij) 2234-2235, (ik) 2235-2236, (il) 2236-2237, (im) 2237-2238, (in) 2238-2239, (io) 2239-2240, (ip) 2240-2241, (iq) 2241-2242, (ir) 2242-2243, (is) 2243-2244, (it) 2244-2245, (iu) 2245-2246, (iv) 2246-2247, (iw) 2247-2248, (ix) 2248-2249, (iy) 2249-2250, (iz) 2250-2251, (ja) 2251-2252, (jb) 2252-2253, (jc) 2253-2254, (jd) 2254-2255, (je) 2255-2256, (jf) 2256-2257, (jg) 2257-2258, (jh) 2258-2259, (ji) 2259-2260, (jj) 2260-2261, (jk) 2261-2262, (jl) 2262-2263, (jm) 2263-2264, (jn) 2264-2265, (jo) 2265-2266, (jp) 2266-2267, (jq) 2267-2268, (jr) 2268-2269, (js) 2269-2270, (jt) 2270-2271, (ju) 2271-2272, (jv) 2272-2273, (jw) 2273-2274, (jx) 2274-2275, (jy) 2275-2276, (jz) 2276-2277, (ka) 2277-2278, (kb) 2278-2279, (kc) 2279-2280, (kd) 2280-2281, (ke) 2281-2282, (kf)

state of mind. I live in TrilloCo, but I'm home much of the time and I'm very concerned about my house—that's a realisation. And the great thing about American clothing is that it's there for a reason. You're not caught up in it; you need it. Like jeans and those slippers from L.L. Bean, all these basic things that are so great.

The licensee lets him do outside the Pack Building in SoHo, a vast measured landscape chosen for both its metaphorical and physical distances from Seventh Avenue. In brief, slowly filling up the rows of metal chairs lining the U-shaped runway are the writers from the *Seinfeld* magazine, the newspapers, and the men's suits and the buyers from the boutiques and department stores, most of them looking dazed from the recent weeks of shows in Paris and Milan.

Smith goes backstage. The clothes hang in plastic garment bags on long racks along the walls; the accessories, sweaters, belts, and jewelry are piled on a table, and an array of decorative color provides the nearly empty room. The few lone mannequins that have been moved to the men's wear collection that disappeared for twenty-four hours between *Positively* and *London* has been found at JFK, the Italian actor who demanded that the show be delayed half an hour because the lead is late to his airplane to the airport is on time after all, the women that were to have arrived last week arrived yesterday.

Smith stops to talk to a few sleepy-eyed models who sit next to a metal table beset high with a confusion of cosmetics. They are waiting to have their makeup applied and their hair arranged, and they lift up their faces as passively as children about to have the pen wiped from their mouths.

Not some of the models are not happy. Suspicion has landed beneath the perfect cheekbones. The young blond Peruvian hands away as planning down their hair into a rambic reverie, and Linda Mason, the runway artist, is instructing them to smooch their pale powdered faces with strokes of orange and blue and green paint, so they walk the runway in some sort of Technicolor parody of beared suburban banquetry. Unhappy models will give the clothes an attitude out there on the runway, a deep dead melancholy, so Smith collapses up some kind of socks and bags and hopes for the best.

Changing into a T-shirt that says **RECKLESSLY PRACTICAL**, Smith is everywhere at once, coordinating his society as making last minute adjustments—in the toilet, in the cold air of a coat, in the sewer a sleeve tells. He permits himself a moment of doubt. "Fashion is a f---," he says. "That's what this is going to be. Fashion is a f---."

It is just after ten, the models have been dressed in the first of the four ensembles,

and the music is beginning, the bass sounding like a giant heartbeat. Smith's sister, Louise, a cyclone of dirty charm, is thrashing around, ready for her turn on the runway, saying, "This is hot, I'm leering, we're ready, we're ready, oh God, we're ready." Her brother issues her and she says, "That is it, thank the best time in the world."

And all you can see backstage at the models lie out onto the runway in the summer lightning of the stratosfiling, and then you can hear it, finally, the first round of applause, and Will Smith takes a deep breath.

But then the models are back and the dressing room is a *Glenn*-like tableau—arms flying and heads jerked back, a look of wild-eyed savagery everywhere as tights and dresses and hoodies and shoes

**Will Smith's clothes are a thumb in the eye of dress for success.**



are ripped off and upland with other hands and dresses and hoodies and shorts, though not always the right one. The little Japanese model is crying. She is wearing a parakeet of mismatched pieces. The dark-haired model in the corner is taking a discreet swing from her duress: silver flunk and Smith is asking each of them, Did they like it out there? Did they like it? But they are already back out onto the runway, obediently attacking their under-rehearsed cheeks and breasts with great poses of color.

Out and back and out again, and then it's time for the last presentation. As a boy to the old Farman haute couture tradition, Smith changes coats his show with a final essential, and there is *Trillo* in her past: fluffy white late-for coat and late heart escorted by late very broad and one very

Rastafarian groom. And then, finally, it is Smith's turn to walk down the U-shaped runway, staring into the blinding lights while the models applaud and the audience applauds and he disappears again behind the curtain.

Fabulous, they say when they come backstage with their perfumed knives and toothy smiles. The fall collection is false love, Will, fabulous. Smith's a dumb word, long ago panned dry of any meaning. "Fabulous," once ordinary day, is what the policemen say when they're not saying anything at all. "Nice weather we're having, isn't it?" "Yes, it's fabulous." It then in the moments after the fall collection has been presented, in the emptiness that rushes in on the heels of the last burst around the runway, it's about all you've got to convince yourself that once again it's worked and that tonight, at least, they will not lose your reputation bleeding among the overflowing suburbs of the fashionable bars that once again you have managed to stay a step ahead of your own worst fears.

And there it's over. The models see back on the street taking cabs to the next assignment, the color situations are concluded, and the workmen are already taking down the twenty-three projectors and the movie screens. Already the year stories are being exchanged among the assistant designers, and a ceremony attempt is made at deciding what to do next in the discoconcert quest and the temporary peace.

This show was different, Smith explains as he steps out on the stage with a glass of Martini in his hand and watches at the audience dismantle the runway. "They take me seriously now. 'Little Will' is finally gone."

He is thirty-six years old, a black man of medium height and loose self-possession. His eyes peer out with borrowed courtesy from behind horn-rimmed glasses, like blue to talk with his hands, the long, graceful fingers shaping the air into his own personal vocabulary. He is dressed in baggy gray flannel pants and a black sweater. He rarely wears his own designs, preferring to keep a distance, he says, the better to use them.

He came to New York City when he was just seventeen, and he has made it through the passing of money a secret and learned a thing or two about success. He knows that this is a tricky time. The business is growing, and he is growing older, and the Boy Wonder is scrambling for the higher ground of the established designer. "Transformations can be treacherous." As this point in your life you really have to stick to your guns," he says, "because you're living at a time when it doesn't matter, as long as the success is there."

He is an enterprise built on an unstable gamble, on the mercurial ability to predict and to interpret the market, intricate desires and bill-outed payments that un-



**Jantzen.**  
Sportswear

face in the clothes people wear. A designer has to know what we are trying to say and to say it for us, to interpret the mood. A seduction of forms.

It's an evanescent question, this one of what to wear, the answer to a seasonal seduction of the national temper. Are we too dark and dark-bored, economically hunched too narrow to look except in flannel, a metaphor in the sudden proliferation of reese socks? What does it mean that half the East Village is walking around with blackened lips and spiky rimmed hair, looking like survivors of the day they dropped The Big One? What do people wear?

"Real clothes," Smith says, walking down Greenwich Avenue in the crystal light of a perfect spring morning. "I don't think people want to walk around looking like statements, with their shoulders out to there, with all that attitude."

He is shopping the streets now, checking out the look, gleaming ideas from the visual details. He likes the way the boy in wearing his baseball cap turned around like that, the oblique asymmetric profile of his torso. He likes the run he's wearing against the mailbox all in black except for the white tennis shoes, that underlining his design's cool. The heat that craves the draped old man with the upped-in-banana-leaves jacket and the brooding minestrone is guaranteed, he says, so he is in his own collection.

He has picked out a gallery of types, drawn to their intuitive sense of comfort. "People with their own style don't even know it. These people like what they're wearing, they're made their decisions. Clothes are a part of life," he says. But you just can't take it seriously. You have to provide the people with a sense of humor. You have to be free.

Smith started out wearing tie to a jacket, back in Philadelphia, but he knew that he would end up in clothing. "It's that personal statement in what forms me, on whether I like the style or not, it's the style that matters. My father would rather have had more clothing than food."

While Lee Smith was a handsome man, he was very—slim. his son remembers the bare chest and those real necks and large backs, and they little shirts with tight buttons over them and a girl's kind of narrow-cut jeans that he wore. He wore so many clothes, and everything a few sizes too big, that Walter Lee moved with a mission all his own, a spiritual language that belied the movement poverty of the projects.

Smith's father, Lee, was not to be outdone. Lee, in his blue suit, was the most beautiful lost, in her high heels of navy-blue leather and woven straw. She would come to the PTA meetings in that navy blue suit because with the natural waves running down the side and the grey and with this tight skirt, and pushed to his

jeans, "What is going on?"

She would spend hours drawing pictures with him of mammals, Smith remembers of a big house on a hill, Jane recalls. She and her sisters could go to the clothes in striped, tulle dresses with stockings, shoes, gloves, and hair to match, Jane in orange. Items in blue, and Vivian in white. Tied on the front pocket the women drink at a summer's day, and to see the sisters standing the corner like that, well, they were killers, they were hot, you see, they were hot.

It was an incredible style, born of desperation, Smith says, when getting dressed was an event. Fashion was a war on them, you used it to fight off the daily risks in your self-respect.

But they were kids, Willie and Jane, eternal kids. They parried company after a



*"They take me seriously now. Little Willie is finally gone."*

while, and it was Jane's mother who should guard over her grandson's future. Gladys Smith had known Bishop and Josephine Baker when she was young, but she didn't go to Paris with them, and she didn't see why, jacking to let the mystery at her first serve as an ally for her grandson's future.

"Let him be!" she would say when he sat by himself for hours on and with a pencil in his hand, or stayed too long at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. It was she who collected him, made sure he got his schoolbooks in the Parsons School of Design, and sent him off to New York in 1965. It was she who would come to see him up there, waiting sometimes for five hours at Grand Central Station for him to remember to come and look less—he was young after the long nights of several

pendent years that were New York in the Sixties—and take her to the Howard Johnson's nearby for a strawberry shortcake.

GLADYS BEHE WAS AT THE SHOW, OF course, proud in her purple polyester. She got her grandson his first job, with the designer Arnold Scaen, she had been a ment to one of his clients at the time and mentioned that they probably, too, was a fashion designer. What Smith remembers from that period is sitting on a simple navy-blue dress with a button of red gaudiness. "There was this running in the lower market," he recalls, "thinking, 'I cannot make these levels of clothes. They have nothing to do with the way I live.'"

In the late Sixties, Smith worked across the spectrum of the sportswear industry, designing clothes for everyone from the mass-appeal Bobbie Brooks to a trendy little company called Digits. He was getting a name for himself. "I was famous and poor," he says. "Everybody was vying for me to get across, to make the Seventh Avenue leap."

At the same time, Smith was trying to come to terms with the fact that at least as far as Seventh Avenue was concerned, there were designers and then there were Black Designers. "It was the beginning of all this black designer hype," he remembers, "the black look was in. Now, I'm a designer, I'm a creative person, and I'm black. All of a sudden I am getting pressure to be more black. What am I supposed to be? I have enough trouble relating to the contradictions of being a person, never mind being a black. I've always been this color. I'd get really annoyed when people would say I'm so white. The system in the whole world is based on education and class structure and seeing the world. If you've done those things, that's what makes you white."

He tried to at least look the part for a while, abandoning his clean cut, close-cropped look for a mass of long hairs. It didn't last. "I got so tired of people looking at me the same way all the time, I got so bored seeing the same face in the mirror," he says.

In 1973 Smith started a business with his sister, Trudier, and a friend. It was a disaster. "Suddenly the left arm coming in and there was so way of paying them and I'm thinking, 'How could this be? I was brilliant. Someone else was supposed to be taking care of this.'"

After that he entered into a business arrangement with a local Beverly Hills firm that acquired his name, at first for fashion backing and he found new ways to be a designer. "I was doing all of these designer clothes out of expensive fabrics, very young costume," Smith says. "They were clothes that people didn't need. But they were taking someone's money. The



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"money girls so serious that you can begin to forget what is your ideal job as you were doing. Those people offer it all, the summer houses, everything, and it's all yours for a while. And then you're not for anymore and that stuff is all taken away, and that's when you jump out of the window."

Instead he used to get his name back, and after another beleaguered attempt to find a job as a designer in one of the big established sportswear companies, he decided to look up an old friend. Laurie Malet was at business school, imported from shorts when Smith came to see her in 1979. She had an idea.

"I said, 'Come to India and design a collection and maybe I can sell it,'" Malet remembers. They spent months at a factory near Bombay, Will designing the clothes, Laurie pulling off her shirt and trying them on right there on the spot, introducing the Indian workers.

That first winter they had thirteen styles, all in cotton, for Laurie to sell among the wholesalers and tourists of the color colonies. They only sold about \$30,000 worth of business that year, but one pair of jeans really took off, a high-waisted legging fatigue with a tapered waist that became known as the Will-N-Jean pair. They sold \$200,000 of the next collection and \$450,000 by the second year.

"With us very true to what he believes in," says Nina Hyde, fashion writer for *The Washington Post*. "He was making loose, comfy, simply made clothing, better the others could do. Now the Japanese are getting a lot of attention for their clothes that are big and simple and show off the fabric, but Will has been in that thread for a long time. Now the current's caught up with him."

Today the business is booming in the WillWear offices, designed by the Georgetown Sea Group to resemble an elegant oyster shop, painted gray and strewn with such urban artifacts as chain-link leaves and pebble barometers. Their young and charismatic staff is crisscrossing with integrity and responsibility, it is they who shepherd the pattern book and fabric to India, supervise their manufacture, and haul tones and inspirations at the customers' expense. Malet and Smith parade like aviator-prince figures in a self-reinforcing open company, passing lives of laid-back glamour but mindful of the practical exigencies of the business. "No," Malet tells in answer, "we are not interested in any deals with J.C. Penney." "Never," says Smith in answer to Hanes. "My clients to the stars still." "Hanes doesn't even recognize orange as a color."

Smith's relationship with Malet is complicated, fueled as much by the tension of their differences as it is by the depth of their affection for each other. He is the self-described Philadelphia cocoa-MOLSP, oscillating between a little encephalic of his

eyes-in-a-couset social scene and a powerful instinctive moral compass. She does what she is the fun as of the waist guide at work, balancing the demands of her multi-millionaire business and the last word in aesthetic outrage with the Galic vase of the equatorial Panama. "She fascinates me to be an immigrant in possible," he says. And though there have been some wild roller-coaster plunges in both their friendship and their business, "the fact that we are really in love with each other," Smith says, "has saved us more than once."

Their world is exquisitely tuned to the changing seasons, the perfect detail, the found object. After the fashion show is over they sit on the couch in Laurie's job in SoHo, a small island of champagne and laughter on the red-painted wooden floor. They snare each other with slippers whose significance is etched in the careful appreciation of style, as if style were the salt, the pungent thing, and meaning a strange little molash that might take up some quarters at a restaurant's notice. Remember the time Will sent the beautiful Ratanavati with the devillocks and the champagne to make Laurie breakfast on her birthday? Remember the time Will, as perfect as a bow, came to switch Last Year at Marnaland as the videotape recorder and watched the look of expert concern perfectly? *Last Year at Marnaland?* Don't you love the way she falls down on the bed a dozen times in her Chanel suit, wasn't it wonderful? Remember Will in the South of France, it was the year Kumar came out with the shared time and Will was it when we went to Paris to see Ella Fitzgerald and he used to buy the Hotel Negresco? Remember?

Sometimes, though, even the memories develop chills. "I would come back from the Desert and find I had no—forget me, I had no friends," he remembers. "There would be nothing to plug into. I'd say, 'Is the same guy going on?' and it always was. I would go back to my pink-lace apartment on Riverside Street, it was very nice, it was very beautiful, but once again there was no one in my life, there was just this very luxurious crash pad. I realized that whatever missing was, I hadn't made it."

THAT TIME HE LIVED WITH JOHN KANE, a young sculptor, on a gritty commercial street in lower Manhattan, in a guest kit where his collection of ancient African art gleamed darkly against the white walls, and pale tables, bent in a dense periphery of mock despair. There, although it is still possible to worry about what the others are thinking, or whether he will disappoint everyone with his self-interest, Will Smith is in his element, even though it is not always that easy, he says, "to get real."

He met James Baldwin once in the

South of France. It was something he had dreamed about, having read all his books. Baldwin was angry, he talked about America and how it had treated him, and it was so bizarre to be sitting in this beautiful place, island about how horrible America was. "And so I said, 'If you're so angry, why don't you go back home, because that kind of anger over that long a time is not going to help the young people of today.' And I'm telling myself, 'Will, you better pinch yourself again, you're supposed to be angry and you're not.' He did make me think I didn't take the world seriously enough. But I just don't have time to do everything."

Out on the street, though, there is some kind of salvation, the street is real enough, with its ever present sense of imminent contribution, and the cracked soles of



"I don't think people want to go around looking like statements," Smith says.

the old crazy drinks cutting the air like broken bottles.

"All the lunatics of the world talk to me," he says. "I just sit there one man who was holding a sign that said, 'I'M A MANHATTAN CM TRAD.' I'M FIVE FEET, ONE HUNDRED POUNDS. I thought that was wonderful. If these people weren't in New York, I'd miss them. I like the humor of people making light of their situation."

Once while he was still living in the penthouse on Riverside Street, he realized that all the horns had been closed out of the small park in front of the building—part of some blighted neighborhood campaign. "No one seemed to understand," he said. "Those horns were protesting that park." Or perhaps they were protesting Will Smith's banished anger, keeping safe a sense of reality that can

drift away like steam escaping from a subway grate.

SOMETIMES, MOVING IN AND OUT OF THE elegant life, detached from yet another polished innocence, it is easy, Smith says, to lose track of what it is that I do. A lot about this country, you just need the look by the person who answered it, the fortune, the lane, the success. You can read that you're making a lot of money, but your hand is still trembling when you get the American Express bill. And everybody's running around like I really know it, like I'm the guy who really knows it and the other guys are, like, not really concerned."

He is sitting in a darkened bar in the late afternoon sipping the steamed calm that gently beads the others close and their contents spill through the door. "It gets pretty heavy," he says. "America needs personalities, regardless of what they do. It's really gone so far beyond the clothes, this 'designer as personality' thing. Do you know how late time I have to do what I do? There is this tremendous pressure. And everything is hyped to the point where when you get it, you will do it, understand why you get it or even why you need it."

Smith always occupied a rather isolated place on the Seventh Avenue board, he is too talented and too upturned a designer to be lumped in with the rest of the fashion proletariat, but neither exclusive enough nor big enough to be considered in the same breath as the likes of Louis Vuitton, and Elton. Now he has to consider what happens next. "I don't want to be a forty-year-old young designer," he says. "I've been around for years, but there are people in this business who refuse to let us give up. It's always, 'Will, let's do some...'"

Now, he says, he is beginning to understand how to be established "in my own way, that you can do it in a way where you don't turn into a hawk in get away and have it reflect in your work." It won't be easy. The business is doing well, will enough to pose interesting problems, if it gets much bigger, the choices become more contentious. At \$50 million a year, you can't afford to make costs in clear terms or lose, because not enough people will buy them. That is where it gets tricky—the very creativity with which Will Smith made his name can now knock him flat. Does he straighten out the more eccentric elements of his art, make the sales, even less desirable choices, or does he continue on his own idiosyncratic course? It is the premeditated irony of any American success story that it contains the seeds of its own failure, and Will Smith has based on the success of his very own. It is to know the choices that he faces. On Seventh Avenue, that's how you know that it's time to get real. **E**

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The best actor is a consummate performer of the ability to simply disappear into the characters he plays. Ed Harris has this power. He's a force to be reckoned with in *The Right Stuff*. Please in the heart. But unlike actors who play themselves in role after role and develop an odd behavior, Harris's performance transcends the performance, not the star.

# Ed Harris Makes a Scene

He is all-man and all-actor, whoever he is

## “‘HOT’?”

The Hollywood studio executive is surprised—let's be frank, blown away—to hear the adjective applied to a question about Ed Harris.

"Sean Penn is hot. Tom Cruise is hot. John Malkovich is hot." Faise. "Sean Penn's younger brother, Chris. He's hot."

The studio executive explains that it takes a romantic leading role to turn a male actor into a box office sure. Richard Gere in *An Officer and a Gentleman*, Mel Gibson in *The Road Warrior*. "The guys have to want to be hot and the girls have to want to sleep with him."

Admiring things are said about his acting, but at present the essential (theological) distinction is made: "Ed Harris is not a movie star."

He played a murderous stranger of 4-foot alien opposite Charles Hallahan in *Bonnie and Clyde*, King Billy, the leader of a Canadian band of robbers in George Lucas's *Amadeus*, John Glenn in *The Right Stuff*, the all-American mercenary in *Under Fire*, the stylish, kept man in *Criminals*, the author Guy de Maupassant in *Guilty as Sin*, and the mechanic who cheats in *Landis Chase* in *Places in the Heart*.

He makes movies distinctive for his loving being in them, even in relatively small parts. In his review of Roger Spoto's *Ed Harris: The New York Times*, Vincent Canby of *The New York Times* remarked, "One sub-

stantaneous character is of somewhat more interest than all the rest. He is a viciously sexual, apolitical American mercenary soldier, extremely well played by Ed Harris, who, I repeat with some awe, uses many of the same monotonous base that are so effective in his performance as John Glenn in *The Right Stuff*."

Sam Shapiro wrote: *Fuel for Love* for him. When Dustin Hoffman set about casting the role of Bill Loomis for his recent remake *Death of a Salesman*, the first two people he thought of were Ed Harris and John Malkovich. Harris was already contracted to start work on a film and had to raise himself out of consideration.

But despite the fact that his face has been on the cover of one of the newsmagazines, that he was an *Oscar* award for *Fuel for Love*, and that he has appeared in half a dozen films, not many people out there know who Ed Harris is.

Thus fall and winter alone he appears in three important films: Louis Malle's *Afraid of Men*, Robert Altman's *Places in the Heart*, and Victor Nunez's *Places in the Heart*.

He may never get to be as hot as Sean Penn's younger brother. In a world in which *Police Academy* is one week grossing half the total gross to date of *The Right Stuff*, there is only imperfect justice and imperfect standards. But "movie star" is more an economic term than an artistic one. *—Christopher Buckley*  
*(The magazine's director of design)*



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY MAYER

**Ed Harris: the face of an astronaut, a mercenary, a consummate craftsman**



**"He don't look like John Glenn,"  
says the woman. "I'm the only one  
in the bar who knows who he is."**

colate, and Harris has something a lot of movie stars don't. It explains his extraordinary versatility: how he can open in two movies in the same day, playing John Glenn in one and a glacial killer in the other. Philip Kaufman, who directed *The Right Stuff*, says the key to his greatness is that "he keeps that playfulness with his characters that's lost when actors cross the line to become serious. It's almost as if they become secret heads of corporations laid around themselves. They end up playing themselves." What Harris has not been going long after a lot of today's profit-hungry hunk men: their garnish and basted up against the camera. And what he has in a little story.

**DWYN IN HOLLYWOOD, TEXAS, AN HOUR** northeast of Corpus Christi, a jeep four-wheelers rumbles by with a dog of indeterminate breed in the back and pulls into a dusty lot.

The man who gets out and approaches is slightly bewildered, five-foot, trim, tightly built. That's little like showing undernourished the proof-of-boy but with the confidence and *manly*—kind of with a princely air. The rest is hidden by a blind beard and matted strands. He is wearing faded, bellows jeans and has shut as open a few buttons to reveal sandy chest hair. His cowboy boots crunch on the gravel. The man's address, independent life: slacks behind the way your father taught you, and on his head is a silver wedding band. When the sunglasses come off, as they do in the courtesy of greeting, the eyes are looking straight into yours. They are pale and blue and too intensely insensitive. They could belong to a monk or a murderer, either one.

Glenn—she turns out to be both close and laid German shepherd—hops back in the jeep. One day during the filming of *Glenn of the Alamo* in Waco, Texas, Harris and actress Amy Madigan went off on their lunch break and got mauled by a justice of the peace. Girl was the only one they took along.

She picks up a six-pack of beer and drives to the art, a country western bar on the highway, where Amy is shooting a scene for *Alamo* Day. It's hot, windy, and the road smells of freshly rolled asphalt. In the

movie Harris plays a landowner, on the edge Texas shrinker named Sam "Shanghai" Pierce. His marriage isn't working, the book has repudiated his shrimp land, Vietnamese refugees have moved in an local business with the blessing of the federal government, and his old girlfriend and current lover, Gary (played by Amy), is becoming a little too friendly with Dean, one of the "gals."

"Louis [Madigan] came down to Waco, she says. 'I read the script and we talked. The part seemed pretty much just a brooder. Bored and mean. I wasn't interested.' So they Amy read for the other part, and guess what? She came over his shoulder, and smiles. 'So I figured, 'Well, it ain't that bad a part.'"

When he smiles he looks happy and American, but even so there are traces of some inner, other self. New York movie critic Pauline Kael wrote it's "a very, unstable quality" in Harris's chatter, bright-eyed John Glenn. "He's the kind of very still actor who can give you the willies: he often has the look of someone who's about to cry, and a flicker of a male criminal who thinks the character he's playing is a total psych."

Not surprisingly, he gets offered a lot of weird roles: murderers, rapists, and the like. Clint Eastwood wanted him for "a real psycho guy" in one of the *Dirty Harry* films. He is well beyond the point where he has to take those roles, but even when he won't, he didn't, knowing that you can get stuck just if you get too good at playing people who sinister and walk around with *underhanded*. If he had had more as playing C. Fred Dabbs and Duke, Mantee, he never would have ended up on the *Alamo* Quiver.

We pull off Highway 35 near to Skagit, a cowboy bar. The air conditioner here has been off all day so that the seated audience won't pick up scenery. Everyone is drenched in sweat, and the place now is so oppressively of their increase from the cigarette-smoke-making machine. Extras and some crew are drinking beer around a cooler. They are Harris, who, and say hello. After the way Amy Madigan comes out, Amy is very friendly, unaffected. She is thin but hard, with a cigarette-busy voice and an almost masculine sexuality

that is exciting to watch on screen. She played the woman who has the baby in the radioactive snowflake one falling in *The Day After* and was in Walter Hill's *Shogun of Fire* (the only terrible thing about that movie). She and Harris met in a play in Los Angeles three years ago. This is the second consecutive film they've made together in Texas in which they play adulterous lovers. Louis Male, who has directed his share of famous bedroom scenes, says the motel scene between Harris and Amy is "my least" and laughs. "It was almost like you felt you should leave them alone."

By now Harris has a pretty good beer buzz, and he is standing not far from the cooler, watching as a stranger named Rusty—one of the men who wrote *Alamo*—uses it as a model to caricature Harris's character—mean to teach him to be a better's cheer lead. Not surprisingly, Harris is having a little trouble with the lead. The odd thing is Harris looks more like a redneck shagger than Rusty does. It's a 20-40-40, a slight glancing over of the eyes and all American Harris suddenly looks like *Shane* Pierce—the kind of guy who'd go after a case, earnest, hard-working, Vietnamese rebarb with a sharp-tongued.

"You see him in the middle with these extras," says Louis Male, "and they seem to be the actors, compared to him. It's really interesting, because I tell you, when you put together actors and real people, usually it's a day's work for the actors. They just cannot stand the comparison. Sometimes if a embarrassing I remember I had an actor who was complaining, 'But I don't look real! And I said, 'You don't look real because everybody else is real and you're an actor.' He was very worried, and he had reason to worry. He was a wonderful actor, but I've always had this theory that most actors can only play actors. But the great ones, Spencer Tracy, Jimmy Cagney... I think Ed is in this category. I've been stunned by watching Ed."

**EDWARD YOUNG** IN 1933 AND BUILT IN Tenafly, New Jersey, but the family roots are Oklahoma. His father had come out and became a singer with Ford Wainwright and his sister, the *Edgar Allan Poe* Show. A football star at Tenafly High, Flynn spent two years on a football scholarship at Calhoun, mostly bored. One summer after the family had moved back to Norman, Oklahoma, he saw two plays at the Southern Mountain Theater, *Yanaguchi* and *Alas of La Mancha*. At the time, he thought vaguely that he might want to give that a try.

Not long afterward he found himself one night hanging by his heels off the ledge inside his dormitory. This seemed a decent enough indication of some to propel him to leave Calhoun for Oklahoma to start sewing. Few theatrical careers have had such

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## Harrison's genius is in the bottling. What makes him so exciting is the threat that he might uncork.

inverted beginnings. But in due course he got the part of King Arthur in a production at Candelas at the Jewel Box Theater in Oklahoma City.

He moved to Los Angeles, enrolled at the California Institute of the Arts, got a B.F.A., and appeared in about a dozen plays, among them *The Grapes of Wrath*, *Sweet Bird of Youth*, and *Cowboy Mouth*, in Los Angeles, winning local critics' awards and nationwide critical notices.

None of the characters I've played have been merely weird people," he insists. This is true: In a Pasadena Repertory Theatre production of Tennessee Williams's *Amberson of Earth* (or *The Seven Days of Myrtle*) Harris played a tubercular victim with a fixation on his dead mother. In the last scene of the play he comes down to the parlor, puts on one of his mother's dresses, and dies. It is hard, down here in Texas, with the beer, carrots, cowboy boots, and other superfluities of redneckdom, to picture him raving and whining his way across the parlor in a dress. "I tell ya," he says, "I didn't have one for a year."

To prepare for the role, he'd dropped fifteen pounds, stopped drinking, shaved, and put on a card and peasant diet. His skin peeled and cracked. Half a year later he was still being out of sorts, so when a friend of his produced *A Stranger Named Dave*, Harris grabbed the Knoxville role. "I figured that would be the best thing to do."

He got a number of small guest spots on TV series, then in 1979 auditioned for the role of the (extremely) hot guy in a Brittas Clark Brownson movie called *Bor derline* about film-club shenanigans. Though nervous and uncomfortable in film studios, Harris managed to impress the director that he had "that certain violent sense" (on words), and he got the part.

His change: "Something to do with the way I look. If I'm not smiling, I guess I look not a very friendly person, I guess."

CLARK'S LINGERING OFF-BEATEN IS, IN ONE of those built close-to-the-ground, white-washed, unadorned, clatter-black structures you find off a lot of Texas state highways, audited amidst over the cash register, bawled with taffets, been count-

guy posters about the good old days "when we was cowboys," Merle Haggard and Ricky Skaggs on the jukebox, a capacity of bullfights playing pool, and a wall plaque of different kinds of barbed wire. It had been described to me in the kind of place where they smug up the crystals in the raincoat.

The red long-necked bottles feel good against hands smeared with soles and fish slime and stinging with crab bites. We'd been out shopping all day with Peasant, a local shopper who spent three months looking Harris the business. The tricky part in separating the shrimp from the rest of the stuff that comes up in the acts. There are things in those wiggling piles of rumble-ink—magazines, cutlery, shoe cuts—that don't like to be touched.

One day in the course of shopping Harris smeared shrimp oil over himself, face, neck, body. Then, after work everyone went to the local Alamo Tachi Club for beers. It's not a coat-and tie place exactly, but neither do they encourage guests to wear seafood. One of the yacht club managers was heard commenting afterward, "Some of these movie people are just some."

Harris doesn't like the word "method acting." In fact, he gets impatient at the question and answers it with, "I don't know what that means. Does that mean you massage your part?"

Spending three months separating shrimp from crabs and blue crab may seem fairly methodical, but The Method, pioneered by Lee Strasberg at the Actors Studio, is over thirty years old, a dusty area, and the new talent doesn't want to be hung with the old labels any more than Tim Walle wants to be called a New Journalist, Ronald Reagan a Cold Warrior, or Walter Mondale a New Dealer. (This is the era of new actors, right?) Call it post-method acting. Around the Alamo Bay set they used the word *peasant*. Maybe the man just liked smearing his hands in warm mounds of shrimp.

For his part, He Haggard, a real-life Vietnamese refugee who plays Harris's antagonist and who is acting in his first film, doesn't have any problems with the term. While rehearsing the climactic light scene Harris broke. He is naive.

"I'd a washed actor," says Ho, curling a lip.

"When he gets into a character, he gets into a character," says Philip Kaufman. "During the filming [of *The Dark Shadow*] he and Lance Henriksen [who played Wally Scharf] would go shoot pool at Tasso's, and they'd be calling each other John and Wally. 'Good shot there, Wally.' 'Good shot there, John.'"

To play Clonus, the secretary in *Twelve Five*, Bialisti studied the vocabulary and practiced with it. He also read Michael Herr's classic *Despatches*. But what gave him the key to Clonus, "simple as it sounds, was the way he was having a good time." In the earlier Clonus, having descended into the *Sandwich* revolution, puts on a Hawaiian shirt and with a jaunty grin talks a horrified Nick Nolte. "See you Tuesday!" He appears in only five scenes, but his character in the film the way David did *Apocalypse Now*.

Harris has been working almost two years straight at this point. After *Alamo Bay* he'll go to Paris to shoot Jonathan Safran Foer's *Extremes*, a World War II thriller in which he plays a delirious war veteran like the British and the Norm. The part he's most interested in is the lead role of Lester in *Zone* (Gorey's *Winter of the Purple Sage*). "I love westerns," he says, looking over in the direction of the pool table.

We crack up, and right away two Mexicans named Pete and Jonathan come over and want to play against us. Pete is a short guy, middle-aged, a lot of gold teeth, unapologetic.

Harris breaks with a loud crack that jangles through the Rocky Shaggs. The red ball drops in a corner pocket. He lines up his next shot and bends down to shoot, the right toe of his cowboy boot turned inward. We win five games straight, no great shocks to me.

Male customers, looking like various forms of death, have wandered in out of the heat. At the next table some people are shouting, "Goddamn Vietnamese!"

"Last time I got in an altercation! That was something I had to struggle in myself. I was real drunk, and the body of me and I were driving in the track. We passed some young Marine guys. They yelled out something. We yelled back and gave 'em the finger. I pulled over to the curb and drugs took off from there. It was the first time I ever hit anybody with a cheap shot, you might say." He grins. "Which didn't do as much damage as it should have."

A young woman comes over to our table, sits down, leans in close to Harris, and says almost in a whisper, "Can I have your autograph?"

There's a pause. He looks in the night shadows rather his way out of it. In *King of the Hill* there's a wrenching scene where a little boy asks King Kelly to sign his photo and he refuses. The boy's boy goes away crushed. At the end of the film, just

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In the mid-Seventies the jazz world was coming apart at the seams. Musicians at the peak of their powers—saxists like Miles Davis and Johnny Griffin—were turning to rock images of heroes, with the jazz crowd quickly moving further from the audience, in search of new and different sounds. Growing up in New Orleans, teenage trumpeter Wynton Marsalis looked around the role models, he found none, and it made him angry. Now, at the age of twenty-three, through rigorous classical training and a commitment to the great traditions of jazz, Marsalis has become a role model himself. And he's ready to get better.

# Top Brass

Wynton Marsalis blows hot and cool

by Frank Conroy

## YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN

It's crowded in the dimly lit lobby of Carnegie Hall. People are queuing up twenty deep at the ticket windows, others mob up the steps from Fifty-seventh Street, rail around, clack back and forth. Wynton Marsalis stands near the control door. He wears a long, black acrobatic topcoat. As he moves his head the light flashes off the gold bridge of his circular eyeglasses. I can see the tickets in his hand.

We climb to the first balcony and take our seats. It looks like a full house, and Marsalis is pleased. We've come to see Maurice Andre, the Houston trumpet and concert virtuoso, perform with the Houston Symphony Orchestra. Andre is an important figure to Marsalis, not least because Andre has described him as "patronizing the greatest interpreter of all time." Wynton leans forward in Andre—a relaxed, vaguely unkempt, gray-haired man—comes onstage. The orchestra begins Shostakovich's late-eighteenth-century Trumpet Concerto. As Andre stands with his horn at the ready, waiting for his entrance, Marsalis whispers, "breathe all the stuff going through his mind right now."

Indeed, there is tension in the air. Not just because the soloist is about to begin, but because of properties inherent in the instrument he will play. The trumpet is a difficult instrument, easy enough to play badly, simply making opportunistic notes over a couple of octaves, with occasional violence, as in marching bands, but to play well, to control the shape and timbre of the tone, to control the dynamics, to play on pitch, to control the beginning and end of each note, and most particularly to use the full range of the instrument—all this is difficult, to say the least. Every instrument becomes harder to play as the player attempts to extend his control, but with the trumpet, it happens early on. At any moment even an experienced player can

FRANK CONROY is the author of *Stop-Time* and is currently completing a collection of stories. He and his teaching assistant discuss the story

BORN OF PLENTS  
MARSHALL LERBERGENT  
LEFT BALK AND JAZZ



PHOTOGRAPH BY MARIO TESTA

punch his lips, depress a valve, blow, and get a split tone, or to blow it all in empty lines of air as if blown on a reed near silence. Mouths condense, valves jerk and click, timing slides don't slide—things can go wrong. And should any of these mishaps occur during a performance, there is no place to hide. This usual trumpet maker is by no means, notably so front, notably exposed. It is not an instrument for the fainthearted.

André plays the Hummel smoothly. Marsalis knows every note, having recorded the piece himself for Columbia Records, and music's least, crisp gestures in the air with his hands at the tempo changes. His pleasure in the music is obvious. At the end of the last movement he stands to applaud. André lowers the stage.

We learn to a symphony by Phil Cooper, a contemporary American composer. Marsalis is attentive but not involved. "See stuff," he says. "Why doesn't he use rhythm? Look at all those guys in the language! Standing around." He does not point out that one of the attributes of baroque music is the fact that it swings.

André returns to play Albinia's Trumpet Concerto in D minor. "This piece is hard, man," Marsalis says. "It's a bitch." But André seems as even better than Marsalis and handles the most difficult passages with grace. Somewhere in the middle of the inflection section Marsalis whispers in my ear. "In let's when you start getting tired. All those long notes." But of André's hand, I can't hear it. He finishes to strike a trumpet. "Man, man," Marsalis shakes his head in admiration. "Old Marsalis."

The audience calls André back from the wings several times, and finally he brings out his horn and the hall falls still. "Blow," he calls out at a clear, French accent, "from the French Renaissance." He raises the instrument to his lips, plays a few bars, and suddenly stops again and he stops. The horn has held, presumably flustered, he dashes offstage for a while, while, comes back and plays his short concert.

During intermission the assistant manager of the hall had found us at our seats and advised Marsalis that André was never that man in the audience, and that if Marsalis would like to go backstage after the concert the assistant manager would be pleased to escort us. We move now through various side halls, down stairs, through doors, up stairs, and enter in the wings. Marsalis is recognized by various members of the Houston Symphony who offer compliments on his recent Grammy awards (Best Classical Recording and Best Jazz Recording in the same year—a first), and by several other people who ask for his autograph, which he cheerfully gives. When he finally reaches a member of the horn section just coming offstage where David is, Marsalis went to

the Juillard School with David, a tuba player. "Hi and me," Marsalis will say, "were always the best ones in the practice room. One A, man, we in there playing." David serves, a healthy, not-bleeding young man, and looks into a mirror. They tell on each other, pound each other's backs, laugh, and talk like a while. But the assistant manager attends. "Wynona," David says in jesting, "help come what you're doing." His tone is serious now. "It's beautiful. Keep on."

The school's dressing room is crowded. Some speak French and some English. André greets Marsalis with open arms and a flood of French, none of which Marsalis understands except the intent. "Tell him," Marsalis begins, and I am kept busy translating. The question of the horn that failed during the concert. (A bad note.) Marsalis's light to André with regard to learning how to approach Albinia. André's admiration for Marsalis's Haydn recording. Some photographers arrive in and take pictures of the two men. The musicians are in a cheerful mood and do not mind talking one of André's trumpets between them. Barbara finds.

Before he leaves, Marsalis makes a point of saying a word or two to the members of the Houston horn section. Some photographs of the men. He finds that he is in and there at the concert. He compliments the lead trumpet player, touching his arm at a friendly gesture. Even as he gives compliments he is reaching them. Marsalis and music lovers shoot recognition toward him from behind and downways, from the backstage stairs as he passes by. He gives a last few autographs at the rear door and accepts an open invitation from the assistant manager to attend any concert at any time as a guest of the house, and we make through and are out on the street. Marsalis stops along in a brief clip. "I'm hungry," he says. "Let's go someplace and eat." He is twenty-three years old.

#### AGAINST THE CURRENT

IN THE CAR LEAVING INTERMISSION we begin to talk jazz—a fast exchange of names, important recordings, influences, hip bebop lines (Wynona is an excellent sent singer), jazz-jazz-jazz, and soon. In an odd way, not setting Marsalis speaks a particularly rich polyglot. Like many other young black artists and intellectuals, he mixes a use his contemporary street slang, hip slang, ordinary American, professional vernacular, southern accents, and then performance, and whatever else he needs. His speech is unselfconscious, spontaneous, quick, intelligent, and virtually impossible to misread in the piece.

In the restaurant Wynona orders food equal with Marsalis. Over rice, and a glass of orange juice. His taste for seafood is perhaps related to his childhood in New

Orleans. (Giles Marsalis, Wynona's father, is one of the best jazz trumpets in Louisiana.) He values his past performance as if aware that it might be of interest to others but isn't to him.

His father was clever, he says, and simply left the very best jazz records around the house for him and his brothers to play or not. He didn't push. Wynona began a group study of the trumpet at the age of twelve. His high school teacher was an important influence. He learned to practice and apply music. "The teachers he met on the street, man. Standing around being cool, hats in fakes. 'We cool, we heavy dudes. Let's go home to home. Let's go make somebody.' Incredibly stupid shit, man. I say no, and go off and practice."

During high school he passed a head with his older brother Brandon, a fine, solid saxophone player, and played with just as whatever was necessary to get gigs. At fourteen, he performed the Haydn Trumpet Concerto with the New Orleans Philharmonic, at sixteen, the Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 in F Major. Freshman year, he wanted to play both classical and jazz. Final jazz, which is to say modern jazz from bebop roots, was an art music—his father's domain—in adult music for an adult audience. To be approached carefully. (Practice good music. By the age of seventeen Wynona had developed remarkable technical proficiency and was rewarded with several scholarships, first to the Berkman Music Center and then to Juillard.)

He orders another orange juice. "I don't know much about jazz. I just wanted to get to New York." He left home and began to study music—both classical and jazz—while continuing to practice his instrument. He worked hard. His roommate felt a while was too much. Alana Tate, and in the Marsalis was today. Tate is older, knowledgeable in both genres, cultured, even tempered, and intellectually generous—a perfect counterpoint to the raw, passionate, committed Marsalis. In full session that went on till all hours of the night Tate would attempt to deal with Marsalis's anger at what he thought was happening to jazz, his anger at looking for honors and not finding them.

Here at the restaurant, five years later, it is clear that Marsalis continues to feel strongly about the old and in the Seventh Avenue. Evidences of great jazz players changing larger and younger audiences.

"It's upside down," he says. "It's backwards. They're passing to a bunch of kids, who are in their first years of college, and they're not even in the first year of college. Who just went party around? What am I going to know? The kids should be learning from the older ones, right?"

For Marsalis, jazz is art, and art is to be revised and revised. Over time, and day-by-day to meet the challenge. To do otherwise is to give out, to be sucked down



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into the pagentry of mass taste. It's a familiar position, a cliché even, but Marsalis doesn't care. He means it.

At the Grammy awards Wynton played the blues, which has gained him an international reputation, and a particularly demanding jazz role. He made a few brief remarks indicating his belief that jazz is music with great traditions and a sort of built-in protection against commercialism and bad taste. To name this smelch of clichés. It also suggested that although the music was produced in America, it was not. On the scene, popstar Quincy Jones, who was once an important force in jazz, and of whom much was once expected, accepted several awards for his work producing for Michael Jackson. Herbie Hancock—one of the best jazz pianists of his generation—was dismissed as the stage in a glib rock-star outfit, a strange electric-piano-over-saxophone piano hanging around his neck, playing the funk music for which he and his group had won an award. "I'm proud of this record, but anything that's happened to me in twenty-five years in the business," he said. If Marsalis did not respect these older jazzmen, he would not be angry with them. Indeed, his anger is a function of his respect.

"Listen," he says. "I've got every respect for Miles Davis, but I know what Miles did, how great he was. But then, man..." he shakes his head. "He wanted the kids and he came down to all that electric shit."

Marsalis knows there are people around who don't like to hear a young player talk this way. One hears the following sort of argument: Columbia Records picked Marsalis for a major push and made a large investment in him, at the expense of other young talent. Marsalis achieved financial security almost immediately and someone associates to the financial pressures experienced by everyone else, most particularly the great players of the generation before him. The charge is made that he has not paid his dues. Especially in black jazz circles, connections are drawn between the purity of a man's music and the degree of pain he has experienced. Marsalis can answer that it was not all peaches and cream at Columbia, that they signed him to play funk and he had to fight every step of the way to be allowed to play jazz. It takes classes! Before he became a great musician a single individual within the company had supported him, and everyone else had been indifferent, according to Marsalis. As for dues, he feels he paid significantly in the practice room for half his lifetime, and he can now make a living with his horns, so much the better.

"I like to look sometimes," he says. "It's fun, sometimes. Hell, I listen to Michael Jackson, sometimes." He shrugs. For a moment he is young, making a confession, as a young man might admit to a certain holdover lacrosse in a race bowl of

Count Chocula in the morning. "I listen to rock, but it's hard to watch most of it." He leans forward, across a table. "They can take eating with anyone." He orders yet another orange juice. "Hey, you remember that Clifford Brown kid? Talk about erosion." He grins as my wrist and begins to sign aut.

#### JAMMING AT WYNTON'S

MARSALIS HAS BOUGHT A SMALL, NINETEENTH-CENTURY TOWNHOUSE IN MANHATTAN, in the Chelsea neighborhood, in Brooklyn, near the Manhattan Bridge. His brother Branford lives in the apartment above his own. Every morning he answers the door and takes his mail. "No letters yet," he explains. "They just finished the remodeling." The front room has a mattress on the floor, a single folding chair, and a tape player. A brand new Yamaha baby grand piano occupies the next room, with stacks of music books and three, half a dozen art jobs against the wall. In the back there is an open area with a window looking out onto a narrow street, and a tiny kitchenette to the side. Marsalis is dressed in Adidas sneakers, running pants, and a T-shirt. He has made himself a breakfast of English muffins, eggs, and cheese. He looks essentially like the young man. "I wanted this up. Did it do it right?" But he sits with relief, standing up. "I moved five times

since I came to New York. Started upstairs and worked my way down." It is an elegant space, everything in order, lots of light, shiny wood floors. A dining pad, I can't help thinking, for a single young man—and yet sensible also in terms of space, upkeep, and the lack of any neighbor on the other side of the street, since the house is at the end of a block. Trumpet players have to worry about neighbors.

Marsalis goes into the kitchen, and I sit down at the piano and start looking around. He emerges after a few minutes, smiling. "Sounds good. These elements are top. He sits next to me on the bench and plays bass lines while I run through the blues. Immediately there is a sense of energy, of energy propelling his notes.

"Let me show you some stuff," he says, and I move to the end of the bench to get into room. "My notes, some stuff I'm working on." Wynton is not a performance pianist, but he can play more than will enough to explore, as it were, the music he has written for just guitar. He plays with concentration, making sure to get the voicings right. "Now, in here, *pong!*" That's a harmonic for the blues player. *Pong!* Right there."

His chords have a modern sound, but even more modern is their movement. He gets outdoors, and he moves in unexpected and yet perfectly logical places. His harmonies are sophisticated, and I sink him

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if he learned the mathematical part at Luther. "Mostly in the practice room," he says. "In there with tapes of Miles. Traps all the different groups. I just worked on the chords, you. Play it over and over till I get it. You know, like I hear something and think, 'What the hell is that?' and keep on it till I get it. It's in totally logical. Everything is connected."

"When you're writing a tune," I ask, "where do you start? With the chords?" "No, no. The lines. The lines, and I don't worry about the chords. They'll take care of themselves. He plays, and then the piano man will be getting up to move it. I slide over and try to play some of the chord patterns he's just shown me, without much success. After a while I switch into the key of B flat and start improvising on the old-fashioned changes of 'I've Got Rhythm.' Suddenly I hear Marsalis on the trumpet, getting louder as he comes in from the other room playing straight-ahead bebop in the style, more or less, of the late Clifford Brown. Marsalis is going on like mad, but it's thrilling. He moves from eighth notes into sixteenth-note lines twice as fast without effort, making elegant constructions of chaos by choice. And no matter what the speed, all the notes are fully formed and ready on pitch.

We put the ball on base, plays Monk failed, but my heart isn't in it. I feel like a child who has the skills to ride a pony but has been mistakenly steered on blue steeple.

Once he starts, Marsalis can't help himself—he moves from one level to the next because his improvisation leads him there, up to where the air is thick and the light is pure. Since I can't follow, I end up looking like I'm playing at the bottom of a swimming pool. We go back into the front room. He laughs at me.

"Don't mind if I walk around while we talk," he says. "I even practice like this." He moves back and forth across the gleaming floor while I sit on the folding chair. His body is compact, well proportioned, and like I notice for the first time how small his hands are. He is an attractive man—a round face, strong eyes, complexion somewhere between cinnamon and oak as he seems to inflate his features and a sense of mild, broad-based general. He is, he says, but it feels careful, not at all crumb—a controlled enthusiasm.

We talk, and he plays bits of music every now and then. Pat Martino. His fingers fly over the notes. "Miles got a lot from Martino," he says. "This is Papa's Gumbo Arrogant"—he does it a couple of times. "Papa was the best ever, you know. Absolutely the best." As we talk about other trumpet players it occurs to me that Marsalis has the perfect personality for the instrument—self-confident, open, trusting, both shyly aggressive, and warm. Miles Davis is the greatest player of the Miles Davis era, and, by default, of the Seventies, and his contribution involves much more

than simply playing the trumpet, but at the same time his marshallism, his insistence of it but the middle register, his sheer swing and tenacious tenacity (for more than twenty years) to turn his back to the audience, his coolness, his shyness—it all seems to suggest a personality perfectly suited for the horn. Marsalis has a long way to go as a player reaching the artistic level of Davis, but somehow he seems more of a trumpet player. He wants to take on the whole instrument, its entire range, discover everything it can do, and apply it to both jazz and classical.

"There's a harder," Marsalis says. "You don't know what you're going to have to do for him after whatever it is you're doing." High jazz improvisation demands much more than technique. "My problem is sometimes I'll just be playing. He stops and looks over to make sure I've understood. 'I got carried, and I'll just be playing.' He twiddles the middle fingers of his right hand in a gesture to dismiss emotions. 'Most people can't hear it. They like velocity.' They like it to be fast."

I ask him if adverse criticism hurts. "No, it's cool," he says. "Cats hear me, they say. Oh, he got that from Brewster." He is trying to sound like Miles, or Dave (Dave's), or whatever. "He looks at his team. 'You are trying to sound like somebody else. I'm trying to sound like me.'"

Without taking anything away from his extraordinary musical and technical achievements, it was inevitable that someone like Marsalis would emerge. Miles Davis's cool marshallism has had its run, and Marsalis's hot classroom room is a return to the full use of the trumpet as jazz and perhaps even a challenge to the saxophone, which has been the dominant instrument since Charlie Parker. What could not have been indicated in the extent to which his past experience has prepared him for a fresh interpretation of the classical repertoire. At the age of twenty-three, Marsalis is a complete musician, eager to press forward in both directions. He represents a new generation of American players who are moving jazz after more than a decade of stonewall.

#### NEW SOUNDS, OLD FORMS

IN HIS JAZZ RECORDED BY PAT, MARSAIS has not seemed to be reaching for an easily recognizable personal style, as did Bernard Paganini, Chet Baker, Miles Davis, Clark Gable, and others. Instead, he seems to draw from a repertoire of styles to expand, his style will emerge fully only when he has reached the limits of the instrument. For some listeners, that is a large part of the excitement about Wynton Marsalis. "Everybody should just leave him alone and let him get there," says A. B. Spillane, the jazz historian. "It's the best thing that's happened in a long, long time."



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**Observations** Few actors today can avoid being famous, after all, because they find themselves playing the same sort of role over and over. It is exactly the opposite that has earned Meryl Streep practically unanimous acclaim throughout her career. She has had both the courage to take on a wide range of roles and the talent to deliver, in each case, a striking and honest performance.

# Streep

She could have succeeded on beauty alone, but her astonishing versatility has brought her audience to its feet

by Bob Greene

Greene is the author of *Americana* (Doubt Company Books)

We walked down West Fifty-seventh Street in Manhattan. We passed beneath the marquee above the main entrance to Carnegie Hall. "The problem with walking a baby in New York City is that the strollers are at exactly the height of the cobblestones on the curbs," said Meryl Streep.

She did not leave either of her two children with her on the afternoon. We made our way through the sidewalk crowds; we saw an ice-cream parlor and stopped inside.

We each ordered a chocolate soda with vanilla ice cream. I latched them from the man behind the counter; we sat on stools near the store's front window.

Streep's performance was coming more of a role inside the ice-cream shop than it had on the street. Out there the New Yorkers were all at each self-absorbed hurries, were so reluctant to make eye contact with their fellow pedestrians, that only a few people had noticed Streep among them. In the ice-cream store, though, the patron had relinquished their customary defenses for long enough to look across the room and realize who was here.

They began to approach her for autographs. She stopped, each time putting down her orange-and-white

The shadow of her smile: Meryl Streep's choice of being Arvins contributed to her.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY MAYER

power cap so that she could sit on another cushion. At one point, as she was picking up the cap again, it tipped over, and she spilled part of the soda on her bare left arm.

I got up to put some napkins from the dispenser on the counter. When I came back, there were more people waiting to talk to Streep. Her arm was wet with it. As they spoke to her and stared at her, it struck me that there was quite a bit of deference in the air. The people were not reacting to her as they might, to this poor's most famous actress, or most notorious star. Most with their curiosity was almost palpable. A feeling of respect, if these people could believe heaven, what they would be giving Streep at this moment was not an Oscar or an Emmy, but some sort of Lifetime Achievement Award. They reacted to her as they might react to, say, Katherine Hepburn, and as I looked at Streep's little bit by the way coming through the window, I found it worth thinking about that she was only thirty-five years old.

"My mother and father always thought I was great," Streep said. We were sitting in an office in Rockefeller Manhattan, a place that belonged to one of Streep's business associates. The business associate had said that Streep could borrow the office for the afternoon, now we were alone.

"My parents thought I was just fine," Streep said. "My Aunt Jane, though Aunt Jane, I think, has only come to like me in my older years. She tells me that I was a terrible-looking little kid, and better looking."

Streep said. I had read references to her ugly-childhood, she always seemed to make light of it. I said that surely it could have been very funny to look back then. Looking good is important to little girls.

"Yes, it's very important for little girls," she said. "It's very important for grown-up women, too, especially if they're in the movies. There aren't as many roles for a female Spencer Tracy, if you know what I mean."

I told her also that Streep had blossomed during high school, that she had become a cheerleader and, eventually, homecoming queen.

"I think that came from an acting instinct," she said. "My first successful characteristic is what I devised for myself in high school. I had out my clothes for the week every Sunday so that I wouldn't report. That sounds pretty odd and obsessive, but that's what I did."

On the wall of the office was a framed copy of *Time* magazine, dated September 7, 1981. On the cover of the magazine was a color photograph of Streep, the actress smiling with the redoubt of her previous *The French Lieutenant's Woman*. The cover line was MAGGIE REEVE.

I looked over at the cover. "That's really

an American icon," I said. Streep seemed uncomfortable. "It's just a role," she said. "No," I said, "it really is sort of an important part of America."

Streep was striking her head. "It's the history," she said. "The photograph was very well lit."

"I'm not talking about the picture itself," I said. "I'm talking about being on the cover of *Time* magazine."

Now she was blushing, still shaking her head. "Everybody's on the cover of *Time*," she said.

"Everybody's on the cover of *Time*?" I said.

It was clear that she would rather have been talking about something else. "I didn't mean it that way," she said. "What I meant is that they have like two covers a year that they have to fill, and they've got to have somebody on the cover every week. When it happened to me, I didn't feel anything. But my next-door neighbor had his picture on the cover of *The New York Times Magazine*. It was an article about working women. The cover showed her leaving her child goodbye as she headed for work. That was impressive to me. It made me feel that I knew someone better. When something like that happens to me... I don't know, it has no impact."

Every superlative, of course, has been used to describe Streep's acting skill. Her theatrical biography is known by virtually every race and woman who wants to become an actor. Born in suburban New Jersey, College at Vassar, where acting coaches began to notice her remarkable gift. Membership in a small regional company in Vermont, then three years at the Yale School of Drama, where the praise for her work arose.

Stage work in New York, more plaudits. Then a string of movie roles that transformed her into the most admired actress of her generation. *The Iron Horse*, *Misadventure*, *The Seduction of Joe Bonaville*, *As Women Men*, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, *Soylent Green*, *Schoolhouse Two Academy Awards*, and an Emmy for her performance in the television miniseries *Holocaust*. And with every acting assignment, a recognition on the part of the public that she was doing things the hard way; that she was choosing unconventional parts, parts that were not guaranteed to automatically please everyone who had seen her last movie. Streep was developing a reputation for unpredictability in what she was willing to try; it was unpredictability of a person willing to continually test her limits.

Now, as this afternoon, she had recently completed filming a new movie, called *Pauline at the Beach*, in which she starred with Robert De Niro. In a few days she would be leaving for London, where another movie

project was waiting.

"The picture is driving me crazy," she said. "Wet shoes, summer shoes, mod-licious, toys, books..."

Her husband, Don Gummer, a sculptor, and her two young children, Henry and Mary Mills, could be accompanying her on the trip to England. "I feel like Coach Lindsey Lohan," she said. "The unsettling situation."

I asked her if her current success was due to a combination of some long-hidden childhood dreams. "It never occurred to me that I might be a movie star," she said. "I looked at television, and there were the Mouseketeers grinning bosoms, and they were all so pretty. And there was Sandra Dee, and she was what a housewife was supposed to be. I watched all of this, but I never wanted to be inside the box. I say 'the box' because what I usually did was watch TV. I didn't go to movies very much. Still don't."

"As a matter of fact, when I was little I never let myself hope for very much, at all. I never let myself hope for anything, but I didn't hope for much, then I wouldn't be disappointed when I didn't get it."

I remember high school, walking onto the stage when you took the SAT tests. What I remember thinking is that you get three hundred points just for writing your name on the test. I have no idea whether that's true or not, but that was the rumor at our high school. So I thought to myself, 'At least I'll make a three hundred.' It turned out that I did okay on the SATs. But my attitude was 'Who cares. It doesn't matter.' The same with people. 'If they like me, fine. If not, that's fine, too.'"

I said that I had a stupid question. How hard was it to remember lines? After all the years of reciting the sounds of actors and actresses in the movies and on television, I still couldn't figure out how they managed to memorize all of those words that someone else had written. Was there a trick to it?

"Two weeks ago, I was in London for a brief visit, and it turned out that my mother was in London, too," Streep said. "She was staying at a hotel. She gave me her phone number, and I wrote it down on the pad at the hotel where I was staying."

"Yesterday I wanted to call my mother. And I thought of that pad in that hotel room...and I remembered the number. It's a part of what a memory I have, and it's what got me through college."

"I've always felt a little guilty about being able to do this. I'd read a script two or three times, and I'd have my lines. The others were staying up at night studying their scripts. It's nothing I felt particularly good about, though. It's sort of like when you're in Yale, and they would put the cart into for all of the plays. I was always worried when the lists went up. Not because I was afraid I wasn't going to be on



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them. I was worried that I was going to be cast in the lead again. I was worried about how the rest of the class would feel about this."

I said that surely these kinds of emotions must be mixed with a fierce sense of pride in herself.

"You know what makes me proud of myself?" she said. "The point of myself when all of these things are not next to each other. If I make a big step, it's only one step. It's like the string of beads in a necklace. One stone may not be as interesting as the next, but the whole necklace is a good necklace."

She said this but glad to be in work in sports—do two or three movies at a time, then take a year or so off to be with her family, then do some more movies. She said she can never be sure how long she will be valuable to movie producers. One of these days, she said, she may wake up to find that she is too old to command the kinds of roles she is offered now.

"To go being to sort of, maybe, relieved at that point," she said. "Making movies is hard work. The theater is something I like better. And it's more welcoming to women."

"There's something about movies that I love, though. Making movies is sort of like exercise for my imagination. I turn ideas into very easily. I love the family kind of interaction that comes when you're working on a movie."

"Being a housewife and a mother is much more difficult, though. To be a good housewife and mother, you have to be more self-generated. You have to create your own playground of the imagination and the mind. To be a really good, creative mother you have to be an extraordinary woman. You have to have yourself involved with your child almost all the time of the day when it's just the two of you and you feel that at any moment you may literally go out of your mind."

"No lucky, because I get to go on sports. I do great chunks of work, and then I can concentrate on being a mother. The work of electricity is always there when you're raising a movie; you sit down at a script conference, and it's easier to feel that you're participating because it's not just you. Other people pick up the slack. It's not like that when you're a mother, and that's what's so impressive about good mothers."

I asked her how the concept of artifice fit into all of that. Did she consider herself to be an ambitious person?

"It's changing, the idea of what you're supposed to be," she said. "You're supposed to have teeth and nails now. In part of what, really? There was a time when I was bewildered that other people perceived me as incredibly ambitious. I asserted the fact that I was thought of as being self-effacing or shy because I had said that a lot of what had happened to me had

happened because of luck.

"I would hear from friends that 'So-and-so has this real thing about you—you're the person that she's got to get this part or that part.' And I would find it hard to believe that people would spend so much time worrying about the course of someone else's career."

"I think you can only be as good as the task at hand. If I had a line like Peter Jacques', it will be very good. But it will only be as good as Peter Jacques' can be. Does that make sense?"

"My whole attitude is that whatever the task at hand is, as long as I'm doing it, then I might as well try to do it better. If you're mending the floor, at some point the question is going to come up: Do you go in the corners or not? I'm the kind of person who wants the floor clean. The corners, too. It's not a perfectionist thing."

"What is it?" I said.

"I guess it's an insistence with being half-arsed," she said.

I asked her about being lonely. How much did she like it?

"I have a friend who has a son, and the son wants to be a rock 'n' roll star," she said. "He doesn't want to play well. He doesn't want to compose music. He just wants to be a famous rock star."

"I think there's a lot of this out there. People who have no interest in doing anything well—they just want to be famous. And I think, well, they should just spend two weeks with someone who's famous."

"I like some aspects of it. I like the aspects that make New York seem like a small town. Strangers smile at you."

"But I don't like what it does to someone who's with me, and who's not famous. If a person is the point where I prefer being with someone who is famous, because it takes the weight off my shoulders. If I'm walking down the street with someone I know, and I'm stopped five times by people who recognize me, I can't help a little corner of my heart cradling for the other person."

"With my children, they're paying enough that they don't realize what my situation is yet. They're growing up thinking that New York is an incredibly friendly place. Everyone says hello and smiles. I don't know what it's going to be like when they're old enough to understand."

I asked her if she ever walked into a movie theater where one of her films was showing, took a seat at the back of the house, and watched the show along with the other paying customers.

"No," she said.

"Never?" I said.

"Never," she said. "The first time I watched one of my movies with any audience at all was Sophie's Choice, and that was a benefit arranged by my studio."

"But by a ticket and walk into a theater?" I could never do that. If you do that, you really lay yourself open. What if the

people laugh at the serious part? What if they snore during the part that's supposed to be funny? I don't know why you'd want to be there to be laughed by that."

"I'll tell you something, though. We don't have HBO on our TV at home, but the HBO movies show up on the screen all accumulated. One night Sophie's Choice came on, I could hear it, but I couldn't see it. And I sat there for twenty minutes, and I looked at it—all scrambled and blurry, with little corners of the movie showing up on the screen."

"We had just bought a video camera to record the kids growing up. Home movies. And it occurred to me as I was watching the scrambled-up Sophie's Choice—you know, I have my own home movies. They're my real movies. When other people see them, they may see the plot and the scenery and the actors. When I see them, I just see something else. I'm watching a different movie. I see them and I think about the place where I lived when we were filming the movie, and where we ate, and the arguments we had about different scenes."

"That's what I was thinking about when I was watching the jumbled-up Sophie's Choice. I have my own home movies, but everyone else gets to see them. They're reminders of my life, and they're right out there."

WE BOKE THROUGH THE LATE-AFTERNOON downtown traffic. Streep had an appointment with Sydney Pollack, the director, they were supposed to talk about a future movie project. If Streep agreed to do it, she would begin to work on it immediately after the movie in London was completed.

"Do you ever wish that any of this was any different?" I said.

"Well, I think about my children," she said. "When I was a little kid, I was the star in my household. That's how it should be for all little kids. When you're a little kid, you should be the light of the house."

"And in your heart?" I said.

"Sometimes, in my situation, it gets a little difficult," she said.

"Did you ever think about moving to a smaller town?" I said. "Just to get away from the New York City atmosphere?"

"I've thought about it," she said. "But I don't know if I'll ever do it."

"Does it appeal to you?" I said.

"I suppose, but you never know what's going to happen," she said. "I mean, a small town sounds great for children. But then you have ideas about that cars up and down the streets at 250 miles an hour in those small towns. I know. I was in that car when I was growing up. And I didn't say anything. I could have said, 'Mom, turn the engine off. I'm scared.' I want to go home. But I didn't say a word."

"I guess that's how it is, isn't it? You're scared to death and you don't say a thing?"

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# Politics & Law

1984 Register

## Champions of the People

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Most of those honored in this category fit that description. They are the spokespeople who argue the principles that will form the national interest for decades to come. They are not just cool copies of JFK, perhaps the last politician to mobilize the masses. Rather, they are individualistic, tough-minded, outspoken champions of the movements they stand for. Their impassioned voices can be heard arguing the cases of midwestern farmers, Hispanics, Women, Unwed mothers, Blacks, Alaskan Natives. The ever-squeezed middle class. Despite their different claims, they share values of humanity and community forged since the turbulent days of the Sixties, when all American institutions were subjected to critical reexamination. Whatever their avowed cause, they march to the drum of determined activism.

At a time when this society is lawyer-rich and rampantly litigious, these men and women work for justice pure and simple. Many have left more lucrative partnerships or declined the allure of higher office.

We do not claim to have a future President here, nor can we divine whether one constituency will prevail over another. What we have are the main ingredients of our present and future political stew. With time, some will sift out and others will flavor America for generations. Elections, court decisions, legislation will be decided by how well these advocates represent their claims. And how staunchly they maintain the integrity of their positions. Time will tell all that.

The men and women honored here are the keepers of our destiny.



### HONOREES

#### Elliott Abrams

**Asst. secretary of State**  
Washington, D.C.  
Born January 24, 1944

Abrams is one of the cadre of talented young neoconservatives in Washington. He was appointed assistant secretary of State for the Bureau of International Organization Affairs in May 1984, and in December of that year was made assistant secretary of State for Human Rights and Humanitarian Affairs. In 1975, Abrams came to the Senate as assistant counsel to the Senate Permanent Committee on Investigations. He was soon named special counsel to Senator Henry M. Jackson and later worked for Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan. In 1980 Abrams switched his allegiance from the Democratic to the Republican party. (See page 196.)

# Forward Thinking

## At last, a family car with the true instincts of a driver's car.

When we developed Ford Tempo, we didn't forget your family's need for room, comfort and trunk space. But since we don't think of it as a family car but as a driver's car, we added some special refinements. One of which is Tempo's advanced aerodynamic shape.

### **Round vs. Square.**

A round object, of course, is much more aerodynamic than something square-shaped. And that's why Ford Tempo's lines are rounded rather than squared off. This kind of forward thinking results in a distinctive design. And just as

importantly, it results in a functional shape that actually reduces lift for improved directional control and stability. In short, Tempo's shape improves the way it drives. Which brings us to the next paragraph which deals with handling.



### **Excited reflexes.**

As you'd logically expect from a forward thinking car, Tempo offers front-

wheel drive traction. It also offers four-wheel independent suspension, all-season radial tires and precise rack and pinion steering. And what that results in is a stable, smooth riding car that helps the driver handle the idiosyncracies of a winding road. Good news for the driver. And the passenger.

### **Forward thinking under the hood.**

Tempo is powered by a specially



developed 2500 HFC (High Speed Combustion) engine. And to keep Tempo's thinking current, we've added Electronic Fuel Injection this year. A forward thinking 3.0 liter diesel engine is available. And the optimum operating efficiency of your Tempo will be maintained by the EEC-IV Computer, a state-of-the-art microprocessor engine control system.

**State-of-the-art thinking for five.**

The end result is a five-passenger, state-of-the-art family car that thinks and acts like a driver's car. Any car that offers you less, is back worth its comparison.

**Quality is Job 1.**

Quality is job 1. This isn't just a phrase. It's a commitment to actual quality which begins with the design and engineering of our cars and continues through the life of the product. And the commitment continues for 1985. Ford is determined to build the finest cars in the world.

### **Ford Dealer Lifetime Service Guarantee.**

As part of Ford Motor Company's commitment to your total satisfaction, participating Ford Dealers stand behind their work, in writing, with a Lifetime Service Guarantee. No other car companies, dealers, foreign or domestic, offer this kind of security. Nobody but your participating Ford Dealer for details.

Have you driven a Ford...lately?



# Ford Tempo. The forward thinking car.

## Janet Benshoof

**Attorney**  
New York, New York  
Born May 10, 1947

Benshoof is one of the country's foremost attorneys in the field of reproductive rights and privacy law, issues that include abortion rights, sterilization, and contraception. As director of the Reproductive Freedom Project of the American Civil Liberties Union Foundation, Benshoof wrote the legal brief that convinced the Supreme Court in 1983 to strike down an Alton city ordinance that restricted abortions. She also argued the case that successfully challenged the Roman Catholic Church's "spiral rule," the law requiring doctors and clinics to inform the parents of any child parent to whom they give any means of birth control. Born and raised in Minnesota, Benshoof graduated from the University of Minnesota in 1969 and from Harvard Law School in 1972. "Janet has the ability to bring a very broad range of people together," says Sylvia A. Law, professor of law at New York University and a lecturer fellow. "She gets terrific work out of people; they just seem to develop their own strengths. And she has a terrific way, black sense of humor, which in this field is very special."

## City planner

### Paul C. Brophy

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania  
Born May 21, 1945

Brophy has played an exceptional role in the restoration of neighborhoods in what used to be "one of the country's blighted cities," as San Francisco housing chief Bill Minz puts it. By making creative use of public lands for home-improvement loans and mortgages, Brophy gained the confidence of private lending institutions in the city. Brophy's major program has been Renaissance II, a \$2-billion project financed jointly by public and private enterprises, the purpose of which is to save both the city's residential neighborhoods and its central business district. "Paul is one of the most innovative housing programs in any of the major cities," says Dr. Roger Ablerwitz, associate provost of the University of Pittsburgh and a former city assistant secretary of HUD. A native of Pennsylvania, Brophy has a B.A. in economics from LaSalle College in Philadelphia and a master's in city planning from the University of Pennsylvania. He became director of Pittsburgh's Department of Housing in 1977. Four years later he was made executive of the city's Urban Redevelopment Authority.

## Public-opinion analyst

### Patrick H. Caddell

Washington, D.C.  
Born May 18, 1950

Caddell grew up mostly in South Carolina and Florida and found his calling as a political and public-opinion consultant at the age of sixteen. By 1978 his analytic skills had brought him to the position of his position, which, at age twenty-one, he became the only non-German admitted to President Jimmy Carter's inner circle. In 1983 he masterminded the "new wave" theme that proved so effective in Gary Hart's presidential campaign. Caddell's uncanny sense of the ebb and flow of American attitudes is reflected in the current breadth of his consulting firms, whose glittering roster of recent clients includes Governor Mario Cuomo of New York and senators Chris Dodd of Connecticut and Joe Biden of Delaware.

## Mayor

### Henry G. Cisneros

San Antonio, Texas  
Born June 11, 1947

Cisneros's election as mayor of San Antonio three years ago made him the first Mexican American to run a large American city. Today Cisneros's impressive record as mayor is winning him national attention. He was repeatedly named as Mayday's best of all possible running mates. Cisneros grew up in San Antonio. He received master's degrees from both Texas A&M and Harvard's

Kennedy School of Government, then got his doctorate in public administration from George Washington University. In 1971 he became the youngest person ever to be appointed a White House Fellow. His main concerns in major have been to improve the San Antonio schools and to revitalize the city's sluggish economy by attracting compelling high-tech industry. (See page 490.)

## Governor

### William Clinton

Little Rock, Arkansas  
Born August 19, 1940

## Attorney

### Hillary Rodham Clinton

Little Rock, Arkansas  
Born October 26, 1947

By making improved education a top priority, the Clintons, the governor and the first lady of Arkansas, have persuaded the state legislature to pass a host of new education bills. Arkansas will now have more rigorous teacher exams and will put greater emphasis on math and science studies. There will also be a lower student-teacher ratio, more programs for gifted children, and access to guidance counselors in every elementary school, all to be financed by a one-percent state sales tax increase. Based in Hope, Arkansas, Bill Clinton attended Oxford as a Rhodes scholar and met his future wife, a native of Illinois, while both were earning degrees from Yale Law School. After graduating in 1973, he returned to Arkansas to practice. Hillary Rodham Clinton was the sole heir, and in 1975 they were married. In 1973 Clinton was elected the youngest governor in the U.S. Mrs. Clinton was an assistant professor of law and absorbed key positions in nonprofit organizations working to improve legal services for children and the poor. In 1983 she was appointed chairman of the state Education Standards Committee, which toured the state and made recommendations for reforms.

## Tax commissioner

### Kent Conrad

Bismarck, North Dakota  
Born March 13, 1946

Since his election in 1980, Commissioner Conrad has reduced the burden on North Dakota taxpayers and took "Main Street business" by lowering waiting times on long out-of-state business licenses. So far his initiative has saved about \$40 million for the state, and Conrad says he has (and at least) \$80 million more that is owed. "Kent is worried about small entrepreneurs," says Eugene Carpage, executive director of the quasi-governmental Administrative Tax Commission. "It's too easy to sue in to the pressure of big business. Kent doesn't." In 1982, when the state was in a severe budget crisis, Conrad turned down his annual 6-percent salary increase and encouraged his employees to volunteer their time. They donated five thousand hours, and the following year North Dakota became the first state in the nation to finish processing its state income tax returns. Another North Dakota, Conrad was orphaned in 1953 when a badly injured died in a car accident and was raised by grandparents in North Dakota and family friends in Idaho.

## Municipal judge

### Gary Davis

North Las Vegas, Nevada  
Born November 30, 1948

Davis takes the state's Driving Under the Influence (DUI) laws as seriously that he sentences first-time drunk drivers to a 1900 fine (\$1,000 if there's been an accident), rehabilitative schooling, and the choice of five days in jail or comparable public service. Suspended drivers who choose public service must wear a black-and-white striped cowboy-style shirt emblazoned with the words "I'm overdrunk" and an image of a beer bottle inside a large red slashed circle (the international "no" symbol). Second offenders get a stiffer fine and a longer jail sentence. "I don't worry about schooling at that point," says Davis. He is equally tough on those possible running mates. Davis and his wife are convicted felons, although many who know him emphasize that he is as fair as he is



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ough. "He's a good people's judge," says Robert Nolan, Las Vegas city councilman and chair of the Nevada State Bar. "His compassion when he decides, and he's not one of those prima donna judges. Court starts promptly at 9 a.m., and you don't have to wait around."

#### **Attorney** **Kathleen DeSilva** Houston, Texas

**Born January 18, 1958**  
DeSilva is the co-leader for the Institute for Institutional and Research in Houston, Texas. She is also a quadriplegic, completely paralyzed from the neck down and dependent on an electrical respirator. At the age of seven she fell from uneven gravel bars and broke her neck. She went out to live her teenage life in a wheelchair. She graduated from the University with honors and completed law school at the University of Houston, she passed her bar exam in 1980—"all of it," says husband Peter Seneca, "without caring a bit." Since September 1982 DeSilva has served as counsel to TRS, the Fordist lawsuit for the severely handicapped, where she spent more years as parent after her injury. In 1983 she was given the Handicapped Professional Women of the Year Award for the Texas District by Pilot International, a philanthropic service organization for professional women.

#### **Attorney** **Joseph diGenova** Washington, D.C.

**Born February 22, 1945**  
Since assuming the position of top prosecutor in Washington, D.C., a year ago, diGenova has launched investigations in two controversial areas: drug use among city employees and the possible misuse of federal money by the mayor of Chicago. "The government's got a good man in diGenova," says John Sines, of the D.C. U.S. District Court. "It's satisfying most of the judges around here. He says it satisfying me." A graduate of the University of Colorado, diGenova received his law degree from Georgetown University. He served as assistant U.S. attorney for three years, then he became counsel to the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence Activities. In 1979 he became top aide, and eventually chief counsel, to Senator Charles McNair of Maryland. He returned to the U.S. Attorney's office in 1982, and the next year he was appointed by President Reagan to the office's top post.

#### **State representative** **Larry Echo Hawk** Fort Hall and Boise, Idaho

**Born August 2, 1949**  
A Democrat in Republican politics, Echo Hawk was elected in 1982 to the Idaho House of Representatives. The next year he succeeded the person named him Ben Frenkel as legislator in the House. "You can't believe how effective he is," says State Sen. and John Pinner. "When he gets up to speak, people come back at the moment." The son of a Paiute from Oklahoma, Echo Hawk attended Brigham Young University on a football scholarship. Though known for his athletic ability, he went on to the University of Idaho where he studied law. In 1975 Echo Hawk opened a private practice in Salt Lake City, and within a few years his firm had grown to seven attorneys, most of them Indians handling mostly Indian cases. In 2003 Echo Hawk became chief general counsel to the Shoshone-Bannock tribes of southeastern Idaho, a post he held until elected to state office.

#### **Journalist** **James Fallows** Washington, D.C.

**Born August 2, 1949**  
Fallows is an exceptionally thorough reporter with a moral point of view. In recent years his topics have ranged from the critical weaknesses of the Carter administration to the theory and technology of modern warfare. He writes from a perspective he describes as "right of left" ("I'm in Left League"—that's just a

left in left field but hell has to move halfway over to center"). Fallows was born in Philadelphia, moved to California, and attended Harvard. He spent two years at Oxford University as a Rhodes scholar before joining first The Washington Monthly and later News Monthly magazine. He served as a speech writer for Jimmy Carter for two years, and in 1979 he assumed his present position of Washington editor at The Atlantic. In 1983 his book *Nation's Defense* was published. (See page 482.)

#### **State representative** **Bob Feigenbaum** St. Louis, Missouri

**Born October 10, 1948**  
As chairman of the Missouri House Energy and Environment Committee, Feigenbaum was one of the key players in the 1982-83 investigation of atomic contamination at Three Rivers and other Missouri communities. He was also the principal author of the 1983 Missouri Superfund Bill, which assigned polluting industries to contribute to a cleanup fund. "It wasn't very popular to push for the state Superfund," says Sandra Jersak, former executive director of the Missouri Committee for the Environment. "But Bob went out on a limb on this issue, and he really took to heart the plight of the victims of atomic contamination."

#### **Congressman** **Albert Gore Jr.** Cathage, Tennessee/Washington, D.C.

**Born March 18, 1948**  
In eight years as a congressman Gore has served a virtually unassailable political base, despite having taken on issues that often involve conflicts between his two major areas of interest, public health and business interests. Gore has been a principal sponsor of the Infant Formula Act to ensure maximum nutrient safety standards in the U.S.A., the Superfund bill to clean up hazardous waste with industry-based funds, and legislation on sodium content in processed foods. In Washington law giving he negotiated the revised health warnings on cigarette packages, which satisfied both the health-care lobbyists and the tobacco interests that are the backbone of the economy with home state. Born and raised in Cathage, Gore got a northern education at Harvard (class of 1968), supplemented in later years by study at Vanderbilt law and military schools. Gore served in the Army in Vietnam before working for six years as an investigative reporter for the *Nashville Tennessean*.

#### **Oil company executive** **Brian C. Griffin** Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

**Born January 11, 1953**  
Griffin is executive vice-president and general counsel for Petroleum Investments Ltd., an independent producer of gas and oil. He has been teaching about oil and gas at the University of Oklahoma since 1982, and was appointed to the Interstate Oil Compact Commission in 1980. Griffin graduated from Harvard, was a Rhodes scholar, and earned his J.D. from the University of Oklahoma. He worked for the Oklahoma firm of McAlle & Tull and was a partner—with his father—as Griffin & Griffin before he joined his present firm in 1980. Griffin is a program chairman for the Oklahoma City Marathon Club, an active in the city's Greenbelt Society, a member of the state legislative committee for Rhodes scholars, and a member of the executive board of football coach of Big Scouts. He is also a member of the Council on Foreign Relations. "It's not common to see a young person in Britain doing so many civic things," says Lewis H. Carter Jr., president of the Kiwanis Club. "Most young men are too busy to think about their community."

#### **Attorney** **Lani Guinier** New York, New York

**Born April 10, 1950**  
As a black child growing up in New York City, Guinier has been a New York City Marathon Club member. Now she is one of the new generation of black American attorneys who are taking the struggle

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gits for civil rights from the streets into the courts. Since joining the NAACP Legal Defense Fund as assistant counsel, she has defended people accused of voting fraud, secured the suspension of a gerrymandered Louisiana congressional district, and successfully opposed the suspension of the Louisiana presidential primary. She has also fought for the broadening of voter-registration procedures. Gansert attended Riceville and Lake Lake School and worked as a referee at the juvenile court system in Detroit. She then became a special assistant to the Department of Justice's assistant attorney general for civil rights, and she joined the Legal Defense Fund in 1980. (See page 548.)

## Richard B. Horrow

**Sports consultant**  
Miami, Florida  
born February 4, 1952

Sports-News editor Horrow has been working since 1980 to put a federal law passed that would limit violence in professional sports. This year Representative Tim Wirth of South Dakota introduced Horrow's bill in Congress. If the lawmakers agree, there will soon be federal guidelines for distinguishing acceptable violence from overly aggressive, rugged play. It was while attending Harvard Law School that Horrow first became agitated by the violence he saw in hockey and other sports. "I was a fan of the sport," he says, "but I was disturbed by the violence." Sports Illustrated's Editor in Chief, Peter Dinklage, and Sports Illustrated's Executive Director, Private Licensing and the Criminal Law, brought it to national attention. In Miami, an executive director of the Sports and Exhibition Authority, Horrow involved in another sort of crusade. He is leading the effort to turn his hometown into a major sports center. In order to attract baseball, basketball, indoor soccer, hockey, and other sports to Miami, he must get the city to build the kind of facilities these teams require. "It's a very urgent matter," says Miami Mayor "Manny" Ferrn. "When something like this occurs, it can be resolved, but it must be patient enough to find other ways to proceed there."

**Lynn Horton**

**Felice officer**  
Los Angeles, California  
Born September 15, 1948

[illegible]

**Joel Hyatt**

**Attorney**  
Kansas City, Missouri  
Born May 13, 1950

Hyatt is an undisputed leader in the field that may eventually have a revolutionary impact on American legal practice: providing low-cost, no-frills, high-volume legal services to the public. In seven

years Mylatz Local Services has grown from one office in Columbia, Ohio, to 153 offices in 10 states and the District of Columbia. The tools for Mylatz's success have included a standard cost-effective price list (\$55 fee on individual bill, \$250 fee on retail invoice card, \$375 fee on an unaccounted invoice), a multi-million-dollar TV ad campaign featuring the well-scrubbed Mylatz brand, and the negotiation in 1980 of a network with tax payers. H & B Black, whose offices were already a familiar sight on suburban shopping malls. The son of a Polish American, Mylatz grew up in Cleveland. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1971 and from Yale Law School in 1975. He worked briefly for a New York City firm before joining in 1976 to develop the use of the "Mylatz" name in a midsize law firm, Howard MacKinnon & Olsen. When asked if he ever plans to run for office himself, Mylatz never smiles.

## William G. Jones

**Juvenile-court judge**  
Charlotte, North Carolina

**Born Again, 7/20/45**

Joey has watched countless troubled children enter his courtroom, and he takes their problems seriously. This year Jones was one of eight pioneers chosen by the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services to develop better child-support guidelines. He has served on a state committee on adoption and a committee of another that helps abused and neglected children. He also serves on the Seaside board of directors, a local group and a state legislators' association. Jones was born and raised in West Virginia. He graduated from Davidson College in 1967 and three years later received his law degree from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. He has spent all of his professional life in Charlotte, first as a clerk to federal judges James H. McMillin, later as a private practitioner and as an assistant public defender. Right now a judge he was named to his current position, he says, "I'm just a lawyer who likes to help people do good things for people," says John C. Edwards, a private-court judge in Germany. "Medicine has just doctors who feel good."

## Daniel Kemmis

State representative  
Missoula, Montana  
From December 5, 1945

Kerns has brightened the future of his state. In 1875 he supported legislation that raised the Montana coal tax to 20 percent and earmarked 50 percent of those revenues to be placed into permanent trust fund for the state. Then he advocated that the money be invested not on Wall Street, but in the Montana economy. When the legislature rejected his idea, Kerns introduced bill to 90 people of Montana to a ballot initiative. They ratified it by 70 percent. Kerns is also a leader in the development of a state water policy. He and his B.A. in government and political science from the University of Wisconsin and his J.D. from the University of Montana in 1976. A Democrat, Kerns was elected majority leader of the Montana House of Representatives in 1994 and two years later became its speaker of the house.

**Mary Landrieu**

State representative  
New Orleans, Louisiana  
Roger November 23, 1965

One of the wars among 394 Louisiana state legislators, Democratic Landry is making a name for herself as an innovative crusader for women's rights. In 1992 she authored the Fairness in Support Act, which lets the court order an employer to deduct child-support payments from a delinquent parent's wages—and send the money directly to the father's spouse and children. She also authored the Domestic Abuse Assistance Act, which gives women the right to go to court without an attorney and, without having to file for divorce, still retain temporary custody of the home, assets and children. A year later Landry and Michael Boudreaux introduced a bill that would make a provision in the state constitution that allows a surviving spouse to remain on a group retirement plan after the death of his or her spouse. Landry

# PENTAX

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## Robert B. Reich

### Professor

Cambridge, Massachusetts

Economist Reich, a professor of public policy at Harvard's John F. Kennedy School of Government, has brought Democratic economic theory into the Eighties with his concept of a new industrial policy. He has been called "the Lord Keynes of our generation." Reich maintains that the relationship between government and business is, and always has been, and should remain an intimate one, and he places emphasis on the development of high-tech businesses—biotechnology, computers, and robotics. He wants the government to promote these growing industries without abandoning either the declining smokestack industries or social-welfare principles. This "broad" program has become the emblem of the moderate "Third Democratic" movement in Fairfield County, Connecticut. Reich graduated at 1968 from Dartmouth College, where he won a Rhodes scholarship and a reputation as an all-around activist. After returning from Oxford, Reich attended Yale Law School, then spent four years as director of policy planning for the Federal Trade Commission. In 1984 Reich left Washington for the university of government, and he has become visible in print as a contributing editor of *The New Republic* and frequent contributor to other journals. His books include *Making Americans Richer* (which he co-edited in 1982 with Ira Magaziner) and a 1985 book, *The Next American Frontier*.

## Richard J. Salem

### Attorney/politician

Tampa, Florida  
Born March 31, 1914

Salem is a lawyer, Tampa community volunteer, and political counsel with strong local, regional, and national ties. Born and raised in North Carolina, Salem pulled himself together after a degenerative disease blinded him in the age of sixteen, and he continued on to Belmont Abbey College, graduating cum laude in 1939. He received his J.D. with distinction from Duke University in 1972 and has been in private law practice since then. He has been president of his own firm since 1980. Salem served on the board of directors of the Tampa Light House for the Blind and is the chairman of the board of trustees of the Florida School for the Deaf and the Blind. He is an Eagle Scout and is on the regional council of Boy Scouts. He is also a member of Tampa's chapter of commerce and the Committee of 100, a city economic-development group. He was county chairman of the Democratic party from 1976 to 1977, during which he put together one of the most successful campaigns in Florida for Governor Jeb Bush. In 1979 the Carter administration offered him a high-level position in the Department of Education, which he declined. Currently Salem is focusing his attention on the century-old Spanish-settler section of Tampa, which he, along with the chamber of commerce of Ybor City, is helping to revitalize. Says Tampa mayor Bob Martinez: "This guy just doesn't recognize stereotypes."

## Suzanne N. Saunders

Jackson, Mississippi  
Born February 13, 1914

Saunders is a trial lawyer specializing in insurance defense and construction-contract law and is the founder of her own Atlanta law firm. "I play tennis," she likes to say. Saunders was awarded a year and had her first child before graduating from high school. In 1971, after taking correspondence classes and bearing two more children, she graduated from the University of Kentucky with a B.S. She then became a waitress to support herself through law school in Jackson. In 1976, she married her J.D. class mate, her first husband, Robert and Madeline, was awarded two years later. In 1979, after floods had devastated parts of Mississippi, the American Bar Association honored Saunders with an Award of Achievement for her work as

head of the state disaster legal assistance team. Last year she received an award from Jacksonville Riverwide Resources and Professional Women's Club for Advancement of Women in the Workplace. "She has a very strong mind," says one client, Joel Pentic, a claims examiner with Liberty Mutual Insurance Company in Boston. "When I have a problem case, I seek her out."

## Shari F. Shink

### Attorney

Denver, Colorado  
Born December 3, 1918

"Children have no voice and virtually no rights in our present legal system," says child advocate Shink. Since 1980 she has run the Colorado Guardian Ad Litem Project, an experimental program whose goal is to find new ways to improve the treatment of abused and neglected children in the courts. "Shink's project is one of the first attempts to bring analytic thought and rigor to the question of how to represent children best," says Donald C. Bross, legal counsel for the G. Henry Borge National Center for the Prevention and Treatment of Child Abuse in Denver. After graduating from the University of Pittsburgh in 1940, Shink taught in a day-care center until her desire to help children prompted her to become a lawyer. She got her J.D. from Rutgers University in 1975, then worked for the Neighborhood Legal Services Association in Pittsburgh, becoming a staff attorney for the city's Child Advocacy Unit in 1977 and its managing attorney two years later. In 1982 she was named one of the Outstanding Young Women of America. This year she spoke at the International Conference on Child Abuse in Montreal.

## Peter Smith

### Lieutenant governor

Montpelier, Vermont  
Born October 31, 1914

Smith, the lieutenant governor of Vermont since 1982, is most proud of the "college without walls" he founded in that state. In 1970 he was named director of the Community College of Vermont, a school that serves the state's rural adult population. The college has no full-time faculty, no facilities, no campus, and no annual budget of over \$2.5 million. Classes, held in public schools at night and in church basements, town halls, and libraries around the state, are taught by qualified teachers and local professionals. The school has graduated hundreds of Vermonters with associate degrees and is now fully accredited. "In its early years," says former president Kenneth Kalk, "the program had its skeptics and critics, but Peter's intelligence, flexibility, and sense of his spirit kept it going." Smith grew up in Vermont and attended Princeton University. He has a doctorate in education from Harvard and worked around the country doing "State Teacher-in" interviews with adult learners for a book he is writing. He was recently awarded a John S. Guggenheim Fellowship by the federal government.

## Olympia J. Snowe

U.S. representative  
Auburn, Maine/Washington, D.C.  
Born February 28, 1914

Snowe is the only woman in the House Republican leadership. A deputy whip in the House and co-chair of the Congressional Caucus on Women's Issues, she is a formidable spokesperson on such concerns as pay equity, pension reform, day care, and child-support enforcement. She is a member of the Panetta All-Party Committee, the Joint Economic Committee, and the House Select Committee on Aging. She has served as a senior legislative aide, and within her own party she is known as "a real pro and conser." Born in Augusta, Maine, Snowe was orphaned at age nine and raised by an aunt who worked night shifts in a textile mill. After graduating from the University of Maine, she married Peter Snowe, a businessman and state legislator. When he was killed in an auto accident in 1972, Snowe succeeded him for his last year. She moved on to the state senate in 1976. When Congressman William Cohen, whose staff she had served on, ran for the U.S. Senate in 1978, she won election to his old seat.

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## David Stockman

**U.S. budget director**  
Washington, D.C.  
Born November 20, 1930

Director of Ronald Reagan's economic program, Stockman has been responsible for massive structural changes in government. Stockman was raised on a farm near St. Joseph, Michigan. He was two years into Harvard Divinity School on a scholarship, when his interests became political; he left and became special assistant to Representative John Anderson of Illinois. Stockman's political and economic views grew increasingly conservative, and in 1973 he returned to Michigan to launch his own campaign for Congress. He was handily elected in the first of three successful bids. In November 1980 Reagan picked Stockman to head his Office of Management and Budget. Stockman undertook painstaking reviews of every program in the federal budget and called for major budget cuts in tax cuts, and a bookkeeping military budget. Congress gave Reagan and Stockman much of what they wanted. When Stockman may no longer be the exact terror of the Reagan administration's early days, he still serves on Capitol Hill armed with the power of the presidential will.

## Dixon Terry

**Farmers/political activist**  
Greenfield, Iowa  
Born October 8, 1930

## Linda Terry

**Farmers/political activist**  
Greenfield, Iowa  
Born April 26, 1937

The Terrys have turned their Stateside ideas into political action by helping other small farmers band together to preserve their way of life. Dixon went raised on a dairy farm, Linda is from Sergeant Bluff, Iowa. They met at Iowa State University during the Sixties, when Dixon was an activist activist. After college they eventually married and decided to save up for their own organization. In 1977, with the help of a Farmers Home Administration loan, they bought one. Dixon sits on the board of directors of the U.S. Farmers Association, a founding member of the Iowa Farm Unity Coalition and the Progressive Prairie Alliance, and serves as vice-president of the Dairy Herd Improvement Association. (See page 505.)

## Richard Trumka

**Labor leader**  
Washington, D.C.  
Born July 24, 1930

As president of the United Mine Workers of America, Trumka personifies the new breed of coal miner and labor leader: well-thought, college-educated, and sophisticated. Trumka was born in the coal-mining town of Pryorville, Pennsylvania. Both his father and grandfather were miners, and Trumka himself started work in the mines at thirteen. He received a B.S. from Pennsylvania State and a D. degree from Villanova in 1959. After a stint with the U.S. legal staff in Washington, he returned to Pennsylvania to gain the five years of mining experience necessary to run for mine officer. He was elected to the UMW executive board in 1965 and went back to work in the mines. In 1968 he was elected to the 1968 election, making Trumka the youngest leader of a major labor organization in the United States. Since taking office, Trumka has established a solid fund for unemployed miners (\$5,000 of the union's 160,000 working members) and a scholarship fund. He has revamped the union's financial and operating procedures and has successfully led off two attempts by Canadian miners to upgrade into a separate union.

## James Webb

**Asst. secretary of Defense,  
Reserve Affairs/writer**  
Washington, D.C.  
Born February 9, 1936

Webb has been a Marine in Vietnam, a Capitol Hill lawyer, a writer, a family man, and is now assistant secretary of Defense for Reserve Affairs. The son of a career Air Force man, Webb

grew up in many states but never forgot his southern and Appalachian roots. After graduating from the Naval Academy in 1956, Webb was commissioned into the Marine Corps and arrived in Vietnam in March 1969. He led a rifle platoon and a rifle company—and received the Navy Cross, the Silver Star, two Bronze Stars, two Purple Hearts, and the Navy Achievement Medal before reluctantly accepting a medical assignment from the Corps in 1972. Webb discovered writing during his last year in the Corps, while working for the secretary of the Navy. "I had always been athletic, but I needed an extra outlet," he recalls. He continued writing at George Town's law school, and his first book, *Memories and U.S. Pacific Strategy* (1974), was followed four years later by his first novel, *Fields of Fire*. That book was nominated for the 1979 Hemingway Award and a Pulitzer Prize. After graduating from law school in 1975, Webb worked as consultant and secretary to the House Veterans Affairs Committee before taking off a year to be Arlington's first writer-in-residence. He then returned to the Veterans Affairs Committee as chief Republican counsel, overseeing all veteran-related issues. He published a second novel in 1981, and through under consideration by President Reagan to head the Veterans Administration, he got to write his third novel, *A Country Back As This* (1983). In May 1984 he was sworn in as assistant secretary of Defense for Reserve Affairs. "The true measure of a human being," says Webb, "is attention to what he leaves behind."

## Sarah Weddington

**State official**  
Austin, Texas/Washington, D.C.  
Born February 5, 1945

In 1973 Weddington won the landmark case of *Roe v. Wade* in the U.S. Supreme Court, the decision that legalized abortion. At the time, Weddington had just been elected to her first of three terms in the Texas legislature. Until she resigned in 1977, Weddington worked on issues that included the ERA, credit rights for women, maternal leave, reform of the state's rape statutes, and equality for men and women in child custody matters. In 1975 Texas Monthly magazine named her as one of the state's top ten legislators. In 1977 Weddington moved to Washington to become general counsel to the U.S. Department of Agriculture, supervising a staff of 250. A year later she was made a special assistant to President Carter, advising him on women's issues. In 1979 she was promoted to assistant to the President. Since 1981 Weddington has worked as a consultant to a New York investment firm and accepted the first Carl Black Professor of Law and Public Administration position at the University of New Mexico, which she accepted for one year. In January 1983 she was appointed to her current position as director of the Texas Office of State Federal Relations by Texas governor Mark White. A native of Abilene, Texas, Weddington graduated in 1965 from McCombs College in Abilene and in 1967 from the University of Texas School of Law. She has received a Marjorie Sanger award from Planned Parenthood and awards from the Texas Women's Political Caucus and the Outstanding Young Women of America.

## Nathryn J. Whitmire

**Mayor**  
Houston, Texas  
Born August 15, 1934

Whitmire has twice earned the distinction of being the first woman of Houston. In 1977 she became the city controller and the first woman ever elected to any city office. Four years later she was elected mayor of Houston, and she was reelected in 1983. Her honest, independent, and moderately private style marks a radical departure from the "old boy" leadership of the past. In running Houston "like the large and complex city it is," she has sponsored a "top-flight management team" to oversee city employees, management, and city services. Whitmire was born and raised in Houston and received her B.S. and an M.S. in social science from the University of Houston. Before her election to public office she was a certified public accountant with Coopers & Lybrand in Houston. **O**

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When the heart of the nation's capital, America, the center of the day was, "Where else are you?" Journalists found their own reporting was no longer enough. James Fallows, then the editor of a radicalist Harvard Crimson, saw that the city had created a climate of intolerance, rendering him of the importance of a personal voice. After passing up the high-paying writing job the city offered a graduate degree of journalism, he looked for a place to publish his own newspaper, and—remarkable in a profession not prone to self-censorship—wrote sufficiently of his own ideas. Through it all, he has emerged as one of the most compelling voices of a young generation of journalists.

When James Fallows confessed to a crisis of conscience, he took his first step as a responsible journalist

# The Soul of a Young Reporter

by David Halberstam

DAVID HALBERSTAM: The American's first novel, *On the Edge*, will be published in March. He lives in Washington.

THAT DAY WAS THE HOTTEST IN WASHINGTON history for early June. The local news shows were completely taken up with the story at the beach. Their weathermen were posted at various city swimming pools, where they seemed to be giving experts every ten minutes, and where the patrons of the pools could be seen splashing their. I asked my cab driver (who had his air-conditioner turned off how much would cost to air condition) to call for the entire day. "Three dollars," he said. I promised to add three dollars to my tip if he would turn it on, and then I returned to Jim Fallows's house in southeast style. The Fallows house, however charming and pleasantly suburban, did not have an air conditioner. Given its conditioning for a house of this sort would have cost \$15,000. We were destined to work in the background noise of Fallows's overhead



On the Washington money ground, political leaders come and go. James Fallows stays. After years of observing Democrats and Republicans alike, he has identified some of the permanent patterns of behavior and thought that make the body politic, no matter who is in

office. Here are two: (1) the Democratic Law of Gravity and (2) the Capital City Phenomenon: the impulse to deal only with issues that present themselves in convenient ways, and to imagine that the problems in the Capital City are those of the world at large.

So much for the modern media class. Follows in all of thirty-five years, though he still looks twenty-two. He is one of the most interesting voices of a young generation of political and social reporters; indeed, in an age when journalists (more and more) are liars, he is a voice (which is probably why there are no air-conditioners in the house). He is intelligent, concise, highly moral, and—something unusual in journalism—humbly self-examining. He has been a major published political writer for ten years and earned, somewhat to his own surprise, as chief speech writer for Jimmy Carter for two years.

None of the more serious sins of a media man as personal immorality and a burgeoning ego, then more than most writers, Fallows has handled this exceptionally well. He has also taken through the journalistic ranks in an unobscured way: he has never worked for a daily newspaper or one of the networks, and he never covered the major events of the last twenty years, such as civil rights, Vietnam, or Watergate. Indeed, his most important piece may be an article he wrote for a small magazine about how he had dodged the draft in 1970. He has earned his position through the clarity and intelligence and moral strength of his work as well as by his independence. For the last ten years, as much as any writer (or he), Fallows has been his own boss.

A SHIELD AGAINST THIS POINT THEY Fallows and I are friends, and that we are of somewhat similar backgrounds. We are both also products of *The Harvard Crimson*. The *Crimson* is a publication that has long served as a fairly good reflection of trends and attitudes in American journalism. In the mid-Fifties my colleagues and I were observed by McCarthyism, we all wanted to go into daily journalism, preferably to work for *The New York Times*, *Newsweek* or in Washington. My generation, not surprisingly, produced journalists who were first and foremost reporters, and who made their tentative moves to magazine and book writing only after a decade or so in daily reporting. While in college, we signed among ourselves not about money but about whether the profession was serious enough for college graduates. Many of our contemporaries thought not. Focusing journalists, they nonetheless went to law school. Perhaps the most important thing I did as a senior was not take the law episode seriously. That conflict seems at least partially applicable to Fallows as well, when I asked him what the best thing about his Rhodes scholarship was, he answered that it kept him from going to law school.

Fallows's generation seems dramatically different. Ours was a less affluent third, and because of the McCarthy period and the Cold War we were somewhat sub-

died in college journalism. He is a product of the greater efficiency, he was born in 1948, classically part of the postwar baby boom. His years on the *Cronkite* wire transmissions and highly positioned. Simply reporting things that are not enough. Various things, the personal freedom of inventing one's voice, was more important. The traumatic nature of events—even to which college students in those days were directly wired—made nationalized reporting like a visit and powerful center of attention seems somewhat bland and inhibiting to him and many of his contemporaries. If our generation produced reporters whose conceptual abilities came later in their careers, his generation, more confident of its place and vision, produced almost instantaneously a kind of instant-journalist. What is extraordinary about so much of Follows' early work, much of it done when he was barely in his mid-twenties, is not just how good it is but the confidence of the voice.

For someone and in it. Follows has already produced a considerable body of work. But the work is distinguished not so much by its size as by the author's ability to hone in on some of the more important and difficult issues of the time, albeit issues (such as the complexities of a real defense process, or the coming of war and news of immigrants) that are sometimes avoided by many institutional journalists. He has written three works that seem to me exceptional: a prophetic two-part reader's essay on the Carter White House for *The Atlantic* (by far, I think, the best early warning signals of that administration's weaknesses); a highly intelligent book on defense politics, and his piece on China and the Vietnam War. He has also managed not to be a man of Washington, only particularly selective for young journalists. Young men and women whose talents have brought them peer recognition but not social conquests suddenly get drawn to the most exclusive places in the nation. There are as important and powerful and they filter. Some the young journalists take on the coloration of the city: they come to participate in Washington rates that are as much social as they are political, and thus come to believe in their own importance. This particular process, whenever thought it may be to the social life, is immensely destructive to the professional one. Connections become more important than competence. Follows, with a natural ear on paper, with his Harvard and Oxford credentials, seemed a prime candidate for that world. But from the start he and his wife, Debbie, stayed away from that circuit. If anything, they have chosen to be virtual non-Washingtoners in the social, cultural, and institutional life of the city.

From time to time they have simply picked up and moved to Texas for a year or two. But the social life, in terms of center and edge, came eight years ago when Carter

asked Follows to be his speech writer. For someone barely twenty-six, this was heady stuff. If anything, Follows seemed then to be a candidate for the permanent news world of Washington. Other men who held comparable jobs in earlier administrations assured him that the White House would have a permanent hold on him, and that once he took a job like this he would find it hard to give it up and would always look for another. That did not turn out to be true. The offer to be Carter's speech writer had surprised Follows, but he liked the idea, having been sympathetic to Carter during the primary fights. Carter had seemed to him a Washington Monthly kind of candidate, not particularly ideological, somewhat like other contemporary quadricentennials, and ready to get along with the lesser qualities of the ingrained Washington bureaucracy. Follows decided to take the job for a couple of years and then return to journalism. It turned out to be a welcome but not wildly positive experience for Follows, for no reason whatsoever with a natural feeling for high bureaucracy. To be good in a place like the White House,

Carter had merely as part of a series of misadministration capabilities. It was hard in the end for Follows to take such pride in what he wrote because everything he wrote was always changed. He had worked on for two years, and he found it increasingly easy to leave. The other speech writers from past administrations who had warned him how hard it would be to leave the White House were wrong. The power and influence, he had been told, would seem like a narcotic life. Follows did leave. It was not that he lacked ambition, that feeling that his actions was of a different sort. If the fear had left him with anything, it was with diminished respect for the journalists' seriousness of many of his own colleagues. In one conversation with the point people he dealt with, they did not seem to work states all that hard. Instead, much of their energy went into the logistics of getting on the air. Sometimes, he came away with an increased respect for the degree of his conversation and the point people could set the agenda, the degree to which the inhabitants of the White House paid attention to what was being said each day on the air and in print.

WHICH FOLLOWERS LEFT, HE WROTE TWO assessments of the Carter White House for *The Atlantic*. They were entitled "The Passionless Presidency." They seemed good at the time, and in reminding one now, with four presidential Carter's death, they seem even better. Together these pieces add like a book. Follows does not make one of them—it would seem too explosive to turn them into hard-core, but thought in minutes to follow. The Carter presidency, he seems seemed unusually perceptive. Of Carter's decency, intelligence, and quick grasp of issues, there was never any doubt. Why, then, was there such intellectual failure to govern? If the answers are anywhere, they are in these pieces. Part of the problem, Follows wrote, was Carter's almost technocratic interest for solutions; part, it was Carter's belief that the trading and outlying of policies was beneath him; and part of it was the contrast between what Carter was capable of and what he was actually. Ironically he was the man of Plains, the most rooted of our recent politicians. Intellectually he was the least rooted; everything he learned was, by necessity, on-the-job training. The pieces convinced the Carter White House. Jerry Powell perceived accurately that these articles were damaging, and he articulated the feeling that Follows had betrayed Carter. Follows replied that the book lay not so much in the articles as in the conclusions, that the stories were accessible but that if understood they would provide a different. That did not lessen Follows's engagement from many in the Carter administration. These days he deals with his

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old colleagues with a carefully patched civility. The acceptance is that in Carter himself, as President Fallow's has written to the former President, but he has not received an answer.

Of all his exceptional pieces, Fallow's memoir of a draft evader seems to me the most personal, the most important. It is not merely a harsh and unimpaired self-examination by a very bright young man of his own behavior during a terrible time, but also a powerful warning about increasing class tensions in American life. That class tension has, I suspect, been increasing in American life for more than twenty years, but it has often been obscured, in no small part by the periodic influence of the post-World War II years. Vietnam, to the benefit and disadvantage, laid down to the rights and wrongs, the disability and vulnerability of the war, became a partially clear example of our country's class disease. Poor kids had rarely and obviously fought an unpopular war that was vigorously protested by a upper-middle-class kids. An administration that reflected the new American elite refused for a long time to separate what little common ground lay between upper-middle-class kids. Not only was it the wrong war at the wrong place at the wrong time, but by laying the burden on those in the society who were most politically and economically powerful, it was also fought by the wrong people.

FALLOW WAS BOTH A WITNESS TO THIS injustice and a beneficiary of it. He is by origin a conservative and almost apolitical son of the new American West. His parents are both members of middle-class backgrounds. His father had gone to medical school largely because of programs offered by the Navy during and after World War II. In 1925 the Fallows family had moved to Redlands, a small, pleasantly insular town then far beyond the sprawl of Los Angeles. Living there, the family was less burdened by ancient tradition and ideology. A young family could live its own life, rather than the life that was expected of it. Redlands, like many small California towns, had an odder southwestern flavor, somewhat more relaxed than the cities. The town was originally from the Northeast. In 1904 the town sold out to Barry Goldwater over Lyndon Johnson. Jim Fallow, good conservative son of Redlands, spotted a Goldwater faction. He was then that constituency seemed to look east. California was an entirely sufficient and complete entity, and most of the people who lived there were quite pleased to have some other place far in their backgrounds. Of the eight hundred or so students in his high school class, only seven went east to college. Fallow, with a serious drug problem, all over the only drug only rule in his family was that he not go to Princeton, then judged by his parents to be an exceptionally suitable school. His head seemed in all ways ordinary, his parents

were thoughtful people who took their community obligations seriously. Fallow was in line of his parents' sense of responsibility to those in his family. This message was repeatedly drummed into Jim Fallow at home: much has been said and will be given to you, and therefore much is expected back. Religion, not overly a major part of Fallow's upbringing, was probably more a part of him than he knew. The Episcopal Church's social gospel, rather than the transcendental one, was a subtle powerful part of that home.

FALLOW ARRIVED AT HARVARD IN THE fall of 1966 a pleasantly innocent young man entering one of the most interesting political places in America. By then the scope of the war was becoming increasingly clear. It would be, despite generous administration denials, a big war. If Berkeley was the first totally politicized campus, Harvard was not far behind. This fall the student Left confronted Robert McNamara and virtually held him prisoner. Traditionalists were appalled by the crudeness of this incident, but there

**JAMES Fallow**  
was both a  
witness to the social  
and political  
injustice of the  
Vietnam draft and a  
beneficiary of it.

were many others at Harvard who saw McNamara as a symbol of the war, the man who used modernized society's technology against peasants and whose public statements about the limits of American involvement were now increasingly in doubt. Thus the new Harvard introduced itself to the old Harvard. For someone associated as Fallow, a student challenge to a Senator of Defense was at once understandable, outrageous, and finally, as that charged atmosphere, increasingly flammable. Up until then the old order, right or wrong, had held, and civility of discourse had been a given. Now that was all over. The McNamara incident had been a visceral expression of outrage, and the demonstration had taught the Left, to its own surprise, just how powerful it was. Because of the war, the Left had been given a dramatic new sense in legitimacy, and it began to dominate the very center of American political life.

THESE WERE FALLOW'S COLLEGE YEARS defined. In the fall of 1966 he had watched the gubernatorial awards from Congress

bring Harold Ruggen to power, and he had told his disbelieving sisters moments that this was a good thing. A year later he found himself, to his own astonishment, marching on the Pentagon, and by his senior year James Fallow was a draft evader. These years were completely politicized, highly charged, and so wildly contentious as to be very unpleasant. A choice years later he could say, quietly, sincerely, "Every economy I have of being in college is bad. It was an unbelievably better time. There is no one perfect afternoon that I want to go back to and relive." This is a remarkable statement coming from someone who afterwards did so well. He was always, if not biased by his peers, he was president of the Crimson, and he was a Rhodes scholar. But Fallow let himself caught. He was becoming increasingly critical of the administration and its war, and yet he remained by nature a moderate. What he did on these years seemed out of character for him as a moderate but moderate by the standards of those around him. In the fall of 1967 he went to Washington for the March on the Pentagon. It was for him an odd moment, he was doing the right thing, of that he would become confident, but a left alien, as if some other person were actually incarnated in his body doing these things. He was not by nature, he decided later, a marcher or protester.

In the fall of 1968 Fallow was elected president of the Crimson. By then the Crimson had become one of the most radicalized places at Harvard. "That," he said later, "defiantly antibody to no constituency." The student Left was very forceful and very active. This, after all, was a time without any middle ground. Simply opposing the war was no longer good enough. Now the radical Left would summon its troops for cultural wars. Now the Left pushed for and put out demands calling for a Viet Cong victory and for the ouster of the Weathermen to control their bombings. Fallow mostly found himself writing signed dissent. The war had created a decade without debate. Editorial debate was not so much debate as it was a sign. Every day on the paper was a small war, and these wars could no longer be won.

In the past the Crimson's hierarchy had always been powerful, the members of the executive board had worked desperately hard for their positions, and they had been almost public to most younger editors. After all, they made the paper happen every day. That had considerable meaning for younger editors. But as the hierarchies were falling everywhere else in America, so they were here. Fallow, as a senior, was in a position to take over the Crimson. When Harvard students took over University Hall, he stayed outside as a reporter while his student friends turned the doors within.



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Regular and Menthol.

THEN IN THE FALL, OF 1969 RICHARD NIXON changed the draft rules. Suddenly the easy detourments were gone and a lottery was instituted. Birthdays could be crucial as well. The man, which had been something of a theoretical problem—no one at an officers school really knew anyone who had done anything so much as to go and serve—had become much more real. Jim Fallows drew a low number. There were, of course, ways of staying out of the draft, and Harvard became a center for the study and encouragement of draft evasions. Countless books being sold at the Coop outlined the various ways of beating the system. There were connecting accounts led by psychiatrists (who explained the latest in character behavior) or doctors who explained the best physiological ways of beating the draft.

Up until then Jim Fallows had taken the 2-5 student detourment for granted. He had not thought very much about who was fighting the war and the only show whether he thought it just, which he did not. The alternative he believed in the draft. Three times that year he missed his draft card, and three times it was returned to him. This led it become clear that his best chance to escape the draft, other than going to Canada or going to prison, was to starve himself below the minimum weight. Being skinny, a burden in the past, and come relatively easily to Fallows, in his senior year he was not too one and weighed 130 pounds. The minimum acceptable weight was 150, but he had to be under by at least 30 percent. He decided for security's sake to come in at 120. In the week before his physical he starved himself. Some friends were going for the same election by avoiding too much, avoiding themselves not at the same time. He had no trouble coming well under the limit. That day at the induction center was as odd one for him. There were two very different contingents there: one from Harvard, upper-middle-class and quite prepared to do anything but serve in this war, and one from Chelsea, blue-collar and obedient, not knowing that there was any alternative to what they were doing that day, their traditional, time-honored duty. The Harvard group was well prepared. Some had the psychotic breakdown. Some spoke the language of homosexual behavior. Some threw their arms around at the startled military personnel. Fallows merely stepped on the scale.

BUTTER MEMORIES OF THAT DAY AND OF THE Chelsea kids who had had no choice remained with him. He had, he was sure almost immediately, done the wrong thing. He had not lasted in trying to stay out, far he opposed the war, but he had taken in the middle. He was a political person and he opposed the war, and yet at the critical moment he had failed to behave as a political person should. His sin, in his own eyes,

was not that he had failed to serve in a war he had come to hate but that he had failed to use his own body to make a statement. In that sense he had been unworthy of himself. There, across the way from the Harvard kids who walked the system, were the Chelsea kids who had no choice of being it. "It was so stark that day that it was like an allegory," he said years later. "I could see all that day, the privileged kids, laughing and playing games and finding ways not to go, and the proles, so alternative for them at all, no real choice at all that, going."

HE HAD, HE CAME TO REALIZE, BEEN spared because of his class. He had seen enough of the war and the horrors of the war and knowing and finally contemplating one of the Navy doctor who had examined him. The doctor had not said anything, but he had known Fallows had understood immediately that he had done the wrong thing. He had seen the man's face, and he was the one thing in his life which he could not own. The worst thing about that time, indeed the most distressing thing, was that during all the discussions these light young men had had in those months on how to beat the draft, none had gotten up and said, "This is not the way to go." No one had spoken of convictions. That was a terrible judgment. Nixon had known them better than they had known themselves. Fallows had won his Rhodes and had been given to leave Cambridge, Massachusetts, for Oxford.

In his senior year he and his contemporaries had talked incessantly about careers. Did one, they argued, enter journalism to be a public servant? Or the service they were talking about public service and personal career satisfaction, but beneath it all lay the unspoken issues of status and money. Fallows's friend Mike Kinsley, now the TRS columnist for *The New Republic*, had argued strenuously for the law. Rhodes, Fallows decided a newspaper, was more modest than the others in discussing their secret fears—unless one were lucky, nonfiction writing would simply not pay enough. They all agreed that the best-paying jobs in journalism, like those in television, generally offered the narrowest range of personal freedom. By contrast, law (and in considering the law they thought in Nader-like terms) meant none of a guarantee of external success in their growth. The Rhodes gave Fallows two years to hide from this decision.

In June 1971 Fallows married Debbie Zead, his longtime Harvard girlfriend, today a Ph.D. and a writer. When the Rhodes was over, and it was time to be a grown-up, he took a chance and wrote a letter to the editor of a new and not yet respectable magazine called *The Washington Monthly*. It seemed, he had decided, lively and unapologetic by stan-

ard success (there was more time than he realized) as he joined the staff it was about to go into Chapter II (hedgehog). It was the perfect antidote for a bright young man fresh from the Harvard of the late 60s. The *Monthly's* editor, Charlie Peters, was, by his own admission, a narcissist, he did not accept the essential Ivy League truths of the 60s. He was pure skepticism, pure cynicism, and he was a determined editor. The *Creative* comment book, which had once set the professional standards, had been in Fallows's years devoted almost entirely to political dialectic rather than professional skepticism, and he had a broader, more placid view of humanity than Harvard offered. For a young man like Jim Fallows, no bright and accomplished that he never needed to work in a city scene, Charlie Peters became a critical figure, he became Fallows's city editor. Peters helped teach him that small human truths, particularly as they affected the bureaucracy in government, were more important than the large ideological truths he had learned in the past.

Peters had started the magazine in 1969, and at first it landed on the lesser work of bigger writers who had been his friends in the past. Gradually he found his own niche and began to use the work of bright, highly intelligent, gravely unpublished young journalists, many of them just down from the Ivy League. Fallows was his first from Harvard, and soon the magazine's reputation grew, until there was a virtual underground railway from Cambridge to Washington. It was the perfect place for a young journalist who wanted more space and more personal freedom than that offered by a daily paper. Peters paid people to be editors along with total personal freedom, he allowed his people to write, and he demanded conceptual journalism. Peters paid Fallows \$8,500, below what a self-respecting copy boy was making on a major editors paper in those days. For that figure Fallows was supposed to write one piece a month and help rewrite the work of Charlie's friends in the bureaucracy who had turned in so-called but passionate articles. The magazine, not surprisingly, was filled with energy and talent. It was funny and written and well informed, and above all, it was fun. For a generation of talented young journalists who wanted to skip the normal time of a newspaper with its inordinate pace paying as a city room, this was the perfect place to be.

THE BOND OF THE MAGAZINE WERE powerful, made stronger by how poor both the magazine and its writers were, and this created a sense of purity, which in turn created a close intimacy. The best thing about the time was that there were no limits to what a young person could do. The only thing was a writer's own talent. Working in Washington, listening to Pe-



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#### POURING A LIFE

Police work is man's work, be it in New York or in the Los Angeles Police Department's super-tough Metro Division of cops—until this day, that is, when former basketball star Lynn Horton married in, retired to take a physician, got herself signed up as an officer, passed her test, and eventually earned her way into the police department's most elite corps. Now a marriage-by-chance, one of the best girlfriends of the biggest stars, wife, and roll of endurance when suppression, the first has become a love story. And she's got there by refusing to let herself be just one of the boys.

# That Gal from Metro

THIS BUILDING is paranoid. No doubt about it. It has no windows. Its reddish facade is broken up into angular planes, apparently to deflect incoming bazooka rounds. The front doors open onto a corridor whose twists and turns are designed to discourage passing revolutionaries from taking potshots at the guys on the duty desk. It's an utterly authoritarian structure, the headquarters of the Los Angeles Police Department's Metro Division, stern, blank, and forbidding. It sits there like a giant Darth Vader mask, glowering down at the strange life-forms on downtown L.A.'s sled row.

Into this building, one morning in 1981, walked Lynn Horton. She was thirty-three at the time, a rather ordinary girl from Pasadena, California, who'd kind of drifted into police work five years earlier, turned into a good street cop, and then, amazingly, had been admitted to the department's toughest division. It was a moment of some significance in

#### BYRYAN MALAN

*Bryan Malan is a reporter on the Los Angeles Herald Examiner.*

L.A. cop Lynn Horton  
is making it in a superman's world

local law enforcement, because no woman had ever tripped through the Metro's porta-potty line—sat in the porta-potty during, at any rate. She was wearing the usual insignia, blue-black, razor-crowned LAPD uniform, but what was most interesting about it was the fly on her trousers. It was a man's fly, zipper to the knee.

To understand its significance, we must go back to Alamo 12, to a time when the Los Angeles Police Department, both old and eclectic, contained largely if not good-looking white men. There were few cops at all stops or stops and even fewer women, at least in the legends of old patrolmen and legends who were policewomen but not, you know, and cops. That is the way it had always been, and then in the way it became that Ed Davis wanted to stay. Back in 1971, or thereabouts Ed said he'd put women out on patrol when the Roman girl in the front door, and his fellow police chiefs across the nation probably chuckled along with him. Back then barely one percent of America's cops were women.

Ed lived to eat his words, of course. He was knocked by the Equal Opportunity Employment Act of 1972, which forced him, against his better judgment, to get a handful of women out on the streets. His department spent the next eight years fighting lawsuits in court over its height restrictions, which excluded most women applicants. The department said short people had no command presence; the lawsuits said prove it. In the end, under threat of court-ordered quotas, the department caved in.

On the day the contract decree to this effect was signed, there were only eighty women patrol cops in all of the city. Three years later there were about 320, and just about every division in the city was "integrated," save Metro. L.A.'s seven thousand officers are divided into many-five divisions, each of which polices a defined geographical turf or a defined form of misbehavior, such as narcotics or vice. And then there's Metro, which is loosely synonymous to the Pentagon's Rapid Deployment Task Force and the Marines. Metro is the division that shut up the Syrian-Libyan Liberation Army on national television back in 1974. Metro hunted the Panthers out of Watts in 1969. Metro runs Hollywood, protects diplomats from armed and unarmed. Metro provides the cavalry that does battle every May Day with Marxist zealots in MacArthur Park. When a deathbed flip and holes up in a motel with a shotgun and more hostages, it's Metro that takes him out. Supercop. That's what L.A. cops call them. We're talking gun battles, we're talking undercover crime suppression. We're talking Special Weapons and Tactics. We're talking a very tight brotherhood of 220 men that was one of the last male enclaves in a department that had let every dog bark. When Lynn Horton tripped into their

circle that morning, it meant that they'd finally been kicked on all fronts except one—the front of her trousers, where the department's brass had forbidden any further redesign. It was a not-to-nibble reminder that this is a men's world, again, so wear it as pants.

THE WOMAN WHO ACCOMPANIED ME that first time was in Pasadena to a sort of southern California eventuality, in which Meen was a secretary and Ed worked in agriculture. She was a Southerner, an excellent college student, a secretary, and, finally, a bartender at the Member Club, the night spot on the grounds of the L.A. Police Academy where cops drink after shifts. Riding a shoulder with cops got her thinking about becoming one herself, so she showed up in 1976, at the age of twenty-eight. There were no women in her class but never made it through the Marine-mandatory five-month training course.

By the time the badge was pinned to her chest, the LAPD was allowing a handful of women to work the main streets, and Officer Cummings (her name at the time) was assigned a beat in Hollywood, a division that has a lot of domestic and has its share of home trouble spots. She was one of the first women there too, and her arrival occasioned some self-esteem problems among the men of male cops who swaggered around with brass belts clinking. It was hard to think of yourself as John Wayne since a woman proved she was as tough as you, give or take a punch or two.

Officer Dan Castella, on the other hand, was less concerned with his dignity than with his life, which had already been saved at least once by a shrug and head jerk. Cops meet partners who will back them in any emergency, who will die for them. Castella would start that his new partner—let's not be shy—had the balls to do that.

After roll call on Horton's first day, Castella led her into an interviewing room. "If you let anybody jump on me," he said, "and start beating me up and you stand by and watch and you don't do anything to help, you better hope he kills me. 'Cause if I get got up I'm going to kick your ass all the way back to the station and then I'm going to kick the ass of it when I get here." Lynn's eye dropped. "Yes, sir," she said. On the way out to the car, he stopped and corrected the way she was holding her notebook. "You're carrying it like a school girl," he growled.

In the days to come, however, Castella noticed that whenever anyone so much as yelled at him, she'd interpose herself between him and the potential trouble. He was impressed.

It was even more impressed a few days later, when they ran a make on a car that came up stolen. The suspects took off at high speed, with Horton and Castella's black and white tailed to arrest it. In actuality he had a house on project that they



**MEAN BEAT:** *Deep in the Los Angeles district, where every guttery girl has one—me and where Horton checks the streets*

drilled the car and ran for it. Castella and his new partner inspected out and went after them. Horton convinced her men at the moment. Castella was telling orders, but she couldn't hear because she'd left the area on. So she just stood there, with her quivering gun in this suspect's guts, until Castella came over and called her. It wasn't a remarkable arrest, really, but she'd been arrested, and she hadn't cracked.

Eventually she was transferred downtown, where she worked as a deputy for the police precinct, and then as a vice deputy, meaning that she stood as a prostitute. She is a big woman, five feet eight inches tall and broad-shouldered, and was a little overweight back then, and even though she was rather attractive in an American way, she drew the lowest offer in the division's recent history. Some jobs had wanted everything in five bucks but some old clothes. The guys liked her meticulously, but she was a good sport. If they asked girls on the street, she'd insist that they drive by construction sites so she could check out the topless half-bats. The guys liked her with that. They gave her money about the night some times about got lower away it's misunderstanding in a dark backyard. Horton and a cop named Michael Noel were stopping prostitutes, and he and Noel were nowhere in sight when Horton found them. Gang members, they were, four Mexican kids, wearing old in the park against a lone woman cop. "Don't move," Horton says, caving them with a shotgun. Then she starts yelling for her backup. "No! No!" So the kids fall to their knees, which get rid of the cops in tight quarters get rid of when suspects sit miserably. "I told you not to move," she barks, almost snarling the chains of them. "Please, lady," one dude groans, "just tell us what you want us to do."

That me still cracks them up. Horton's kids came in hardly when it came to housing, which it did every few months or so, since she was working mostly downtown, where psychiatric street people are apt to lose control in full-on nights, and where pickpockets and shoplifters don't come along quickly. She was a screw with the Mendocino like bantam, and her modified choke laid could take a guy. She never shot anyone, nor was the shot at, which is the mark of a true street cop. It's easy to shoot, taking a bullet. She was by accident bloody hairy, but also kept years the seriousness of the job and the pettiness of the crime she was handling began to pull. She wanted to do something different. She wanted to go to Metro.

Some common sense suggests, it's in a dark bar where the deeper it plays Michael Jackson and massive guys wearing tight jeans and moustaches are rilling about. It looks very much Hollywood, very Boys Town, but it's really the official LAPD training school. The only giveaway is the



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though had a party skin on," Horton says, "and you peel it back, and underneath it's ugly." There's a videotape of Horton and Green out on patrol, peering back at them and screaming—panty drovers. Peering stolen their right there in some downtown intersection. You see them craning past this kind of railing, and then there's Horton's out of the car, bawling. "Get you hands up, gentlemen! (Arms!) Come on, come on! Get down! Face the wall!" Great command presence. This obviously isn't a lady who wears the toilet seat before she can dance. After a few weeks of the hoods loose and on sight, the crime rate in the neighborhood fell 30 to 50 percent, and Horton goes home to her home, her four dogs, and her husband.

TWO INCHES LONGER OF FLAME-PROOFING cops are patrolling one another across the parking lot outside the police academy. They're playing cops and demonstrators, practicing crowd control. This is SFLAFL, or Special Forces Lacking All Tactical Training. It's a playful game, and due to a playful exercise, Horton's wearing a parka (not sweat) after. At a distance, she's barely distinguishable from her male counterparts. They all have tactical shoulder and athletic legs.

Later everyone troops into a classroom in the academy for a lecture on auto-crimes. The instructor hands out some diagrams detailing the anatomy of your typical presidential motorcade and shows them how to draw up a route map. He complains about James Jackson, who has a tendency to run the best-laid plans, by deciding on maps to interrupt the schedule and drop in on a Baptist church or job. A dull day in the war on crime.

WE'RE IN A BLACK PONY CLUB IN THE Valley. The loosely formal dinner is taking off to pick up the lady in the stolen wagon Horton's right in. Her hair is just so. Her eyebrows and toenails are color coordinated in various. There's a rule in the lower courts on name of these meals, which are a little too closely trimmed, come to think of it, for someone who's clearly in trouble. You can't shoot with long nails, see, and if you scratch a suspect in the course of an arrest you might get sued for brutality. So the nails are odd, but otherwise you really wouldn't guess she was a cop.

"I love messy hamburgers," she chatters, splashing ketchup all over her plate. She tops it up with a paper napkin, but there's too much, so she gives up. It's a little hard to believe this is the woman they called a "police slut" on television the other night. Horton doesn't seem to be here for herself. "I don't think some of the things I've done are so interesting," she says. "Know what I mean?"

Well, not really. She's hardly some virgin territory for women. She's had gone pale on her. She's not all night in bars,

preferring to be a baw, fingering her gun and waiting for a shooting artist to show. We're talking about a woman who has been there, but it doesn't sound much like the place Joseph Wambaugh writes about, the place where hard men wage endless thoughts, embracing their own unspeakable violence. Horton's far more interested in her husband than war stories. "Look at those potatoes!" she says.

Ask her if she loves, she laughs and says, "Lucky, maybe." Ask her if she lives in dread, she says, "No, I have fun, I think you have to on this job." She's cheerful and sensible and level-headed about it all—the cop demystified. After all, her job is less dangerous than fighting fires or raising coal, not only one percent of cop encounters involve violence. It's not Wambaugh, it's not Hardy and Wicks, it's a job with common sense and compassion as much as all you need, and if the need arises for foot-kick shoulder and steel nerves, Horton's got them. No wonder some guys don't want her around. She calls the bad.

To hear her tell it, there's no one else to bring the only woman among 220 bad males. "It's like having Jesus brothers," she says. She's just divorced her first husband when she joined Horton, and she had a rule never doing more than the division. She holds a very strong line. She's once shocked their courtship with great discretion. Four hunting and fifty cops turned out for their wedding. They barbecued steaks on the grounds of the police academy. There was a country band and plenty of beer. The ladies gave them a red crane and 750 dollar bills, bills all stuck together and rolled up like toilet paper. Lynn cried when a man arrived. Even George Bush had and looked off to hide what he was feeling. "C'mon," someone yelled. "Where's the chicken?"

She and George have opened a business of their own—a gym out near their place—and she figures she'll retire after putting in twenty. Meanwhile, she has no intention of getting pulled in the line of duty. "If someone contradicts me," she says, "I want to be the one to go home." George's on duty right now; it's often like this, her working one shift and him another. "I guess that way we don't have the problem of getting on each other's nerves," she says. "Anyone, he seems so angry, because they use my picture as a target down on the police shooting range. He shoots me several times a month." One wonders if some misogynist is trying to make a rather blunt point. "Maybe," she laughs noncommittally. "He does better if we have an affair."

"It's not a woman's blubber and all that stuff," she says. "I didn't die for fifty people behind me. I did it for me." Still, she's come a long way. Horton has, and she's still smiling. She has her eye on SPAN, the last and least successful of all divide-and-conquer in the police of crime. She passed the physical, and now she's waiting. ☐

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# First Hispanic

by Nicholas Lemann

**As mayor of San Antonio, Henry Cisneros has found himself the leading spokesman for a newly powerful constituency**

On a midsummer Tuesday morning Henry Cisneros, the mayor of San Antonio, Texas, leaves city hall with a thick stack of papers under his arm, gets in the front seat of his official car, and sets out for a few hours among his people.

The first stop is a church on the Mexican American west side of town, where a lioness icon of the Virgin Mary, from Mexico, has been on loan for a week. This is a big event on the west side, and throughout south Texas. The first day, ten thousand people turned out to see the icon, forming a line a mile long, and even today the street is crowded off and the line stretches around the block.

Cisneros steps out of the car and walks around to the back door of the church—a tall open air, gray business suit, erect but informal, smiling and waving, shaking a hand here, kissing a baby there. He greets people in Spanish, or in barrio patois: "¿Cómo estás? You're looking good." "¿Qué tal, my friend?" He also inside the church, which is as bare and shining as a high school gym. The icon, a doll three feet tall, is in a niche on the back wall. The sides and pews are jammed, the whole front row is people in wheelchairs. Cisneros drops to his knees and lowers his head in prayer, and people in the audience come up and take his picture with their instantaries.

There are not many other cities where this scene would take place, and there is certainly no politician but Cisneros who could have come into it and momentarily distracted attention from the icon. He is the first Mexican American mayor of San Antonio, having won that job in 1981 with a 96 percent margin on the west side, where he grew up and still lives. By the Monday evening after the election he was on the Today show being touted as the country's leading Hispanic politician, as he still is today. The latest sign of his prominence is that he was reportedly first runner-up to Geraldine Ferraro for the Democrats.

NICHOLAS LEMANN lived in Austin and is a national correspondent for The Atlantic magazine.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM LAMBERT

Cisneros has gained remarkable influence at a young age both in his own city and in the national political arena. He was reportedly Mondale's second choice for Vice President. His rise is the result of a superb education, a military discipline, devotion to self-improvement, and the fact that as a Hispanic, he represents a rising American class.

vice-presidential nomination this year. All of that means a lot to his case constitutionally.

After five minutes Cisneros edges out, shaking himself all the way back to his car. He turns to his driver and shakes his head in exasperation. "Deep funk," he says. "Deep funk."

From there the driver goes on the highway and drives twenty miles east of San Antonio to the town of Seguin, where Cisneros is to address the Rotary Club. In the car Cisneros is just a little angry in his gut down miles for his growth. One would expect that a prominent minority politician might feel uncomfortable talking to an audience of Anglo businessmen, but that is not the reason; rather, he is worried that this audience will resent him because he is such an established advocate of economic growth, whereas they might prefer to move a little more slowly, to cling to the old, comfortable, small-town ways.

But everything goes well—good crowd, generous applause. Cisneros gives a victory orator on his standard speech. He says cities must shape their own destinies through a "strategic voice," that everyone must co-operate, that constant growth is the key to the American economy. He shouts out his hand to endorse one of his points and points a picture in which growth is order, and almost scientific—"the technocratically precise" in one phrase he uses—and stagnation is the greatest of evils. The alternative to growth is "to up your moral mobility to external resources, an opportunity to move." Seguin has great future, he says, as part of a high-tech San Antonio-Austin corridor that is just becoming a reality.

Cisneros has moved between the church and the Rotary club without any obvious shuffling of gears, as if the match between the two—developing nations poor people not comfortable with English, and business boosterism—is completely natural. For him it is. He doesn't fit the patterns he's supposed to fit. He is a total believer in the redemptive power of business, but in personal matters he is a miser. He is a national figure, even though he holds a job that belies him: was considered almost an honorary vice position. He was elected by low-income voters but is almost never heard calling for more government social programs—either in the state or in the private economy will help his constituents most. He talks about being Mexican Americanism as the essence of himself but as just "one facet of a complex personality." There is only one way to explain his political career, his success, and a part of his background, his city and his family.

SAN ANTONIO IS THE TENTH-LARGEST CITY in the United States, its proud statistic, was only after a ten-year drought, with inflation. But in a recent year, it made only thirty-second, and feels a little like a backwater. San Antonio is further south than San Diego, Phoenix, or New

Orleans. It sits just where the north Texas border laps up against the Indian, earlier Hill Country, only 250 miles from Mexico. Under the trees on the north side of town live the affluent Anglos, and the flat, dusty land to the south and west rises in Mexican American by a great majority, to the largest employers San Antonio: four Air Force bases and one Army base. People in other Texas cities—Houston, Dallas, and even Austin—regard San Antonio as remote.

The leaders of the local establishment drive up in nineteenth-century officers and parade through the streets at night during the spring fiesta. Old ranchers and retired military officers pass the days among the marble columns in the faded grand lobby of the Mirador Hotel, next to the Alamo, where Teddy Roosevelt measured the Rough Riders. The streets of downtown are jammed most of the time, a sure thing in a southwestern city, with Dickensian arches, convention cars, and Forties-style automobiles past against a backdrop of shabby yet decent burghers, soccer stands, and cheap haberdasheries. Inside the hot, drifty city hall, in the innermost of the mayor's office, beefy cops chatter with indomitable reporters.

Cross the point into the room where Henry Cisneros works, through, and a different world. There are diplomats in the walls, a bust of John F. Kennedy, a bookshelf full of Democratic "new ideas," reports, troupes, plastic models of Air Force fighter planes. Cisneros, in his tailored, his slacks rolled up, leaning forward and gesturing forcefully, points for visitors his own pictures of San Antonio, emphasizing economic growth, especially in high technology. He talks about the new bank building going up downtown. The concept of economic life's trying to him. The Texas Teleporter's setting up. The history reentry district. This, rather than immigration or bilingual education or the Hispanic vote, is what most angers his mind. Martin Luther King he's not. What he brings to mind each case is Richard Hofstadter's description of the turn-of-the-century reformers of New York—her's a rising man who represents a rising class.

This becomes obvious from a visit to his legendary bachelord house in the burroughs. The large burghs out to Prospect Hill, an immaculate neighborhood of small houses and beautifully kept lawns, originally settled by Germans. Impassioned, I asked Henry's mother, Elvira Cisneros, if the neighborhood was a lot since they moved there, in 1940. "Oh, yes," she said. "The neighborhood has deteriorated. When I was growing up, it was very beautiful. The old people can't afford to keep up their houses, and the young people have moved away. A lot of houses have become rental properties. But we're hoping, with the development, perhaps the young people will move back."

My Cisneros comes by her sense of downward mobility honestly. Her father, Ramon Mangus, worked at a newspaper and was a prominent politician in Mexico. He was a follower of Venustiano Carranza, who helped overthrow the revolution-turned-dictator Porfirio Diaz in 1911 but in ensuing years barely left out with other figures of the revolution, notably the peasant leaders Emiliano Zapata and Pancho Villa. Carranza was president of Mexico in the late Thirties, but in 1930 he was deposed by two of his old revolutionists, who during their agendas moved the government back to the left. In 1936 Ramon Mangus left Mexico for the United States, according to family legend, just a day before he would have been assassinated. But he crossed the Rio Grande by walking delicately across the bridge at Laredo, with papers—not the most common route.

In San Antonio the Mangus quickly became part of the elite of the west side. The parents who fed the revolution, and led the depression, found work in the San Antonio stockyards. Ramon Mangus worked at *La Prensa*, a national Spanish-language newspaper whose managing editor, Leonidas Gonzalez, was the father of Congressman Henry B. Gonzalez of San Antonio. In 1939 Ramon left *La Prensa* and started his own business, Mangus Printers, which under the direction of his son Robert is a going concern on the west side today.

During World War II Robert Mangus, stationed in Randolph Air Force Base, met George Cisneros, the orphaned son of New Mexico sharecroppers, and introduced him to his sister Elvira. George went to work as a civil servant and Army sergeant at Fort San Houston on the east side of town and married Elvira and they bought their house. In 1942 Henry was born, the first of their five children. Elvira Cisneros raised the kids with a firmness and dedication to self-improvement—the idea wasn't so much to improve the family's standing as to raise its place in the world catch up to what its standing already was. When Henry went off to kindergarten the family began to speak English at home, because it was the language of the schools and would help him do better. (They're speaking English now.) I like the images of her child wearing aloke the head up! Marie Curie for everyone, no exceptions. Success, too. No television during the week except for the news and National Geographic specials. On weekends, trips to the library, the opera, and a lot of swimming—or, failing that, to the train station to see how train worked, or to the stockyards to see cattle. After school was "creative time," in which each child had to pursue something, quietly. Then as chance they discovered that there was no that children could be used for education too. In the retelling, it sounds as if every moment was devoted to personal betterment.



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It paid off in a rich harvest of degrees. Harvey has a bachelor's, two master's degrees, and a Ph.D. in biology. George studied microbiology and is now a composer. This is an architect working in Texas. Tim is a journalist in Madison, Wisconsin. One doesn't think of such an academic family as being so successful militarily, but the Garza brothers were.

Harvey's brother Antonio was to become an Air Force pilot. At Central Catholic High School he joined ROTC—his senior class picture shows him in uniform, wearing a tie-back—and when the Air Force Academy picture was distributed, he was young and too thin, he went to Texas A&M, where he belonged to the quasi-military Corps of Cadets. Harvey through his freshman year he announced to his parents that he had set himself the goal of becoming commander of the band in his senior year. In his senior year he was commander of the band. Harvey's graduation picture shows him in uniform, too, with a chest full of medals, such, for him, were the Iron Sentinels, one of several streets and student groups.

"Once, in his sophomore year," says Elena Garza, "he called me up and said, 'Mama, I'm gonna leave school and join the Green Berets, because I'm a future'! Last night I'm in Mexico!" He claimed doves, but he never mastered college, so he changed his major from aeronautical engineering to

city management. In 1967 a member at A&M got into a place as a student conference at Westwood, a tiny he still talks about as a watershed in his life. He visited New York City for the first time, at the height of John Lindsay's glamour; on the plane he read a cover story in *Time* about Daniel Patrick Moynihan and the new profession of urbanology, and at the conference he was harried by the boys from the Ivy League schools. All this put a corner in city government, along with the system of values within which he was raised. It was painful, it was worthy, and it was a way to spare himself on to self-improvement.

When he graduated from A&M he'd already resolved, his brother George says, to become mayor of San Antonio. He worked the Model Cities Program in San Antonio, then enrolled in graduate school at George Washington University. He worked at the National League of Cities and became a White House Fellow on the staff of Elliot Richardson, then Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare. Then last night he turned to San Antonio, where he became the only Chicano leader in America who advises Elliot Richardson more than Pincho Villet. From there he went to Boston, where he taught at MIT and got a master's in public administration at Harvard. In 1969 he married his high school sweetheart, Mary Alice Perez, and in 1974 he returned to San Antonio as a college professor and politician in waiting.

It was a short wait. In 1975, at the age of twenty-seven, Garza was elected to the city council, where he served until he became mayor. The key figure in his election was his uncle Ruben Dominguez, himself an unsuccessful candidate for office but still so important behind the scenes political figure on the west side. In those days a group of Anglo businessmen called the Good Government League would propose a full slate of city council candidates that generally won at every election. Though the issue finally turned against the GGL, it was able to keep its power for a while by cutting the west side in for ever bigger pieces of the action. In 1975 the GGL agreed to increase the Mexican American participation on its slate from three to four (the council had eight members), and with Dominguez's nodding of the drink, Harvey Garza got the key place on the GGL ticket. By the 1977 election the GGL had effectively died. Garza was the last important Mexican American politician in San Antonio whose big break was to get the blessing of the Establishment. The chairman of the GGL, concerning that election, was John Stein, the man Garza would beat for mayor six years later.

But there is in Garza a distinct strain of resentment against the Establishment, which can't be understood by looking about him in the west or around his dealings about university politicians. After 1977,

when the council expanded, Garza was a swing vote between the Anglo conservatives and Anglo reformers on one side and one black congressman and four other Hispanics on the other. He was not a member of San Antonio's leading San Menley-style Mexican American group, Comisionados Organized for Public Service, though his relations with COOPS have been warm and friendly. His mother says proudly that he doesn't use the word *Chicano* in public; his brother George denounces growing up with "no strong ethnic feeling" until the children realized that, despite their education and drive, some doors were not open to them. Garza doesn't talk about restructuring society or power to the people.

What he resents is the situation in San Antonio, the closed-shop mess of it. In his younger and more hot-blooded days he used to talk bitterly about how fifteen families controlled San Antonio and therefore there couldn't be any progress. He felt not so pinched but blocked, on grounds of being both a Mexican American and a middle-class kid who lacked the right connections. He hated the idea that because of corruption, greed, money, power, or narrow-mindedness, the race might be rigged against the modest and most virtuous, as well as against the higher goal of progress and social improvement. If the city could be opened up, it would mean forward to the benefit of all Mexican Americans and all people lacking the right connections. It was this frustration that he first used, years ago, to explain to people why he wanted to be mayor, and it was by attracting the votes of apparently middle-class Anglos that he was able to win.

He was impatient to run, by temperament and because he felt there was a window of only a few years in which the Mexican American community would unite behind one candidate. His uncle talked him out of it in 1976; in 1980 he tried against the popular incumbent, Luis Cordero, who then unexpectedly dropped out of the race. Garza's last *Suave* going away.

Once heard Garza say that he spends 80 percent of his time in major trying to sell high-tech computers on the idea of building plants in San Antonio. It is his great cause. In the years just after he won the council, he began to be allied with a coalition of civic leaders that was coming to the town in San Antonio and that within a few years became the dominant force in town. Its first activities were aimed at business development in general, and in the Eighties, as in many cities, it developed a particular tilt toward high tech, with Garza backing the way. Harvey constantly around the country making his pitch. In the last few years Control Data Corporation, Advanced Micro Devices, and Teady Corporation, among others, have set up plants in San Antonio, and many more are expected. Microelectronics and Computer Tech-

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nology Corporation has located in Austin. High tech has become an issue about which it's possible to be cynical. For a politician it's practically *rite* fare. Local businessmen, especially bankers and developers, see it as a source of income, and blue-collar people see it as a source of jobs. Although it's impossible that a politician could personally persuade enough businessmen to move to make a statistically noticeable dent in his city's economy, these companies who come create great jobs, and the constant traffic allows for a lot of high-velocity travel. It's much more difficult not to be gleeful about all politicians, trying down police response time, and make the buses run on schedule, though that's certainly what most people want from their mayor.

These sentiments can be heard in San Antonio. There is occasional grumbling (ignoring other politicians) and the grates about Cisneros's high profile and his traveling, but it never becomes a major issue. There are two reasons why: as a city with an minority majority of his kind, San Antonio likes having a star, and, whether or not it's Cisneros's doing, the dirt at construction sites is flying. "Some people are complaining about services," says Ruben Mancera, in front of whose shop is but a good size pothole. "But it's nothing that could develop into a ground swell, because they see the services and then they

are downtown and see the new buildings." The high tech should be Cisneros's central concern is absolutely consistent with the way his mind works. He has the military man's view of progress as orderly, almost mechanical. Last year he published a voluminous edition (*San Antonio Times*) 96, a questionnaire of Cisneros' faith in modernization, through self-designer, this has 177 goals (each with several subgoals) for the city to achieve by 2000. His motto (it is possible for local government to outperform) into being, not his whole family paint a picture of San Antonio today is, in effect, the aphorism of the Cisneros credo—education-hungry, meritocratic, fairly hostile to the future. To a visitor, Henry's San Antonio—the houses, the new factories and hotels and office buildings, and of course his own office—seems like a stand in a sea of darkness, but his vision is accurate. Once, I brought up the subject of Robert Griggs' dense, rich biography of the young Lyndon Johnson, and Cisneros said he didn't think he would read it. Why not? "It's a bore," he said. "I don't see what I'll get out of it from that. Things are so different now."

WHETHER HENRY IN SAN ANTONIO, AND all over Texas, and by now even in Washington, the question is raised: Is an effect-dinner cigar, slowly, becoming a piece of art? His political handlers say he

was approached in 1983 about a statewide race for reelection, with the assurance that the big money boys in Texas would come through with enough support to make it serious; Cisneros said no. He clearly doesn't want to move precipitantly. Having been a vice-governatorial candidate, a member of the National Supermarket Commission on Central America headed by Henry Kissinger, and a figure conveniently mentioned and quoted in the northeastern media, he is local going on national.

Cisneros himself says he wants to remain mayor until 1990 (when he'll be forty-three) and then see. He needs to be sure that his life didn't offer him the vice-presidential nomination, and that he would have turned it down. "The Hispanic community tends to be very rooted," he says. "I don't think I can go to Washington because they don't want to move. I see my parents once a week. I know I can do this well. I'm not so sure about other things. I like not only the city but the surrounding. For god, I don't imagine I'll ever be as fulfilled as being in a law office."

There is no edge to him, though. He is extremely competitive, in the way of a young lieutenant colonel on the fast track; he wants to have perfect steps and doesn't want to get ahead of his own little bodies in crisis and stress over his occasional displays in municipal politics at the hands of conservatives, liberals, liberals, and liberals, people who don't play clean and straight and don't deserve to win but do. He doesn't want his next step to be this, which is why he's working so long and thinking so carefully before making it.

The irony is that whatever the steps, it will inevitably be a play off the role that the national political culture has manifested. In fact, that of the Hispanic Hispanic. Somebody had to be, the Hispanic population (and vote) is growing rapidly, immigration and bilingual education are major issues, the border states are becoming more important, and no one else is young enough, smart enough, ambitious enough, and sufficiently ethnic enough for the job but Cisneros.

So he is instinctively well known, but for being a Hispanic. If he goes into a Cabinet position, it will be as the first Hispanic Cabinet member, backed in attention. If he runs statewide, the national press will come out in force, against the possibility of more Hispanic desks within Texas, since Cisneros ideologically fits comfortably in the state's dominant conservative Democratic tradition, such a race would come down to whether a big, Anglo-minority state is ready to elect a Hispanic to an important job. Really, whether he is in any of these roles is the first person in this knowing decade with a perfect balance in the circle of progress, including his own, but the world can find that not later in the sheet man you have to play the hand you're dealt. ☐

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Nineteen twenty years ago Martin Luther King Jr. led a march from Selma to Montgomery, Alabama, in a drive for the right of black Americans to vote. It became a touchstone of our history. The individual right of colored people to register with white and other duly qualified citizens that led to the signing of the Voting Rights Act of 1965, a key victory in the battle American blacks have fought for equality. A line of men, slowly changing faces, and next August come to ball just spring with Louis Lomax's undoubtedly powerful led for the Democratic presidential candidate, in a campaign that emphasized race over the power of the vote and the emerging role of blacks in mainstream politics. Lani Guinier, an NAACP's legal defense fund lawyer, is a case in point.

## Lani Guinier is a new kind of civil rights

lawyer with an old-fashioned goal: to make it easier for  
America

# ...And Justice for All by Roger Wilkins

IN SOME OTHER SETTING AND IN DIFFERENT clothing, the young lawyer on the podium could be taken for an Egyptian or a member of the organization in the Egyptian valley north of Kabb. Whether she were veiled in North Africa or fleeing from Soviet bombs along the walls of an Afghan valley, one would be unable to ignore this tall, light-brown woman. Her wide-spaced, large almond-shaped eyes are the dominant feature of an angular face that radiates both intelligence and intensity.

Carol Lani Guinier (who is known by her middle name) is neither a Middle Easterner nor a North African. She is a black American. It is an identity that she wears as easily as she does an offbeat wardrobe that looks as if it had been selected with all the care that a twenty-minute shopping spree on Portobello Road in London would permit. On this particular morning in the hearing room at Capitol Hill's Longworth House Office building, she is in a severe black suit, not around in the large-crowned floppy hats and long skirts that have given some people the erroneous initial impression that she is eccentric. Her thick dark hair, which is parted in the middle, is kept neatly in place by loose barettes.

Rebecca Wexler, a former editorial writer for *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*, is an early supporter of the NAACP's legal defense fund lawyer, D.C.

placed at back of and above her ears. Guinier is about to address representatives of thirty organizations that gathered in June 1984 as the National Emergency Mobilization on the Right to Vote. Other speakers at the event will include some of the most significant voting-rights activists in the country, including Willie Velázquez, executive director of the Southwest Voter Registration Education Project, and Dorothy S. Roberts, president of the League of Women Voters of the United States.

When she speaks, Guinier's voice gives only the slightest hint of her New York childhood, and her voice is deep, firm, and full of confidence. She announces that the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund has brought a lawsuit against the state of Georgia, alleging that the state has unlawfully restricted the rights of black people to register and to vote. After that announcement she continues, "This is one of the first cases filed in part of a litigation campaign to make voter registration accessible to all citizens. Numerous studies have concluded that the single most important barrier to participation in the political process is a state's adoption of arbitrary registration practices. These practices make it disproportionately more difficult to register in the United States than in any other Western democracy."

"The objectionable registration practices include that state's refusal to appoint black deputy registrars, refusal to allow registration in cities

**G**uinier belongs to a generation whose parents fought hard to vote. Despite their working the issues that the battle is far from over



PHOTOGRAPH BY WILL COOK

important to the black community such as churches, institutions upon advance notice of local registration, prohibition of door-to-door registration, and maintenance of only one registration site in rural counties (that is not open evenings and weekends). For example, in Alabama, if citizens must take time off from work and drive fifty miles to the courthouse in order to register to vote. Even that burdensome effort, however, is inadequate in the counties where registrars insist that citizens register twice—once for city elections, once for county and national elections.

After Guinier spoke, there was suddenly a rumble at the back of the room, and a number of large men bent through the pews walking backward, carrying heavy cameras and lighting equipment. Moving forward into the remaining semicircle came the Reverend Jesse L. Jackson, then running for President. The air in the room was electric as the thick, handsome, athletic candidate walked past the witness stand.

"I want to thank Congressman John Conyers, who is here," Jackson began, "for introducing a bill to eliminate second preferences and also to authorize political registration for all natural elections...."

So Jackson's two more words were: "I watched Guinier's face as he listened to the other side of the hearing room. She was leaning forward, and her face showed great intensity. It made sense. Jackson's testimony about voting rights contained the same intensity as his broader the greater life. He was saying that the system could be made to work and that black people were right to fight their battle, as long as they were willing to sacrifice and to fight for the political rights that the Constitution guarantees them, for the future, no matter how hard the tasking."

It is the same idea that motivates Guinier to do the work she does. Both she and Jackson believe that the system can be improved significantly, and that the effort of one human being can make a difference.

FOR GENERATIONS, THINGS OF WELL-BEING have been blocked in their quest for full citizenship in America. And at any given moment in history the leaders of the civil rights army felt they were being cut off from the work in their backyards, their ages, and the vestige points from which they attack injustice as art, for example, Jesse Jackson, Maggie Bozeman (an Alabama teacher), Thurgood Marshall (an assistant justice of the Supreme Court), and Lorraine Hansberry (the Chicago writer), randomly chosen but highly select contemporary group of idealistic American citizens.

For example, Thurgood Marshall and Guinier, though they are both black lawyers, find that their lawyers' lives are played by the NAACP Legal Defense Fund, have contributed to significantly dif-

**Guinier's decision to devote her talent to civil rights work was less supported by the mores of the times than such decisions by members of older generations of black people.**

ferent ways to the black struggle for justice. The difference has been to do with age that with gender. Justice Marshall is seventy-one years old, Guinier is thirty-four. Marshall is a product of segregation. Before he moved downtown in the early Fifties, from Harlem to Morningside Gardens, the development where Guinier now lives, he lived with all of the other black people across discrimination made it impossible to do otherwise. In his local boarding he might have spent time talking to the nelson, the judge, the NAACP executive, the local numbers man, the bellboy from a downtown hotel, the cop, and a number of dozens of local children who might have been any of the above. Black people together had a common pool of problems from which they drew common wisdom, common sense, and common strength.

Guinier's generation is different. Just about the time when the Marshall lived was moving down from Sugar Hill to Morningside Gardens, the Guinier family—Edward, his wife, Gena, a Jewish woman, six-year-old Guinier, and her younger sister, Barbara, who is 36, a Queens, another sister, Marie, was born the following year, in 1957. It was the time when racial segregation permitted the black middle class to look for better lives and opportunities by moving away from the slums that the black lower class could not afford to leave. The money in the neighborhoods and the beauty parks of the

black community's would never again be as much. And neither would the common vision and the common motivation to get rid of oppression. In earlier times the black professionals who would go to the community (both men and women) had a need to be successful, both for the sake of their families and for economic advancement, that they somehow—in the local NAACP or the local Urban League—served the black community, but both residential and economic mobility splintered the old segregated community. They also created opportunities to spend billions of talent and energy thinking about things other than the problems of poor black people, and this, in turn, began to put psychic as well as physical distance between the inter-positioned blacks and their less fortunate brothers and sisters.

Like Guinier's decision to devote a major part of her talent to civil rights work was more conscious, more voluntary, and was supported by the money of the times or the culture in which she was raised, such decisions were for members of older generations of black people.

Guinier was able to take advantage of educational opportunities that were beyond the reach and even beyond the reach of older blacks. She grew up in a house that preceded her, the grandest from Rockville in 1971, and from Yale Law School in 1974, with a record good enough to launch her into an academic career at some of the nation's premier law schools. She has chosen to write on topics of rights as sustained concern of the NAACP Legal Defense Fund.

"My father inspired me to think about the world around me critically and to see the unfairness and try to change it. He taught me that the questions I needed for that were not answered, though, and always to be prepared."

Then, my mother I learned how to get along with people—that that was as important as being concerned. I think a lot of my peers have achieved more than I have in worldly ways, but they don't seem to have the same peace of mind. My mother helped me see the other person's side, not to intensify rejection, and to be able to fight back."

She applied these lessons to a carefully crafted career. After leaving law school she clerked for a federal district court judge in Detroit and then worked for four years as an assistant to the assistant attorney general for Civil Rights in the Department of Justice during the Carter administration. When she left the government in 1982, she took her present job at the NAACP Legal Defense Fund. The LDF now has independent public-interest civil rights law firm with twenty-two lawyers and an annual budget of almost \$7 million. Guinier is the assistant attorney general of the NAACP. About three decades ago, while Thurgood Marshall was its

executive counsel, it separated from its parent organization in order to be able to receive an exempt contribution.

The most important effort in which Guinier has been involved since her graduation from Yale was her work to extend the Voting Rights Act of 1965, which many would consider the most successful piece of legislation enacted since the New Deal. The act, passed originally as a temporary measure, came up for renewal in the early Eighties, with the Republicans controlling the Senate and Ronald Reagan in the White House.

As passed by Congress in 1965, the Voting Rights Act applied primarily to southern states and required any jurisdiction that proposed to change its voting requirements to clear those changes with the U.S. Department of Justice. The act also made provision for private attorneys to bring suits to void any election laws and regulations that might have had a discriminatory effect.

After the extension was first considered by the House of Representatives, the Senate Judiciary Department could not formulate a position and that declined to testify. Conservative Republicans in the House tried to extend the act to the entire country, which would have made certain states virtually irrelevant. The House rejected that plan and gave bill 309 to 24 that stated that the test for discrimination must be whether the law or regulation in question resulted in discrimination, rather than whether those who had enacted it had intended to discriminate. And that test had work, of course, would be much more difficult to prove in court.

The administration finally decided its position, an month after the bill was introduced. It supported the "results" test on the grounds that it would create a "bureaucratic system on elections all over the nation. The message was clear: Ronald Reagan wanted as work as it was possible. In case that wasn't possible, the Department of Justice was pressing Republicans in the Senate to consider the strong bill that had been passed by the House.

Few civil rights advocates believed that the final product would closely approximate the House bill. Old Washington was working on the bill against congressional critics, primarily Republicans, but it did not vote. The control of the bill to be as clear as possible in order to avoid years of litigation over every ambiguity seen in by compromise. By all accounts, Guinier was a determined member of the latter camp. She remarkably, almost no report that legislative pressure was mounted and years ago shorter. Guinier, one of the youngest players in the game at thirty-one, was the person best able to bridge the gap between the two camps.

Among Guinier's civil rights lawyers who was one of the key participants in developing the extension, describes Guinier-

**The lawyer who argued for Mrs. Bozeman was Lami Guinier. "She was tall and ugly in the courtroom that day," says Mrs. Bozeman. "I call her ugly because she was so beautiful."**

er's fier for communication as "critical in the battle between the litigators and the legislative people. She had a great deal of knowledge, and that and her hard work gave her credibility on both sides."

Ralph Nunn, the executive director of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights and a principal player who was not always on Guinier's side, has this to say: "Guinier, that delightful woman is a very determined person. Lami can be fiercely independent, totally committed to whatever she's working on, and very aggressive about how she goes after it. She is formidable to come up against in debate, neither able to be intimidated or shaken. She is also one quick learner."

Guinier's work was essential in beating back the administration's attempt to dilute the House bill in the Senate. In Debra's words, she was "a superb negotiator. She negotiates for this." And with Guinier's help, the line was held, the final version of the act was very much like the House-passed bill.

Much of America wants to believe that the twenty years between 1954 and 1974 took us beyond prejudice and away from explicitly racist laws. They also the situation of the courts to desegregation, the end-Sixties passage of civil rights legislation, the Great Society measures that came after, and the expansion of some of those programs in the Nixon years as evidenced and the problems seemed to have more or less.

There have been stunning advances.

Black is a part of the national psyche in ways that would have been inconceivable forty years ago. It is black that has been said that not one but two black actors would be stars of their own television shows (not perfection, that blacks would be named as Atlanta, Detroit, Philadelphia, Chicago and Los Angeles). A black man would make a second run for a presidential nomination, and that a young black man with a musical style would be paid a million dollars a year to play basketball. We would probably have concluded that the information was processed by demons.

But those things have all come to pass. One exceedingly dramatic new phenomenon in the access that well-trained young black professionals are gaining to some of the most prestigious and beautiful workplaces in the nation. These young adults can be seen enjoying life in every major city in America. Their lives are not indications of total progress. Yet it is precisely the high visibility of these developments that has led to the negative hard facts for those, both black and white, who do not wish to see the massive oppression that still remains in the wake of the Reagan administration's abandonment of the cause of racial justice.

The negative statistics describe the black median income in the early Eighties at about 60 percent of the white median income, just about what it was in the early Sixties. In 1982 the National Assessment of Educational Progress confirmed that 47 percent of urban black students were functionally illiterate. The Center for the Study of Social Policy asserts that 96 percent of black males over the age of sixteen are jobless. Fifty-five percent of black babies are born to women who are not married. A majority of urban black women are on welfare, and nearly 70 percent of black children in these families live in poverty. At the height of the recession the black poverty rate stood at over 35 percent—compared with 15 percent for the nation as a whole—and even at the worst of the recession, while the recovery rained along and the national unemployment rate slipped back to single digits, the black unemployment rate stood at a horrendous 36.9 percent, a full million more blacks were unemployed than when Ronald took office. Finally, of eighteen million blacks eligible to vote, only about 11.5 million are registered.

The Reagan administration's reaction to this is to assert that the country has progressed to a state in which there are no more racial problems. There are no further needs for remedies that take account of race. Assistant Attorney General William Bradford Huie, who heads the Civil Rights Division of the Department of Justice, announces that affirmative action is unnecessary.

Many whites are persuaded by the Reagan-Huie position. It suggests, as

have racist arguments from time immemorial, that the blacks who did not succeed because society isolated them were, in fact, victims of their own limitations as human beings. Consider Maggie Bosman.

Mrs. Bosman, a fifty-five-year-old black schoolteacher from Alleville, Alabama, is Lani Guerrier's classmate, but considering the place where she lives, the odds of her effort, the odds against her, and the sacrifices required, she might well have been Thurgood Marshall's classmate in the dangerous days before 1964, when the Supreme Court taught the nation that the days of the worst racial paranoias in this country were over. In 1958 Maggie Bosman, who had taught social in her native Pickens County since 1947, was charged with voting fraud, with voting more than once, and with firing absentee ballots. She was convicted by a Pickens County jury in 1959 and sentenced to serve four years in the Alabama prison system. Her conviction for bribery, vote-buying, bribes came seven years after the enactment of the Voting Rights Act of 1965, which was supposed to eradicate racially motivated impediments to the right to vote in places like Alabama. The evidence submitted by the prosecution included absentee ballots cast by elderly blacks in a rural primary. The prosecution was able to prove that the ballots, which were supposed to be signed in front of a notary, had in fact been signed out of his presence. But there was absolutely no evidence to connect Maggie Bosman with the improper signatures.

"I didn't know I was in trouble," says Mrs. Bosman, looking back on the day she was arrested. "I was making dinner, as usual, as I am now—doing exercises with the children in the playground when I see all these cars coming up to the school. They weren't police cars, honey. They were sheriff's cars. I took the children back into the school. But I told them not to worry because the sheriff was supposed to help. I was going to get my tea from my thermos to relax myself."

But before she could have her tea, she was summoned over the intercom system to the principal's office. The sheriff's cars had not come to help Maggie Bosman; they had come to collect her.

"One of the white children in my class began to cry and I told him not to worry, it would be all right. I thought the principal was talking with me, but he wasn't. When I got in the office, Lanie Coleman, the sheriff—he's big and heavy—said, 'Maggie, come with me. You have been charged with vote fraud.' Then he read me a little card. And so I went back to Mrs. Bosman and told the children that the sheriff had come for me. I told, and Lanie Coleman walked me out like a criminal. But he let me drive my own car down to the courthouse, and all these sheriff's cars followed

me right from school. It was like a funeral procession."

Five years after her conviction I asked Mrs. Bosman what she had done to merit this attention.

"I was trying to educate people, trying to inform them about the political process and how they should be involved. My primary role was to gather information and to put it in the people's hands and to inform them about what the law was."

"I got my information from the Alabama Democratic Conference that put out a memorandum written by Alabama Assistant Attorney General Walker Turner that gave, according to the law, the steps—one, two, three—on how you could assist people to register and vote. Before that, we didn't have the information to educate the people."

"That's what bothered me also. I believed the law, and still I got convicted."

More than forty years later, in a result of a federal court petition argued in the federal district court in Montgomery, Maggie Bosman's conviction was thrown out for lack of any evidence that she had done anything wrong. The lawyer who argued for Mrs. Bosman was Lani Guerrier. "She was tall and ugly in the courtroom that day," Mrs. Bosman says. "I got very angry because she is so beautiful."

Guerrier, who had been dressed severely that day in a charcoal gray suit and a light-gray blouse with a single strand of pearls around her neck, looked subdued and professional. When she stood to argue Mrs. Bosman's case, her composure was complete, and the argument was elegant and concise.

There is no evidence to sustain this conviction, Your Honor."

In Pickens County the white people still have all the power, and so Maggie Bosman struggles the way traditional black southern heroines and heroines—Rosa Parks, Fannie Lou Hamer, Medgar Evers, Martin Luther King Jr., and Anne Henry—struggled. In that way Mrs. Maggie Bosman is in that old house could would be only half right. In the late fifties and early sixties, before the great civil rights laws were passed that at a time when blacks and their white allies were harassed by the rich provinces of the *Brown v. Board of Education* desegregation decision, people could believe in the vision of a better day coming. There was a gathering struggle with an aura of inevitable glory about it, and much of the nation was becoming attentive and sympathetic.

But by 1970 that struggle had come and gone, and white people retained in its own fat, all the power in Pickens County. Little sympathy was offered and scant attention was paid. Consider the exchange: "In Pickens County a little more than 60 percent of the population is black, but we never had a black elected to anything," said Maggie Bosman.

"Not to anything?" I asked incredulously. "To no thing, honey. To no thing."

Blacks have run for office in Pickens County, but they have been unsuccessful, because all county offices are elected at large rather than by district. Thus the black vote, though a large minority, is swallowed up by the white majority. People who know Pickens County do not expect this situation to change as long as the present system remains.

The Bosman convictions had had a chilling effect on the community. Black activists voting dropped off sleepily. The overtones of those convictions was greeted with great relief by blacks, but white officials were inspired. The local prosecutor in appealing the federal court decision, and Mrs. Bosman's will returned to a crime and in some circles.

Guerrier is twenty years younger than Maggie Bosman. Mrs. Bosman was a thirty-five-year-old teacher in Pickens County and Lani Guerrier was a fifteen-year-old student at Andrew Jackson High School in Queens County, New York City, when Martin Luther King Jr. marched from Selma to Montgomery to urge the passage of the Voting Rights Act, and the information between the worlds then in those years was so enormous. Maggie Bosman's world suggests the 1950s in the rural South. Guerrier's world, which is centered in a bright and comfortable apartment just a few blocks north of Columbia University on the Upper West Side of Manhattan, is that of a cosmopolitan fully enjoying the fruits of Western urban civilization. Yet each woman in her own way has made a deep and permanent commitment to racial and political justice in America.

As I think about Guerrier, I remember working for Thurgood Marshall almost thirty years ago. The Legal Defense Fund was a small team then, and Marshall, a big, southern-looking bear of a man, was undoubtedly the head of the team. The Legal Defense Fund is a lot bigger now, and in 1994 it had the first change of leadership since Marshall left twenty-three years ago. The staff lawyers are more independent now. They are drawn less by a common mission than by individual studies and needs. "As soon as I started to visit the schools," Guerrier says (she began as an activist in college), "I knew that's what I wanted. It's not that I think I'm going to change the world, but I can do lawyer's work and the work of a sociologist. When you do voting rights, you also do sociology—you know the community and you become kind of an organizer."

"I enjoy being a struggle," she continues. "I enjoy working with other people for shared goals, but the nature of the goal affects my commitment and involvement. When people feel they're part of something, they feel connected. That's important." The determined woman, the world was

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sons was, according to her parents, a determined child. Her father, Iwan, a lawyer by training who was a professor at Harvard and a champion of the Afro-American studies program here, says that as a child Gaezer "always accepted the standards set before her." He recalls that she was an excellent student and "very competitive." He remembers that when she was a junior at Blackville, she took a course from him and never talked in class. "But when we would go to lunch," Mr. Gaezer says, "she would tell me all of the things she thought I had done wrong and the things she thought I should have done."

It was the same when she was in public school in New York. "Other children would come home with hurt feelings about what was wrong at school," Gaezer would tell the same story, but from the point of view of how to change it and make it okay. Her mother remembers a time when she had to stop her thirteen-year-old daughter from working on a school project, realizing that few hours after school so one evening an art project was enough. She also remembers a time when Lisa stopped helping her friends home because she didn't want them to know that her mother was white.

"I always told her that she was an Afro-American woman," Gaezer Gaezer says. "My parents wanted her to have a deeper sense of her Polish, Jewish, and Russian

heritage, but I thought Afro-American was the strongest feeling for her.

"We weren't much on religion, but I helped instill an Afro-American studies program at Queens, and I insisted that she participate, almost like learning about religion. I wanted her to gain an appreciation for the struggles of the black people of the past and the beauty of black people, going back to Melanin and Shaba."

Gaezer now says, "I lost very close to my mother, and I respect her. She chose to live among blacks and to make a black life. I respect that choice.

"You know, it's funny. The stereotype would have the offending my athletic proclivity and my sense of law from my father and my intellect and my reflective side from my mother. In fact, it is exactly the opposite."

ONE CAN ENJOY A SUMMER BEACH in the bright apartment that Lisa Gaezer shares with Susan Brown, an artist, editor, and communications policy consultant with whom she has been living for three years, and see the land of America that Gaezer might make if she had her way. I see old notes to remember editorial pieces in the days when Thurgood Marshall first moved to Monroeville, Georgia. I never went to one in Marshall's apartment, but I attended others in the Fifties when he was present, and the people were por-

trous—aware that both they and the social occasion they were helping to instill were significant.

The apartment where Gaezer lives is light, cool, and spotted with some of the vivid paintings that Brown has done. Gaezer affects what she calls her "New York funky" look, which features a Latin influence and multiple layers. The people are a disparate mix of self-proclaimed New Yorkers, and the party differs from the usual elegance of beaching being done in exactly the same sense on the East Side of Manhattan only in that the guests represent all of the major racial strains to be found in New York's population. And the talk is better.

Scores of accomplished people speak glowingly about Gaezer's abilities, her infinite capacity for hard work, and her determination. But for sheer elegance of thought, no one beats Gaezer herself.

"I want to be an attorney of movement. I don't want to be a celebrity, but I want to encourage people to assist their lives better—no activate their spirit and their concern."

"Voting rights is an idea whose time has come. Black people have a lot of hope in it. I hope to see a change of that kind in the community choosing the agents, not the lawyers running the show."

"The strategy that Thurgood Marshall and the others developed that led to the Brown decision was the most brilliant legal strategy in the black community. But a lot of people then sat back and said, 'We won.' And they began to settle for economic security. There's a lot of pressure in this country to do that."

"I think I'm pretty good about the future. I think I see W.E.B. DuBois's Tenet of Tenets taking advantage of the open doors for themselves and for their own decent progeny. I don't think I see the commitment among blacks, much less among whites, to change the direction the nation is going."

"We know, organizations, economic security are important. People begin to be concerned by their possessions, because they measure themselves by the things they have. That's a hard judgment, but it is what I see."

"On the other hand, the bright spots I see are the people who are still out there fighting—like Maggie Bazzano and Jesse."

I remember sitting with Thurgood Marshall over a couple of glasses of Scotch during some dreadful days back in 1966 when we were both in the Justice Department. I asked him whether we wouldn't lose our last most of the brightest young blacks coming along because of the differing opportunities that were beginning to open for them.

"We'll lose a lot," Marshall said. "But we'll get some too. Some of the best. You'll see." ■

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A BANTAM HARDCOVER

In 1981 a Missouri judge wrote to the Democratic National Committee, Robert Kennedy, asking for the party to "get out of the shadow of stolen rights and seek forthrightly for the bright sunshine of human rights." Thirty years later President Jimmy Carter began formally incorporating human rights into foreign relations U.S. foreign policy. The evolution of this dedication led me to a young Reagan associate named Elliott Abrams, an assistant secretary of State for Human Rights and Humanitarian Affairs. Abrams has been charged with finding a balance between his strong convictions in a Republican ideal and a responsibility to maintain working relationships with international neighbors.

# Elliott Abrams Is on the Right Track

As assistant secretary of State for Human Rights and Humanitarian Affairs, he monitors international morality

You can spot them in a minute, and early on—the people who are going to make their own way intellectually in later life and who know, resignedly, that doing so will mark them for unusual treatment. One can't say whether Elliott Abrams happens also to be temperamentally inclined to make waves, but an slight acquaintance, but I ask you, Can you imagine being the head of Campus Americans for Democratic Action, the junior branch of the ADA, at high middle-class time, in 1968, and doing what he did? (The senior ADA came out for impeaching Nixon—three years before Watergate—and seemed proud of it. In a sense it was president, I suppose, as might have been a Committee to Hang Lee Harvey Oswald before Dallas.) But young Elliott, the natural chairman of CADA, who had served only one term and would therefore be expected to be elected to a second term—that being the tradition in CADA—was in favor of Humphrey for President! For that group—on those days—this was like being in favor of Calvin Coolidge. To occupy a position reserved as office for a promising young liberal and to be for Hubert Humphrey, when self-sacrificing young people were going so far as to be Claret for Gino—well, that was too much.

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR. is the editor of *National Review* magazine and a longtime contributor to *Esquire*.

by William F.  
Buckley Jr.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY L. LARSEN

**A NEOCONSERVATIVE** and creator of policy for President Reagan today, Elliott Abrams started as a Democrat.







When the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act was passed in 1971, the future of Alaska's Indians, Aleuts, and Inuit was sealed. The act, after all, awarded them nearly the thousand Alaskan Native with a story of early four million acres of land and about a billion dollars, most of those acres held in a series of small, widely scattered parcels. It seemed to be a promise for all the Native's positions. But the act's beneficiaries are quickly discovering that the interests of a nation and those of a corporation are not necessarily compatible. Chris McNeil Jr., the leader of these corporations, is not only working to make a profit, he's also working to preserve the heritage and homeland of his people.

# The Native Son

by William Least Heat Moon

**Chris McNeil Jr.**  
is general counsel to  
a corporation for  
which profits equal  
justice for aboriginal  
Alaskans

The crown mountains I drew as a

boy always came out the same: a jutting up of spires, a jutting of triangles, each peak unadorned by its own, each hill crest over by spires. There was nothing noteworthy in those childish sketches, except that growing up on the edge of the prairie, in I did, I had never seen mountains like the ones I drew. I eventually learned that they were the impossible peaks of a boy's imagination, historical stories no traveler but the one who walks dream would ever see.

Last spring, in the long light of a late Alaskan afternoon, there, just in front of me, those mountains stood—their form cut by the low sun. I had come three thousand miles by plane and boat to talk to Alaskan Native Chris Edward McNeil Jr. about the survival of his people, the Thlingit (also known as KLINIK) nation, the people of the crown pole. Now here I was, in the tallest, forty years gone in reverse.

In those Alaskan mountains I had seen before had eyes upon, there was something beyond a mere remembered image. It passed through my mind—a vision, of course—that my ancestors, who had crossed the Bering land bridge twenty thousand years ago, might have come down this valley and seen this range. Their memory moved in my blood. But those days when I dreamed did not stay here; they went on to the valley of the Missouri River.

As for McNeil's people, they stopped right here and took up this land. They were here at least ten centuries before Europeans began wandering in. If these mountains could somehow touch me from across the generations, they could surely hold the Thlingits, who have lived under their for four hundred generations.

We were standing in Kikloose, McNeil's mother's native village, on the gravelly mesa above with its low brooding



William Least Heat Moon is the author of *Black Light*.

CHRIS MCNEIL JR.

**F**IGHTING FOR HIS GRANDCHILDREN'S FUTURE WHILE PROTECTING HIS GRANDFATHER'S PAST.

dead-end town. Klawoon is not a pretty village, nor quiet, but with the Chilkat mountains on the south and the Coast Range to the east, I found it hard to pay attention to the windows, cars, signs on the road, the clipboard issues taking a long, last look.

The Thangts chose this place for its mountains, yes, and for the fishing in the Chilkat River, running just along the edge of the village. From the village, a young gray water of snow and glacier melt, the people's gift nets hang in salmon, king, sockeye, coho. Klawoon is full of the deep purple of rivers and, in autumn, the high swoops of bald eagles coming to take fish from the Chilkat as the Thangts.

I was there to learn about land possession from McNeil, but it wasn't until I actually stood in the timbered town over village under the mountains that I was ready to understand the person that underlies the Alaska Native's long struggle not simply to keep what is theirs, but to keep what keeps them. From that afternoon on, when I heard Glen McNeil speak of federal land transfers and corporate earnings, I saw the Chilkat mountains, so strong the view could not scramble them, the lake sitting over waiting for its sockeye, the fish smokehouses with fish for smoke dark from older times.

During our conversation I said something to McNeil about an American Indian's being able to believe the old legal (the word "possession" in the points of the law) in 1960 perhaps one million aboriginal people had possessed about 3.5 million square miles in the United States for twenty thousand years. Today Native Americans hold fifty-two million acres, less than 3 percent of their original lands.

We talked about what really constitutes possession of property in America. Certainly neither loving the land nor living on it for twenty millennia, I said. In the case of Indians, he said, not even looking for it conveyed the law enough. Possession means having some sort of strength to keep others off, I said. We both knew how the Indians had tried armed strength, which didn't work very well, even intertribal wars and not at all in the face of European settlement.

But today, McNeil told me, Thangts and other Alaska Natives (Gwich'in, Nulna, and Kikuna) have found new sources of strength: the law and the corporate structure. They are using them in possession—the eyes of non-Natives—what they have possessed at their own hands since the days when Europeans themselves lived by stone tools. Alaska Natives, he made clear, have never needed any government to tell them that their land was theirs but long to them. What they have needed was for the government to tell this counsel and the other non-Natives.

Federal agencies did just that in 1871 with the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act,

legislation awarding almost a billion dollars and forty-four million acres of land to various indigenous groups in compensation for aboriginal land taken by the government. Thirteen regional corporations, along with two hundred smaller village and village corporations, formed to manage the assets. The largest and one of the most successful of these is Sealaska, whose holdings lie in the southeastern peninsula of the state, a place

## A culture must have an economic base, be it sea otter skins or dollars.

of dense forests and rich coastal fishing grounds. Sealaska, with total assets of almost half a billion dollars, including nearly two hundred thousand acres, ranked number 745 on *Forbes* magazine's 1986 list of the top 1,000 American industrial corporations.

McNeil is general counsel and one of the five vice-presidents of Sealaska. His wife, who is also a lawyer and has worked for a Sealaska subsidiary, is a Winnebago from Nebraska. McNeil's father, a Shingine (and an Irish British Columbia and now a naturalized American citizen, separated from McNeil's mother when the boy was twelve years old, and his maternal grandmother and uncle spent much time with him. It is the Thangts view for the mother's brother to serve as disciplinarian and guide to a child.

Uncle Jackson Brown, once a longshoreman boat and now on the Sealaska board of directors, gave direction to McNeil's life by teaching an adaptation to assist his people. Both Brown and McNeil's grandfather showed him a quiet pride that helped mitigate the racism that shapes the way an Indian child comes to feel about himself. McNeil, thirty-six years old, said to me, "We were never overtly beaten down. It was more subtle."

Nobody is thinking it aloud, but this man, whose father wanted him to become a salmon fisherman, may be the chief executive officer of Sealaska in 1991, when Native shareholders will be permitted to

sell their stock—to anyone. McNeil could be the man, say pensioners, who will oversee the dissolution of the last great aboriginal land claims in America, as well as his people's tribal identity.

Although early opposition to the Settlement Act came from non-Natives, today many of them hope Sealaska will prosper. They realize that the Native corporations are part of the solution to one of the most vexing strains in current public policy. Their thinking today is this: if tribal Americans become corporate shareholders, then the expensive and debilitating struggle between Indian self-determination and federal domination may find resolution. McNeil knows that little good will come from continuing the two-century-old economic dependence of red America. His people understand that the wanted American sense of justice is not enough to end their dependent status; they now hope that the white middle class will act as an expedient by making Indian matters and sponsors will help them begin something new. In theory, that wish is a place where red and white, liberal and conservative thought can meet.

Glen McNeil says he may in an attempt to find an "intersection between corporate life and Alaskan Native life," an intersection that does not exclude one from the other. Such intersections have always been a colliding of values that every white American loves. McNeil does not say much about his own encounters with the agencies that so often nurse the lives of Indians—poverty, alcoholism, ruptured families, racial souls—but then, neither does he speak much about his mother's degree with honors from Yale in political science, nor his law degree from Stanford. Yet, under his words, it is all there.

When he was driving to work out of justice to show me the town where he once fished and smoked salmon with his father, he pointed from the window of his BMW 528i to Seventh Street, his boyhood neighborhood. Although now condominiums, it once was a boardinghouse settlement with houses on pillars above Gatchinska Church, the Indian Center to the east, and fish for the tide to empty the sewage. I asked whether it had been a slum. He looked surprised, as if the question were new: "I guess it was."

If McNeil has come close to finding that intersecting of ways, he knows many Sealaska shareholders—Gwich'in, Nulna, and Tlingit—have not. He also knows that should every tell to find a crossing of ways, Sealaska may not survive. His people's search for a union of cultures and values shown in the corporate symbol, crossed heads of a crown and an eagle sharing a single eye, so old and looking so new, the other west. David Kutzner, president of the Sealaska Heritage Foundation, established in 1980 by the corporation, said of the search: "Let us be of one mind."

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Karech believes that McNeil may be the man to help create that unity of vision and purpose.

As part of the alternative service required by his Vietnam-era conscientious-objector status, McNeil began as the educational coordinator for the "Hawai'i and Native Tribes: Seven years after war," he joined Seattle and helped establish the Heritage Foundation. He came to understand the agency of educating shareholders to retain ownership and keep the corporation alive. He saw that many people, living on little, have had to live two-faced—some of ancestral ancestry. McNeil "If a family will give up a tangible piece of its heritage, then what will it do with a piece of paper that has brought in only \$5,500 in the past three years?" Shareholder education is the first step toward the need for making decisions based upon an awareness of our distinctive culture, but that doesn't mean that Native identity and cultural survival depend only upon the values or failure of the corporations. "If they are not, we are not. Just because physiological bloodlines exist, it does not mean that cultural bloodlines will keep flowing. A culture must have an economic base, whether it is one of ideas or dollars. For many influential tribal states, McNeil explains, the line goes between cultural obligations and corporate assets may be irreconcilable. He also knows of the poorly educated who say, as they have for years, "It's our land. Why do we have to do anything at all?"

Shareholders have gone to meetings to resolve villages that can be reached only by ferry or airplane. Once there, he listens to local voices call for immediate distribution of corporate assets. Says McNeil, "When the corporations began, the people had extraordinary expectations that Alaska would solve their problems. But the reality is, while the corporation has helped, the overall economic impact has been marginal. No Native corporation can ever be a complete cure. In the next few months, even if all taxes are paid, shareholders were qualified, we could have only two thousand at best."

Alaskan Natives were turned into corporate shareholders by the Settlement Act of 1973, which redistributed virtually all Native claims to the United States. It didn't cover in the States could be spent. Although land claims began with the 1867 purchase of Alaska from Russia, it wasn't until 1968 that the aboriginal people took to the courts. They were accepted, in part, by the court's "best interests" doctrine. Brotherhood to end racial discrimination. McNeil's maternal grandfather and his uncle were active in ANIL, his mother, as a single fifteen-year-old student, was put forward by the brotherhood in a final test case in June to break down public school acceptance. Because the Native claims effectively blocked off-lying rights, in

1968 Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall placed a moratorium on all federal land transfers. Native and white alike, his action, became the catalyst to accelerate the litigation. It clearly was in the interest of the state and federal governments, as well as non-Natives, to settle claims that could have prevented the leasing of all rights for two or three decades.

The Settlement Act granted a hundred

**"If we fail, others will say that it's because we're 99-percent Indian-owned."**

shares of stock in at least one of the Native corporations to every American citizen born on or before December 30, 1973, who could prove Alaskan Native ancestry of at least 25 percent. The shares are subject to a 20-year period, but they can't be sold during that time. Lightly touched Alaskan lands have collectively recovered forty-five million acres of land and nearly \$1 billion in compensation. Not all of the settlement has yet been completed, and some of it is tied up in satellite litigation.

"The Settlement Act is a grand experiment," says McNeil. "It established something that had not existed before. What had not existed is more than legal reality. It is also a real chance for Alaskan aboriginal people to free themselves from the dependent income of Indian Affairs and reservation life. Says McNeil, "At the time we did it, it was a real test."

As in any federal action, lawsuits and major board. McNeil spends his hours now seeking a course for the people, a task made no easier by a widespread feeling expressed even by Heritage president Karech. "The thing should be a better way than the Settlement Act, but I don't know what it is." In the February 1983 issue of *National Geographic* as Alaskan shareholder in a financially weak corporation complained, "My shares in the corporation. Give me a check and a six-pack, and they're yours."

Even though McNeil maintains three

names, capital observers contend that much attention is just what many want who supported the settlement actually wanted—corporations that will weaken tribal identities while eliminating their claims on the land. It could happen. If the corporations succeed and share out in volume, will poor persons will retain it? If the shares are worth little or paying small dividends, why keep them? As he has been shown repeatedly in the lower forty-eight states, an Indian without his home land quickly loses his tribal identity, and with that goes his resistance to assimilation and his opportunity to contribute to the emerging diversity of America.

The Thugli says of ongoing tribal ownership reveals subtle yet crucial attitudes. "There's a lot of fear. This is very real. The most difficult thing is to get a tangible accomplishment will be to end 1991 with our heads being the right direction, with the people in knowing that we accomplished the impossible—we best them at their game, using their game board. The end of the creation of the Settlement Act," according to McNeil, "is its assumption that any shareholder owning tangible stock will want to keep it. In reality, any people with a capital market can afford the luxury of accepting and disposing of their shares as they see fit."

What is also disturbing is that when termination arrives in 1991, shares of stock will be counted as assets in determining eligibility for government transfer programs like food stamps.

Sheryl Seckler—the southeast of the Native corporations—64, the historical agency of Indians of the contiguous states will be even more disruptive to Alaskan Natives. In America, Indian living on the reservation per capita income, life expectancy, and educational achievement. They lead a life of unemployment, child mortality, violent death, and alcoholism. Three of the five poorest counties in America are on reservations. What is more, the new law of incorporation to help aboriginal people toward self-determination will have effects beyond the United States—whether they are Canadian Indians and Eskimos, Norwegians Lapps, Mexican Mayas, Peruvians Quechuas, Australian Aborigines, Japanese Aina. Although McNeil doesn't see the negative effects, he knows the worst of Alaska may travel very far.

The corporation began in 1972 with total assets of almost \$73,000. By 1979 it had grown to \$160 million through additional governmental land conveyances. Today it has nearly half a billion dollars through its primary holdings of fishing and forestry (62 percent of revenues), timber (31 percent),

building materials, and a coastal water transport sector. Most of the timber and much of the fish go to Japan and Korea.

We work well with the Japanese for seasonal business market products," says McNeil. "Coastal Indians and the Japanese trade in goods similar food—raw fish, fish eggs, sea urchins, seaweed." He smiles at that.

McNeil acknowledges the problems of rapid growth and intolerance. In 1982 Sitka lost \$28 million because of unfavorable exchange rates, high interest, a poor Japanese market, and a local incident in Sitka that affected all and prevented to produce Native handicrafts, moccasins, and crafts. In fact, many shareholders throughout Alaska believe that the ultimate purpose of the corporation is to provide an economic base for enhancing cultural survival. After all, Indian for centuries have received assimilation, by leaving more in the value of their origins than in the north of a dollar.

Sitka, then, has become a steward of Alaskan Native economic self-determination, and cultural identity. McNeil says that the coastal tribes have survived because they were flexible, as they faced constant threats to their existence, they made their own decisions about their employment, but it's a time to bring people to the market for their jobs. To find out, McNeil cites the shareholder letter

Program began in 1981, which seeks to grant Natives for corporate positions. So far, only one person has gone from an internship to Sitka employment. For some shareholders, the stability of the corporation to lower tribal unemployment is as important as more important than its new power to represent Native interests in the marketplace or to help village economies.

In many shareholders, the agency of the Heritage Foundation, which has awarded \$600,000 to student and over four years, in the context of the corporation. Young people like the forward look of its educational grants, the ability to have all and proceeds to produce Native handicrafts, moccasins, and crafts. In fact, many shareholders throughout Alaska believe that the ultimate purpose of the corporation is to provide an economic base for enhancing cultural survival. After all, Indian for centuries have received assimilation, by leaving more in the value of their origins than in the north of a dollar.

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culturally pure. It's even a last bastion to save. I don't believe that, and I don't believe, any people possess a life purged of outside influences. For a thousand years, my tribe has been hunters, and trading membership members. Our ancestral people evolved because they were not lost. An old Thugli can sing:

I am bringing to a new land,  
I am bringing to a new century.

When McNeil and I were leaving the tribal house of his mother's people—the Kikil Whale Clan—he remembered that one other Settlement Coast Indian ceremony in a precedent for cultural survival through an economic structure—the potlatch. Several kinds of potlatches exist and serve many ends: celebration, competition, confirmation of status, stimulus for the arts. Before the coming of Europeans, a family of wealth that wished to incorporate some over—cannibal, birth, death—distributed its own goods to other tribal members. Even for death in battle, a person changed social position only by showing his abundance. So here the richest potlatch, still practiced today, comes an economic stability and a link through memory of one generation with another. In the past, the potlatch was a way to pass on the wealth of a family, but it was a way to pass on the wealth of a people.

## If You Think You're Smart About Money Now... Just Wait 'Til the February ESQUIRE!

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In times past, the small farmer's formula for success was hard work and good weather. Today his prosperity depends as much on federal rules as on rainfall, and government policy may mean the difference between his keeping his farm and losing it. Steve and Linda Terry have based an old American dream to raise corn and breeding livestock, especially the hogs, still only more on their 1960-acre Iowa farm, and through their work in several progressive farmers' organizations, they are trying to save not only their own farm but an American tradition.

# Digging In

## Iowa farmers

### Linda and Dixon Terry fight for the good earth

If this were a movie, the opening pan would now enlarge the eye with light and landscape. Three hundred and sixty degrees of bright horizon, deep spring fields rolling out into an intensity of green that Antonio had to squint to get the park in focus up to achieve. An enormous platter of black earth filling slowly with food. The blue arc of the sky, a golden page of sun. Middle West, USA, amber waves, limited plain, the horns of plenty, God's country. Calfco cows, top tractors, a little white farmhouse in the cool shade on the hill. Woolly clouds drifting by like grazing sheep. It looks spectacular in big-screen Technicolor. Quick cuts to: long, empty two-lane concrete, mailbox silent, lawn gone to seed, metal reality signs, barked across, missing windows. Then a crowded lot in town between the grocery and the Pease Derby station. Green caps, grim faces. The cardboard sign has been torn away on either end, leaving only the middle letters visible: STOP SALE. On a makeshift podium the auctioneer's arm goes up. Down crashes the gavel. Now, the credits.

HIGH INTEREST RATES  
LOW COMMODITY PRICES  
RISING PRODUCTION COSTS  
PLUNDERING LAND VALUE

Iowa officials tell crowds, "This is the worst case since the Great Depression."

A Republican congressman predicts the "possibility [that] in another year we're looking at casualties in the 30 to 50 percent range."

A newspaper survey reports that 17 percent of Iowa farmers said they or one of their employees had been physically assaulted, physically threatened, or verbally abused by a farmer in the last year.

Steve and Linda Terry are the authors of *Midwestern Green*. He is currently at work on his second novel, *M*.

The Catholic bishop of Des Moines declares that we are witnessing "the El Salvadorization" of the American countryside, the concentration of land ownership into fewer and fewer hands.

Farming today, when glimpsed at all by other Americans, is little more than a painted pastoral moving across the windshield at sixty miles per hour. And at that speed it is not always apparent that the scene is slipping out of character, that there's a

by Stephen Wright



THE TERRYS ARE ORGANIZING TO KEEP FARMERS FROM BEING MISLED

connection going on behind the facts.

THIRTY-EIGHT MILES WEST OF LOS ANGELES on Interstate 500 the exit for Stuart, lower half of 100 GOOD ROAD and a new driveway. On a quiet country road about halfway between the two exits, a cluster of about a dozen of tall Redwood oaks, sits the brown two-story house, brown barn, lot, and metal shed surrounded by 800 acres of pasture and field that is the dairy farm of David and Linda Terry and their two children, Wilbur, twelve, and Doreen, nine. The barn looks no different from the several others up and down this same road. You would have to get out between the barns and look the soil to see that the soil is kind of brownish, peaty, and chemical fertilizer. (An additional eighty acres that they rent is farmed chemically at the preference of the owner.) The crops are on a half rotation, one year, alfalfa the next, to add nitrogen the cows will need the third year. The cows eat this alfalfa, and the manure they produce is spread back onto the land, a cycle not only ecologically efficient but productive—the Terry's milk output last year ranked near the top in their county. That it's a precarious success that has led years to achieve. Despite having no money, some constraints and extra work—weed control is the biggest challenge—so few neighboring farmers have adopted the Terry's methods.

"Order farmers have using all this stuff," Diana explains, sitting in a rocking chair in their small living room on a bank between morning clouds, "but they don't know how to keep on top of it. To survive they've felt it was necessary to expend, and chemical control of weeds then becomes almost a necessity. This is the kind of land that has been purchased by farmers by the USDA, the land grant colleges, and the land banks, which are all tied up by agribusiness. Many see little now that they are in over their heads. When I started, it took independent thinking to do what I did."

The weeds fall easily, with a precisely polished thought, the conviction impression at the exact moment of its delivery. In spite of the best beard, the cap, the glasses, Terry is a person who he appears to be. In addition to the field work and milking thirty-five Holsteins twice daily, he is also on the board of directors of the U.S. Farmers Association and plays an active role in the lower farm Unity Coalition. He is a founder of the U.S. Environmental Public Alliance and was a director officer in the Mid-America Dairy Cooperative. During the 1984 presidential campaign, he ran as Democratic politics on a grassroots level—the local focus was in the field in the field—he had worked his way up through county, district, and state platform committees to become chairman of the agriculture sub-

committee and he elected a State delegate to the Democratic National Convention in San Francisco.

Both Terry's have helped sponsor forums on agriculture attended by most of the Democratic contenders for President and by both the Republican and Democratic candidates for the Fifth District congressional seat.

In the fall of 1983 they participated in a Farmer-Labor Solidarity Day at which they donated by farmers were slaughtered and processed by volunteering employees of Marston's Bath Packing Company. Packages of pork sausage were then given to the unemployed.

Doreen has also been interviewed about the current farm crisis by Jane Pauley on NBC's Today show and was flown to New

**"It's difficult to overcome the image of the rich, dumb farmer."**

York for an appearance on the CBS Morning News. Secretary of Agriculture John Black refused to be interviewed on the same segment with him.

"When we first started speaking out," says Diana, "we were generally portrayed as whining farmers. Now that it's a hot newsy thing, they cover us better. We're trying to build credibility, to develop a foothold in the media so we can work with them to build consciousness of the problem." Echoes of the words and strategy are common in his speech and ideas. "But it's difficult to overcome the stereotype of the rich, dumb farmer," he adds. Obviously, he is neither.

Most days begin in the house, rising time in four-thirty, five o'clock. There are almost four hours of chores to be done before breakfast, thirty-five cows to be fed and milked. The barn contains twenty stalls—"can't afford right now to enlarge it"—the milking machine is broken in stalls. Doreen begins the day by cleaning and sprinkling the area with lime. He moves along the trough, pouring in the morning feed of ground corn, sorghum, and oats with added vitamins and minerals. The cows stand quietly chewing—big, black, worn machines click at the corners of grass and they into milk and manure. The only sound in the barn is the constant clug of wet dung into the cement gutters, which must also be cleaned—day fertilize for the fields. Then Doreen prepares the intervals for milking three at a time, washing their udders, putting in the milkers. A vacuum pump draws the milk up into Pyrex glass tubing

overhead and into the stainless-steel bulk tank in the adjoining milk house, where the milk is quickly cooled and picked up every other day. Each set of cows takes five to ten minutes, when the first twenty are finished, the second shift is walked in and the process repeated. Then the pipeline is washed down, rinsed with soapy water, the calves up in the shed and fed their milk, the cows a second meal of hay, the milk house is cleaned, then the milking equipment, the door washed, and it's 9 a.m., time for breakfast.

Linda has been up since 6:30, getting the kids fed and off to school, washing dishes, starting the dishwasher to purify their well water, and working through the half-hour exercise program she began a year ago, after a doctor diagnosed an irregularity in her heart rhythm. Doreen comes in to eat. Meals are sometimes the only chance they have to see each other alone.

After breakfast, if he's not too busy, Diana tries to spend a few brief top of fifteen to twenty minutes before going back out to clean the barn's manure-filled gutters, put fresh bedding in the stalls, and drive the pickup to three pastures where three different-sized groups of calves need to be fed separately, then back to feed the heifers, and the cows, and by noon it's time for his own afternoon meal. If Diana isn't eating lunch as the sun dries the busy field-work season of spring and late fall, he will return to the house for the heavy-duty dinner meal. Even during this short respite he will also make phone calls, glance at a paper to keep up with the news, and do the not inconsiderable paperwork a farming operation requires.

After lunch he's out in the fields tending manure, riling, or plowing. On five-spring, it's corn. In the summer, the fields help out in the fields, making, cultivating, harvesting. She also tends the garden, which is a good year will provide them with all their vegetables: the preserving process adds substantially to her kitchen workload. If there is no field work, she'll go on errands for groceries and for equipment parts, which are always breaking down. She also keeps up the house, cleans, mends, takes care. If Diana needs help, he leaves her on the intercom—"see the film when needed." When we first started seven years ago," she says, "we were determined to split all the chores, male and female, fifty-fifty, but I found I simply didn't have the physical strength to handle all the hard chores. So over time we asked her to take care of the traditional boy's work and I've made. I had thyroid cancer when I was twenty-one, and the gland was removed, so now I have to take synthetic thyroid, and I've never felt that strong again, always a little less than adequate. I regret this, because I'd much rather be outside."

A certain amount of Doreen's day will be spent making repairs of two kind or as-

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other. There is so much machinery involved in a dairy operation that to keep everything running is "a real chore." Then came the task of breaking in new heifers to the milking parlor. They often have to be worked into the stable and cleaned down, sometimes every day for as long as two months, for she has to keep a close eye on the cows as they come into heat. The heifers are on a yearling cycle of nine months pregnancy and two to three months rest. Sometimes Lunde will just turn the bull loose into the lot and let him decide who's ready.

At 5 p.m. it's milking time again. Duce and Lunde get back to the house at eight-thirty, turn off the clock, eat supper in Lunde's mud-slop, sweat-soaked, and fall into bed by ten.

Every day of the year, rain or shine, hot or cold, weekdays, weekends, all the holidays.

Andersen, at the house, the phone is never silent for very long.

WITH THREE LIVES—MILKER'S IN PARTICULAR—chart a constantly circular movement, a life cycle and a return. Duce was born in 1948 and raised his parents' dairy farm in Hudson County, Iowa. His father was the school board president and was involved in local Democratic politics, and both parents were generally more liberal than the average farm family. As a child he liked the open air, the freedom to play, but by the time he was in high school, farm life held no interest for him at all. The world outside was making dramatic demands on his attention. There was racism in the Republic, legislated murder in Vietnam. The country seemed to have taken on the character of the at, at Allen Ginsberg's phrase, "an armed madhouse." It was as though the Sixties announced the midnight changes of history's costume ball and time for America to reinvent her mask. Duce was "forced to think through previous assumptions." In 1969 he was a high school senior and working for the Eugene McCarthy presidential campaign, taking envelopes, making door-to-door. At Iowa State University in Ames the following year, he quickly became immersed in the burgeoning antiwar movement. He led his groups of "non-born, homegrown" radicals. He met Lunde in a sociology class conducted by one of those rebel teachers every university had then: the hip guy in denim who held classes in his apartment and assigned writers like Eldridge Cleaver and Ken Kesey.

Lunde's father, a dentist and the mayor of Sergeant Bluff, Iowa, was angry when his daughter came home on a vacation break and brought him a copy of *Soul on Ice*. "You should read this," Lunde had been born in 1947 in Sergeant Bluff, a town on the Missouri River of about a thousand citizens who expected their children to do as they were told, to accept

authority in all its routine manifestations. Her father had grown up on a farm during the Depression, and life had been as difficult as he felt to come to his own terms in an increasingly chaotic world. All through high school Lunde believed the future was an express elevator to the top. She would grow up, get a job in fashion merchandising, she would always have money in college she earned in lectures and studying, she'd then be emboldened to admit, "I don't believe that world has any validity." She graduated from Iowa State in 1970, went home, argued with her parents, and returned to her college town, where she moved into Duce's old campus apartment.

The war went on and on. There were huge rallies, marches. The *National Guard*

## What the farmers want, they say, is parity, not charity.

army was occupied by students. For two days in a row there were demonstrations outside the induction center. People sat in the streets. Making the buses taking recruits to San Antonio. About two dozen were arrested, Duce among them. He was majoring in philosophy and sociology at the time, a leading center faculty in the future. But like so many who came to public consciousness in those parallel years when the lines of life had been laid out for you suddenly didn't look so straight anymore, Duce began to question seriously the worthiness of the whole scheme. The world of academics seemed unreal. He and Lunde and the others in the commune were attempting to become as self-sufficient as possible, to separate themselves from "the system." They raised their own food in a garden, kept bees and sold the honey. Duce dropped out of school and worked as a janitor and janitor for a few years, surviving the dangers of wage labor. They married. Willow was born in 1972. The money problem became more acute. In 1974 Duce, Lunde, and daughter returned to the family farm, where he went to work for his father.

"It took years before we realized the system wasn't going to collapse," says Duce. "And if it wasn't, we were going to have to find a place in it."

There was a steady progression further and further into agriculture: from gardening for themselves to selling honey and eggs and produce at a local farmers' market to working his father's dairy operation. Sometime before Dusky was born, in 1975, they decided to work to get a farm of

their own.

"When you begin to question the whole scheme of things," says Duce, "eventually you start looking at where you came from. I had never realized that I was tied to the farm I was. There was a real pleasure for me in working the soil. Agriculture became an area of intense interest both ecologically and politically."

It was while working on his dad's farm that he joined the U.S. Farmers Association, an organization "left of center in perspective and progressive in its politics." Having decided to go into farming full time, Duce discovered that his new-found occupation was vanishing.

"I have seen that the same struggle I had participated in as the organic movement would have to be fought in the courts, too."

It is a struggle with deep and tangled roots. The basic problem has always been the same: How does government deal with the stunning success of American farming—year after year of those huge, record-breaking production? Federal management of those surpluses determines how agriculture operates in this country. Neither political party has been particularly adept in the area of farm policy. It wasn't until the mid-1960s that the farm broke the years' trade started in 1952 with the election of Eisenhower and the appointment of Ezra Taft Benson as Secretary of Agriculture. Benson claimed that "farmers need the spirit of newness," and despite Eisenhower's campaign pledges to support the new Republican administration began reducing the farm programs established by FIAA and his Secretary of Agriculture, Henry Wallace. From 1953 through 1964, Benson's had received 98.2 percent of party, or almost an exact correspondence between farm prices and farm costs. The Roosevelt-Wallace program of easy government loans to farmers and price supports to achieve parity was relatively cheap to maintain, at roughly \$50 million a year, and consumer food prices remained low during these years.

From 1965 to 1977 farmers received only 75 percent of parity, food prices increased, and the cost to taxpayers for subsidy government farm programs ballooned to \$6 billion to \$4 billion a year. Federal policy has since become increasingly oriented toward protecting the growth of big business in the farming sector.

"Today," says Duce, "corporations dominate the water content of food production, from the field to the table. The movement has been toward a centralization of power which is really not too competitive and that will be complete in the next ten years."

The multinational conglomerates that control the seeds, food chemicals, and fertilizer industries buy from farmers at below-market prices and sell at comfortable profits. The gap between what a farmer gets for his crops and what the consumer pays for food has become enormous.

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"With this shift in power, there is also a shift in attitude. The family farmer is basically conservative, thinks in terms of generations, of preservation, and that outlook is being turned over to a system ruled by short-term profit and consequently less concerned about future generations and the capital in the last hundred years, and the rate is accelerating—about politics of the equator, about the loss of a culture."

So the years passed, big business got bigger, and so did a lot of farms. Supplacra soared. "Under Carter it wasn't too bad," says Dixon. "Land prices were inflating and most of the farmers were uprooted. Too many farmers were being off the income in equity." The pressure was on everybody to expand. Banks encouraged farmers to borrow against rising land prices, in the Seventies many farmers who were having difficulty staying in business could easily get money at comparatively low interest rates against the increased value of their property. Then in the fall of 1979 the Federal Reserve Board began raising interest rates upward. The increased debt was paid off by selling land and machinery, and quickly the bottom fell out on land value. The snowballing effect has not stopped yet. In 1980 Carter imposed a partial grain embargo on sales to the Soviet Union. The normally large domestic surplus became even larger. Carter said his Secretary of Agriculture left office without setting any production controls for 1981, and taking the crop but that year was a record. By then, as in general recessions also took hold, farmers were beginning to demand a dialing spiral of economic cause and effect. The more they produced, the less they made. As surpluses increased and exports decreased, market prices dropped.

Once Reagan took office the problems grew worse because of his administrative philosophical reluctance to intervene in the private sphere. Reagan campaigned on promises to minimize government intervention (at least domestically), and consequently the federal programs that have supported U.S. farming since the New Deal—subsidies, market controls, crop support loans—were drastically reduced. In keeping with this policy the administration severely reduced any farmers out to plant new crops in 1982, so that finally the huge surpluses for that year forced it to be accepted and initiate the biggest government intervention in farming history.

In 1983 the administration came up with the payment in kind, or PIK, program. Farmers were offered supplies out of government stockpiles management on their agreement to plant less of the same crop. The program planned \$1 billion into the farm economy. For some farmers and for the state this was welcome, but the program was that since most of the money was used to reduce farmers' debts, the program was really a bailout for the banks

For many farmers a lot was being done the inevitable day of reckoning.

THE THIRTEEN HIGHEST THRESH FARM IN THE fall of 1977 with a Farmers Home Administration loan. For the first three or four years there was hardly a minute to spare as they worked to establish their dairy operation. But finally there came a time when the couple realized that no amount of hard work could ensure the success of their farm, or any farm, for that matter. Dixon had been becoming increasingly vocal as a spokesman for the U.S. Farmers Association, and in January 1982 he and a number of farm organization leaders met in the basement of a small town bank to form the Iowa Farm Unity Coalition, a group representing eight different farm, labor, church,

**"I couldn't leave now with a clear conscience," Linda Terry said.**

and community organizations.

"We were obviously entering a period of crisis," he explains, "and most of the solutions proposed were about the same. Our major goal was to provide a forum for analysis and strategy." The strategy that has come out of the coalition includes a proposal for the proper role of government in agriculture, one that requires significant increases in support farm rates. What the farmers want, they insist, is not charity but justice. "We're not asking for the dollar," says Dixon, "but only a just return for our labor." They want a supply management program in which production needs would be estimated and the total divided equally among all farmers. There has to be a system that allows land to be taken out of production for a season, thus conserving its long-term agricultural production potential. And until price programs are established, the farmers must, then must be in maximum on all forced farm sales, including foreclosures and forced bankruptcies.

Of course, the implementation of such programs requires political clout that comes only from efficient organization. Farmers, hence individuals by nature, are not noted for prolonged group action. Dixon admits a unified rural vote would be something new. Farmers make up only 3 percent of the nation, but if you consider the whole rural community totally dependent on farm production, that mobilized vote taken on stable significance.

Dixon also likes to point out that this sort of organizing is nothing new in American agriculture. The history of farming is

the story of the Populist party, the New-Portrait League, the Farmers Holiday Association, the Farmer-Labor party. By raising the coalition as broad-based and multifaceted as possible, Dixon and the other leaders hope to connect with the great mass of farm so many farmers feel.

"We're tapping into a tradition many farmers have forgotten," says Dixon. "This is something very deep."

The sense of detachment can be seen in Dixon's own family, immigrants from England in the pre-First World War, "pretty much a steady line of farm kids," from great-great-grandfather to great-grandfather to grandfather, out of more than one hundred grandchildren, Dixon is the only one now in farming.

And today the chance of making a living at it is in doubt.

"There's a real possibility we'd have to get employment off the farm in order to hold the farm. But it's such an unattractive time, we don't know how to join, we don't even think about the farm."

"I'd think twice about asking my kids to go through this struggle," says Linda. "Of course, we've thought about giving it up—more than once—but what would we do? Life has been a real struggle here, and I guess I've reconciled myself to the fact that it always will be and there'll never be a time when the money will stretch. I think it was Pete Seeger who said, 'With the poor people of the earth I can't say this. I guess you could say that's my philosophy. I couldn't leave now with a clear conscience. We have a piece of paper that says we own this land, but of course we don't really. We're stewards of the land. You have to look at it in terms of rental, as a house people move in and out of, and the only way it's going to be a work manager and upkeep."

"And then there's the aroma of failed earth, the smell of new money. How do you explain to a city person the feeling of standing around trying to get the equipment in from the rain and just standing as the first drop starts falling? Or the celebration of seeing the green shoots coming out of the ground, of being a part of that, of that life."

More than forty years ago, when farmers were in a similar situation, when Billy Webb took note with the film *The Grapes of Wrath*. In it the narrator of the troubled family declares, "We're the people, we keep on coming." Today all towns of fewer than a thousand may be gone in a decade and a half, and with them 80 percent of all farmers. The national myth in America will have become just that—an irreconcilable myth. The people may indeed keep on coming, but they might not be passing this way again.

Asked if five or ten years from now the Terry will still be here, working their farm, Linda looks at the wedding knot of Klemm and his hands worrying apart with her fingers. "I don't know," she says. ☐



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